WEEK ENDING OCT. 8, 1927

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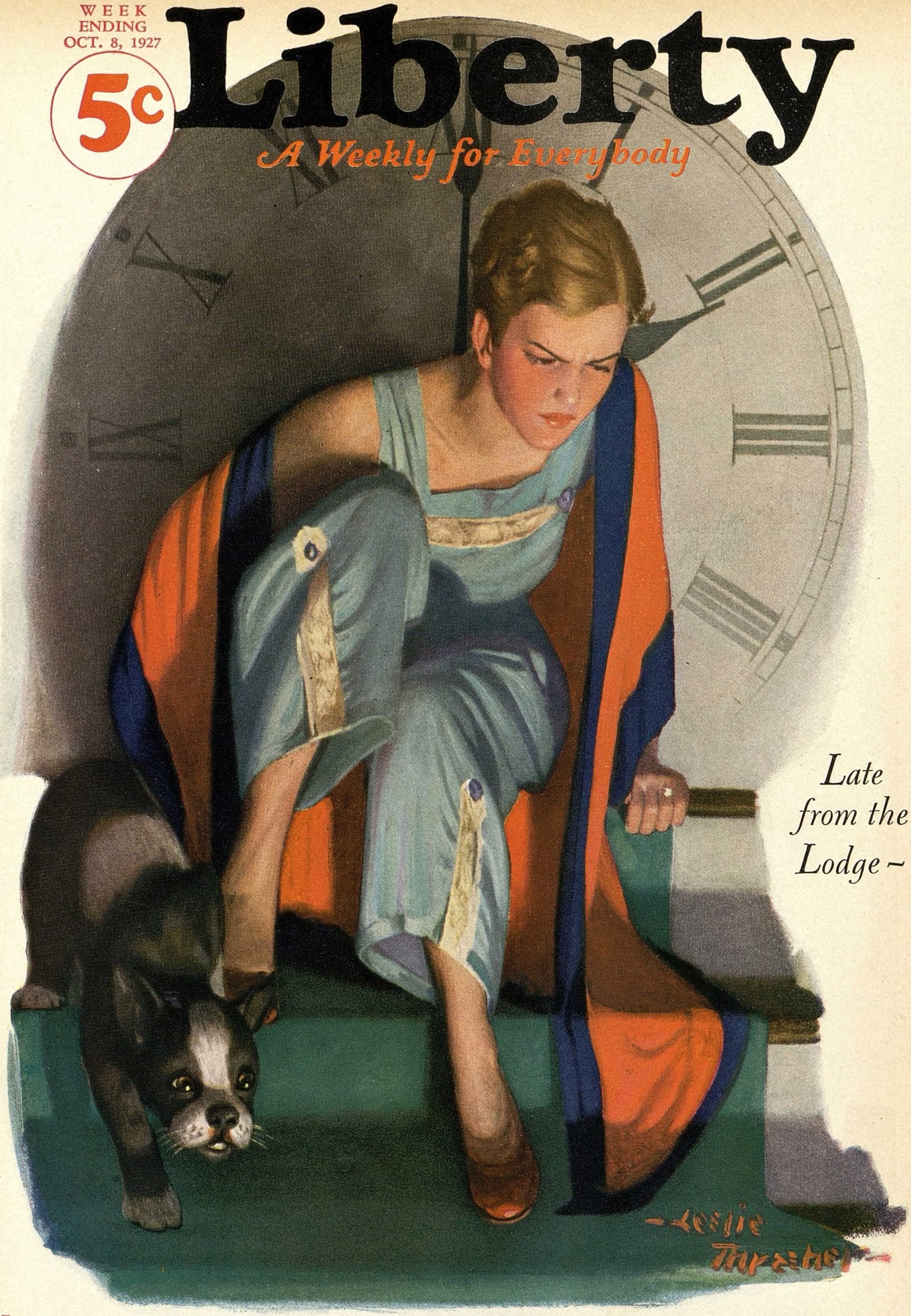
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody



Late from the Lodge –

In this Issue **FLYING RUM RUNNERS** *by* **WALTER HINTON**

also **J. P. McEVOY, MARJORIE OELRICHS, EDWARD HOPE**

Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

Are you carrying a little white dot on your fountain-pen?

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DONALD DENTON

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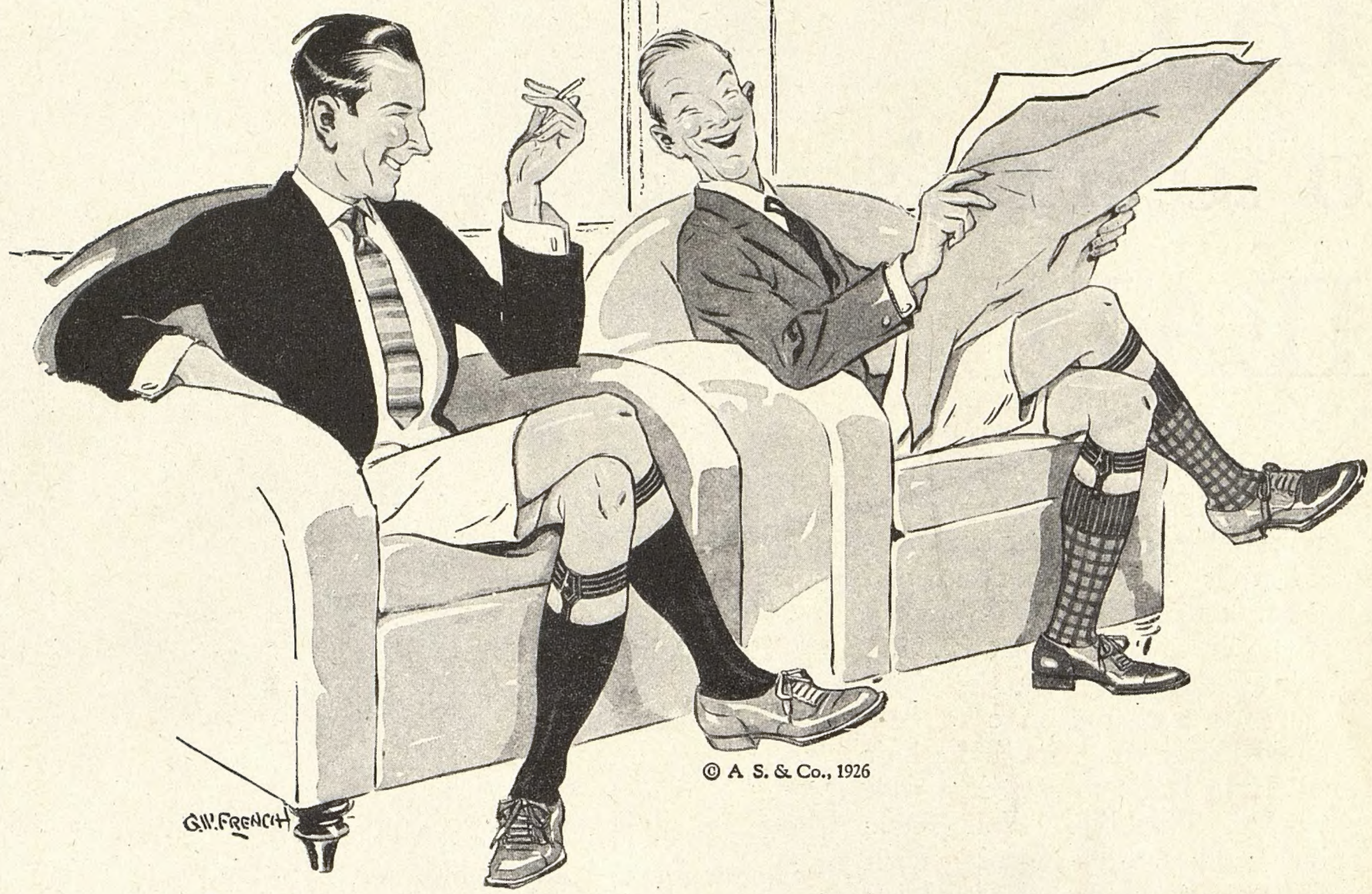

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you'd change your garters oftener

If fashion came to what we picture here, there'd be a rush to buy a million pairs of fresh, snappy PARIS Garters. It's puzzling, this trick of being fastidious in everything except garters. Perhaps, at the bottom of it all, is the thought: "No one knows they're soiled anyway." But *you* know when they are. If the pair you are wearing now isn't all it should be—bright, new weaves and snappy PARIS patterns are an added reason for replacement.

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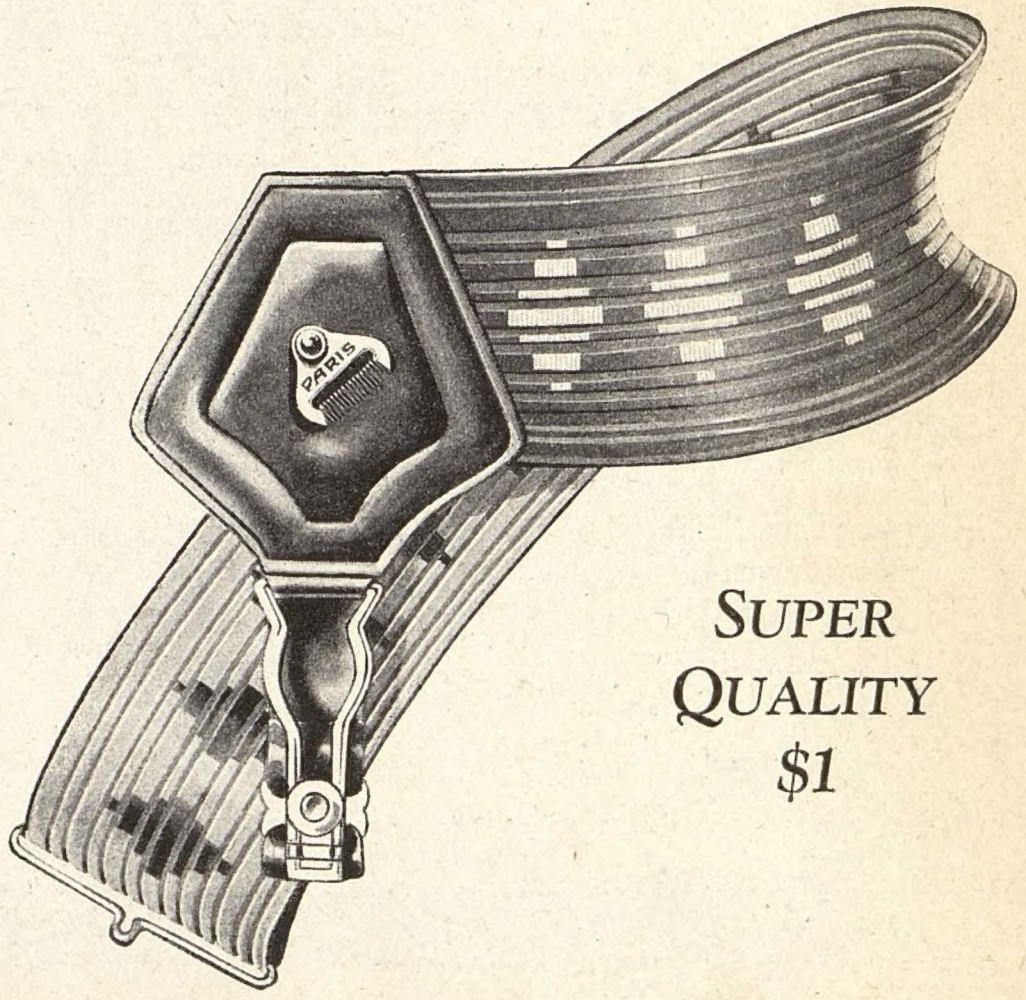

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33

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What HATS do to men's HEADS

AUTHORITIES are still uncertain as to the true causes of baldness and thinning hair so common today among men. Faulty nutrition of the scalp is the most recent medical verdict. But one thing is certain—the habit men have of *soaking* the hair, to make it lie down and then putting on air-tight hats—to be worn perhaps for hours—is not conducive to hair health. How much better to "slick" the hair with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic to give it a well groomed appearance. "Vaseline" Hair Tonic should be applied *sparingly* each morning with the palms of the hands, and followed by a brisk brushing. This will give lustre and gloss and improve the texture of the hair.

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Oct. 8, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 4 No. 23

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

UNCLE SAM'S SITTING TOO PRETTY TO BE POPULAR

Several months ago we published an editorial in which we said that although nobody in Europe loves us, that is no reason why we should go out into the garden and eat worms.

Just now thousands of former American doughboys and their officers are in France for the convention of the American Legion.

We feared that this gathering would not be very welcome in France at this time. However, we hope that the journey of our former service men to France will not increase the friction.

The Sacco-Vanzetti demonstrations confirmed our suspicion that we are not loved abroad.

In the United States these demonstrations were the work of a small but intense minority of radicals who seized the opportunity to spread the propaganda of communism and bolshevism.

They were assisted by a considerable fringe of well-wishers, consisting of so-called liberals and parlor pinks, people who are pessimistic about America and American institutions. Neither of these two groups, nor the two together, are formidable.

In Europe, however, the Sacco-Vanzetti demonstrations took on a different color and meaning.

They were outcroppings not only of the revolt against the modern industrial system, but particularly of the bitterness of Europe against the United States.

That is only natural. The man at the top of the heap is always envied. Rich men, as everybody knows, are continually the victims of scandalmongers.

We can not expect to be liked as long as we are in our present position of primacy.

But we don't need to go out of our way to provoke hatred. We should be courteous and polite to all nations and their people. We should be considerate of their feelings and should respect their sensibilities. We shouldn't strut.

However, we ought to be prepared at all times to defend what is ours. We are less likely to face the need of defending ourselves if we are always ready.

The best course for us to pursue is that laid down by a great American of another day, Theodore Roosevelt, when he said:

"Speak softly, but carry a Big Stick."

ANOTHER SUPER-CHAMPION

Golf has its Bobby Jones. Now tennis has its Helen Wills. We say now, because this year, for the first time, Helen cleaned up both at Wimbledon and Forest Hills, besides annexing other cups here and there.

She is the first woman to capture both the American and British titles. Suzanne Lenglen stopped Molla Mallory at Wimbledon, and temperament stopped Suzanne at Forest Hills.

Helen is twenty-one. It looks as if she is in for a long reign as queen of the courts. A lot of girls are envying her and wondering how she got that way.

She isn't called Little Poker Face for nothing. She has instinctive control over her emotions. The result is that she doesn't waste them.

She concentrates all her emotional energy on the business of playing tennis, and she plays to win.

Her imperturbability is proverbial. Adverse rulings never "get her goat." Nothing is so disconcerting to an opponent as a cool head.

Tilden, ranking the world's women tennis-players, placed Helen No. 1 in a class by herself. She is our second super-champion.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

Willoughby Chamberlain was chained to the ceaseless routine of home duties. Then came the opportunity to live fully, thrillingly. And she was very human. Her experiences are told in Kathleen Norris' intensely realistic new serial, Thin Ice, beginning next week.

William II, the former Kaiser, in exile in Doorn, in an interview with George Sylvester Viereck, has given his reasons for his downfall and many other views which make the article, What Life Means to the Kaiser, a most interesting as well as historical document. With this, Liberty also will publish a full-page photograph of the former Kaiser tinted by himself.

Viola Brothers Shore has taken the situation of a girl who has left her groom at the altar, only to be thrown under the protection of a woman-hater. What happens forms the amusing plot of A Stretch of the Imagination.

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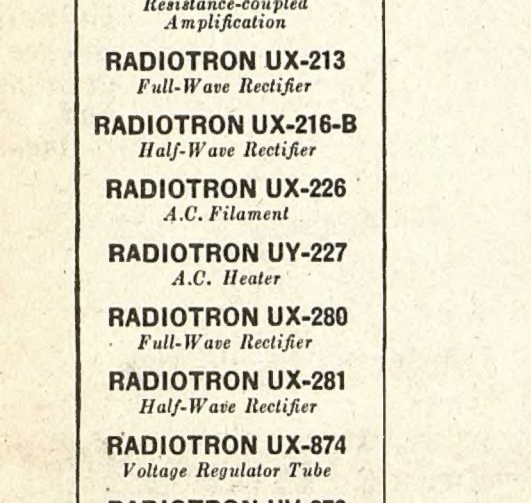

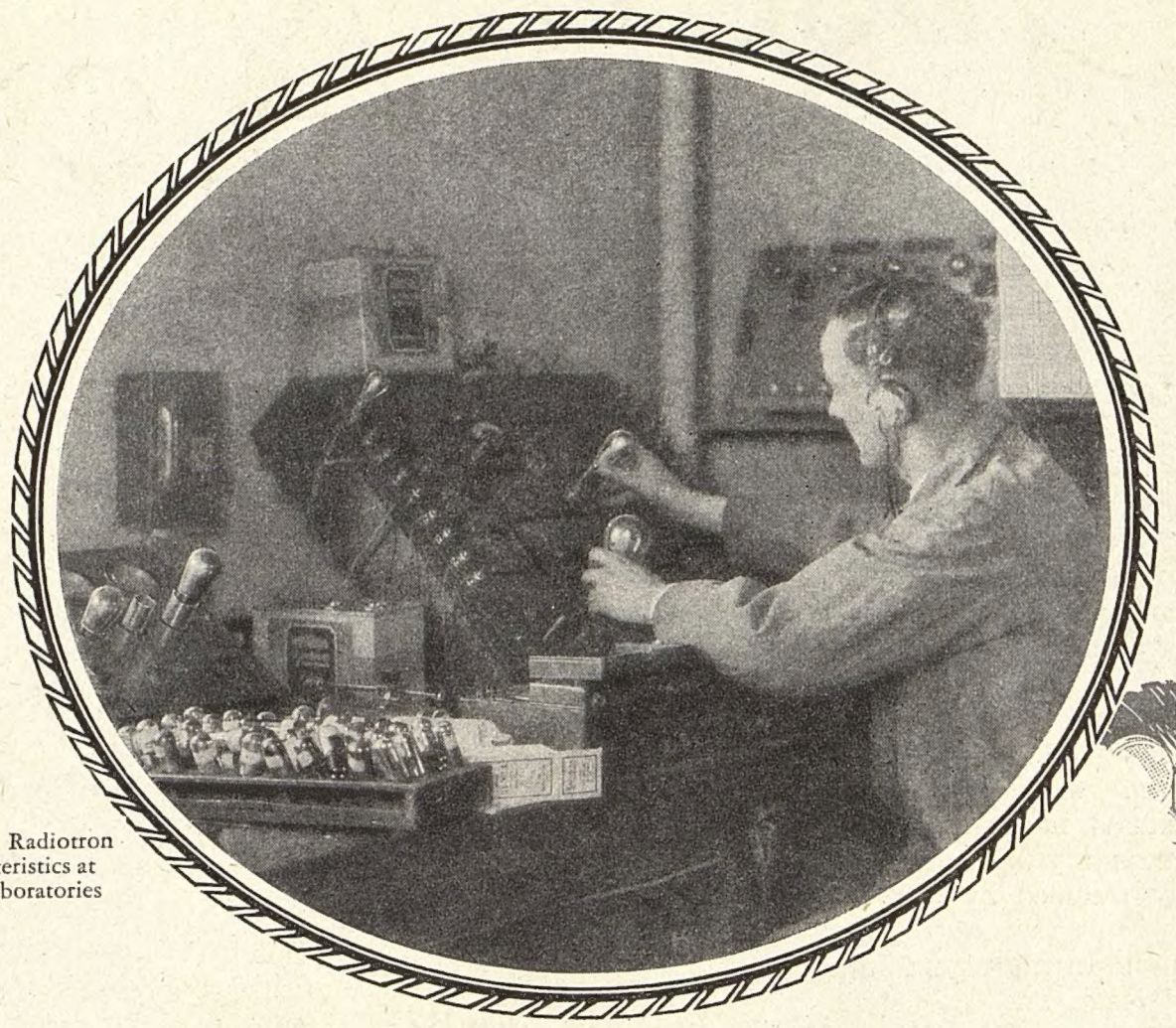

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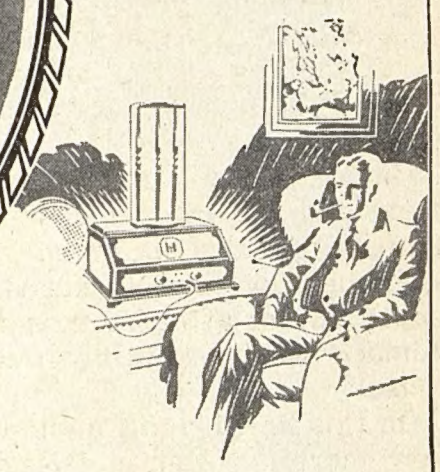

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In Case of Accident

What a Bashful Lover Learned in the Night School of Romance

A Short Story

by

EDWARD HOPE

Pictures by J. W. SCHLAIKJER

(Reading time: 26 minutes 20 seconds.)

MARTIN DRIGGS made a practise of walking on fine mornings for the good of his overfed body and his underdisciplined soul.

He knew for certain that walking, when there were several motors at his call, gave him immense satisfaction; and he often thought, when he saw himself naked before his full-length mirror after his morning bath, that his stomach was perceptibly reduced by the exercise.

On this fine, bright, invigoratingly cold January morning, Martin Driggs had scarcely a worry, as he walked toward a certain bank in which he held an extremely certain position. A good breakfast, with precisely-four-minute eggs as its climax, had started his day perfectly.

He enjoyed the breakfast again in retrospect—the second cup of coffee, rich with cream, the toast, smoothly brown and smoothly buttered.

Breakfast reminded him. Had he brought along the bills his wife had given him? It was the ninth of the month and it was his rule, as a banker, to have all accounts settled by the tenth.

He reached into his inner coat pocket with a pudgy gloved hand, and brought out a sheaf of letters and papers. . . . Yes. There were the bills, all right. . . .

A small black memorandum-book, caught in the mass of things, detached itself and, unseen by its owner, fell to the sidewalk. Martin Driggs replaced the handful of papers in his inside pocket and walked on, at peace with himself and the world.

Observe that little black book on the sidewalk. It is an instrument of Fate.

PAUL LANGDON, free, white, and twenty-four, and handsome in his curly-haired, blond way, came along sixty-three seconds later than Martin Driggs.

He walked for the good neither of his body nor of his soul, but because it was cheaper to walk than to ride, and because there was no monetary unit small enough to be left out of his calculations.

In contrast to the gentleman who had preceded him by a minute, Paul Langdon had started the day unsatisfactorily on a cup of coffee with milk, and a doughnut; and he was not at peace with himself. He was deeply concerned.

His thoughts were focused upon Miss Miriam Farrell, a bewitching young woman who spent her days with note-book and typewriter and her nights keeping track of almost innumerable suitors, the least and humblest of whom was Paul Langdon.

His thoughts were that she was the most beautiful and most desirable girl in the world; that his future without her as his wife was not even conceivable; and that the chance of acquiring her, to have and to hold, was growing slimmer every day. . . .

He was recalling their conversation of last evening, in which she had treated him with that sort of kindly friendliness to which almost any violent feeling is infinitely preferable. He was recalling his stammering, inarticulate helplessness in her presence, which, he knew, was the thing that kept her from considering him at all among her suitors.

He was cursing himself, as was his daily habit, for the diffidence that was undeniably the principal flaw in his nature, the weakness that impeded his progress in business as well as in affairs of the heart. . . .

His downcast gaze fell upon the small black memorandum-book which had slipped, sixty-three seconds before, from among the papers of Martin Driggs. Paul bent and picked it up, looked about for some one who might have dropped it. He saw no one among the passers-by who seemed likely to be its owner. Starting along again, slowly, he lifted the cover and looked inside.

"Martin A. Driggs," it said in the banker's strong hand, and below there was a printed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"OH . . . Paul . . . I had—had no idea . . ." Silence . . . deep and long and full of meaning.

[IN CASE OF ACCIDENT
Continued from Page Seven]

blank: "In case of accident, please notify . . ." which was filled in: "Driggs, 72 East 54th Street. Tel. Plaza 0199."

Paul Langdon put the memorandum-book into a vest pocket, and swung into his regular gait again.

He would stop at the 54th Street address on his way home. . . .

Paul Langdon's place of business, to which five minutes more of walking brought him, was a little bird-and-dog shop on a side street. Paul was the proprietor's only assistant, and his duties were miscellaneous.

He fed and watered the birds, dogs, and cats that were his employer's stock in trade. He answered the telephone. He kept the books. He swept and cleaned the shop every morning. And he dealt with customers when Mr. Lindstrom was busy or out.

Dealing with customers was Paul Langdon's most unpleasant duty. He had selected the animal business, after several inglorious starts in other commercial enterprises, because he understood animals and loved them, and because animals did not embarrass him. People did.

In the back of his mind, when he answered Mr. Lindstrom's advertisement, had been a hazy scheme for a peaceful and profitable future with kennels in the country and a chain of dog shops in the city. Dogs never laughed at him. . . .

But between himself and the day when he would buy Mr. Lindstrom out and begin his independent enterprise, there were the customers. They confused him. He showed them the birds and dogs and cats they asked to see, and stood before them, dumb as his wares, unable to persuade, unable to do anything to cause them to buy. . . . With women, particularly, he was unsuccessful.

They looked at the Chows and the Pekes and the Sealyhams, the canaries and the love-birds, the Persian cats and the plain cats, inquired about prices—and went elsewhere.

Sometimes Mr. Lindstrom would see them about to leave, would rush from the back of the store just in time, and with a few sentences in his heavy Scandinavian accent would make a sale. And later Paul Langdon would hear about it; he would be instructed again in the art of selling animals. . . . But nothing came of it.

He recognized his weakness, but could do nothing about it. Today, with Martin Driggs' memorandum-book, heavy with magic, in his vest pocket, he was even more depressed than usual. Try as he would, he could not get Miriam Farrell out of his mind.

The thought of her constantly reminded him of his asininity, his inevitable ill success with the customers who would come in; and each time he stood, mumbling, before a customer, the picture of Miriam Farrell's kindred coolness swam before his mind's eye. . . .

He was relieved at 5 o'clock, when Mr. Lindstrom locked the shop for the night and he was free to keep to his own unembarrassing company until the morning.

Returning the memorandum-book would be easy. He would simply give it to the first person who opened the door, and say something about having found it in the street. . . .

LEILA DRIGGS kicked open the door of her bedroom and stalked in, her under lip protruding unbecomingly.

Mathilde, Leila's long-suffering maid, arose from a chair in a corner.

"I haf, ma'mselle, take up ze skairt," she said, holding up a vividly red and black dress. "You like to try heem on?"

Leila looked bitterly at the dress and the woman who held it.

"No," she said shortly. "I would not like to try him on. I'm not going to the damn' party—now!"

She snatched the dress and flung it into a twisted mass on the bed.

"Oh, ma'mselle!" The maid was concerned, amazed. She stood there blinking. "But—zis party—"

"I know. I've been talking about it for weeks. Well, I'm not going."

"Oh! But zat is too bad. . . ."

Leila threw herself upon the chaise longue and took a cigaret from the table at her elbow. She seemed disinclined to talk.

"But—Meestar French—"

"Mr. French can go to the devil. I just finished telling him so."

"But I have think—"

"Yes. You thought I belonged to Mr. French, didn't you? He thought so, too. He thought so so much that he started to give me orders."

"Orders, Mees Leila?"

"Orders. Who to dance with and when to come home and how short to wear my dresses. And orders are some of the things I won't take from Mr. French. Or anybody else."

The girl's eyes and mouth and chin bore out her statement.

Mathilde's eyes were wide with amazement. "An' so—you do not go to ze party?" She shrugged at this incomprehensible situation.

"Oh, damn!" said Leila, and turned to the pillows at her back and beat them with small, hard fists. "I do want to go to the party. It's going to be the best thing of the whole winter. Everybody'll be there. And that Spanish costume was going to be so pretty. . . . Damn! Damn! Damn! . . . But I *won't* be ordered around like a puppy. I'd rather never go to another party as long as I live!"

She drew up her knees and blew cigaret smoke at them. The maid stood by, helpless.

"You care for some tea?" she suggested.

"No. No tea. And don't try to take my mind off it."

Leila wrinkled the white forehead from which her black hair was drawn sleekly back. "If I could only get hold of some other man. . . . But everybody's going. There isn't a soul."

"Meestar Graham—?" essayed Mathilde.

"No, no, no! Mr. Graham has recovered from his broken heart over me, and Adele Van Sand has got him." She frowned again. "I'd go with almost anybody to get to that party. And show Ken French! He'll be there, all right."

Mathilde straightened glittering objects on the dressing-table.

"Mathilde," commanded Leila, "give me my address book—the red one. I'll see if there's any one—"

The door burst open suddenly and the parlor-maid was in the room, her eyes wide with excitement.

Leila fixed her with a cold eye.

"Will you please learn not to come bursting in like that?" she said unpleasantly. "It doesn't take long to knock."

The maid made an effort to regain her composure. She closed her mouth and drew her heels together.

"I'm sorry, Miss Leila," she said, gasping a little for lack of breath, "but a—a policeman, miss, has just brought in a young man. Unconscious, miss—from a fall, he says. He's in the drawing-room—on the sofa."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"This young man, miss. He had Mr. Driggs' note-book. And he fell on the sidewalk. And they brought him in. He's in the drawing-room—on the sofa."

The idea of the strange and unconscious young man's presence on the sofa seemed to perturb the girl as much as anything else.

"Is he drunk, Katharine?"

"No, Miss Leila. I don't think so. No smell of liquor on him, the policeman don't think. He's unconscious—on the sofa, miss."

"And what do you expect me to do about it?"

The maid opened her mouth and closed it. "I—I don't know."

"Oh, well," said Leila Driggs, "I'll come down and see him."

She looked at herself in a mirror, patted her hair, and went down the stairs.

Paul Langdon lay desecrating the sofa, his mouth slightly open, his eyelids closed, his head limply back. A single blond curl, disarranged, fell on his white forehead and accentuated the whiteness of his face.

Somebody had unfastened his shirt, and his neck was revealed, young and strong and well molded. Leila looked at him, slightly rumpled as he was, in an unnaturally negligent position, and raised her eyebrows.

THE parlor-maid's eyes were wide with excitement. "A—a policeman has just brought in a young man."

The policeman shuffled his feet in the presence of the pretty and patrician young lady, took off his hat.

"Slipped on the ice at the corner," he explained. "I seen the note-book in his pocket, and I thought maybe you'd like to have him here instead of to a hospital."

"Yes," said Leila. "Yes. Of course. You are quite right. My—my cousin," she added, and Katharine, lingering in the background, jumped. "Have you called a doctor, officer?"

"No, miss—knowing Mr. Driggs. He wouldn't like an ambulance case, miss."

"No, no. . . . Do you think he's seriously hurt, officer?"

"No, miss. I wouldn't say. Stunned, I'd say, if you was to ask me."

"Yes," agreed Leila, and turned to Katharine. "Telephone Dr. Granger," she commanded. "Ask him to come at once. . . . He lives on this block," she told the policeman. "He'll get here in a couple of minutes."

The officer shuffled again. "If you won't be needing me," he said, starting for the door. And, at the threshold, "I'll get my report from Mr. Driggs."

"Thank you," said Leila. "You have been very thoughtful. I'll tell father."

So it was that Paul Langdon regained consciousness a few moments later to find himself in a strange and strangely luxurious room, with a strange and strangely lovely young woman sitting beside him and bathing his head softly with cold water.

He started to speak. Perhaps, being one trained to the formulæ of the movies, he intended to ask where he was.

"Wouldn't talk," said Leila. "It seems you slipped on some ice on the street, and fell and hit your head. And a policeman picked you up and brought you in here. I'm Leila Driggs."

Paul stared at her, wide-eyed. The damp cloth continued to move softly, soothingly over his forehead. "Oh," he commented, and started, "But—"

"You had my father's memorandum-book. I don't know where you got it, but that's why they brought you in here."

"Found it," said Paul.

"Close the old eyes," commanded Leila. "Relax. You know. Make your mind a blank."

That was pleasant. For once nothing was expected of him. There was no necessity of selling the young lady an animal, or of trying to organize conversation. Paul closed the old eyes.

PRESENTLY Dr. Granger arrived, full of elderly cheer and practised efficiency. He displaced the young lady and seated himself in the chair at Paul's side. He felt the painful lump on the back of Paul's head, and went smoothly and quietly through a number of other impressive motions. Finally he turned to Leila.

"Nothing serious," he said. "A good hard bump. He'll be weak for a few minutes and then he'll be himself again. Might give him some whisky." He snapped his little black bag shut. "How's your father been?"

When the doctor had left, Leila brought Paul a small glass of her father's best whisky and seated herself once more at his side. He held the glass and gazed at it curiously.

"Drink it," she said. "Doctor's orders, and father's best. It'll cheer you up."

Paul raised the glass to his lips. The whisky burned them. He moved the glass away a matter of inches.

"Drink it," commanded Leila. "It isn't every one, these days, who has it forced on him." Paul raised the glass again. "Bottoms up!" she said.

Although the expression was unfamiliar to him, he understood it and obeyed.

He choked and sputtered. His eyes watered.

"Well!" she said. "The first time I've

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[IN CASE OF ACCIDENT
Continued from Page Nine]

ever seen anybody do that over father's liquor. Not a drinking young man, eh?"

"No," Paul admitted, holding the empty glass on his knees; "not very much of a one."

He felt the whisky arriving at his stomach and spreading its pleasant warmth. He drew up his knees to see if they were working all right.

"You—you've been awfully good to me," he said.

"Haven't I?" Leila Driggs laughed. "Many a girl would have had you thrown right out in the street."

"Yes," admitted the young man. His weakness seemed gone now. He sat up. "Well—" he said.

"Well what?"

"I—I guess I'd better be getting along."

"Down, sir!" she commanded, and placed a smooth small hand on his chest and pushed him back against the pillows.

"But—" he protested.

"I suppose," said Leila gloomily, "you're married and have eight children, all under three years of age."

"Oh, no!"

"No? Only a wife and two babies?"

"No. . . . No. I'm not married." Perhaps the whisky had just had time to redden his face.

"Not married at all? Not the least little bit?"

Paul shook his head. "No."

"Any other encumbrances? Fiancées, jobs as night watchmen, religious scruples?"

"A-about what?"

"YOU make yourself perfectly comfortable and I'll tell you. It's a longish story." She took the glass from his uncertain hand. "Another drink?"

"Oh, no. No, thank you."

"All right." She put the glass down. "Now here's the story so far: Miss Leila Driggs, party of the first part, has allowed a young man to feel a little too sure of her. He is a handsome, attractive young man and not without financial resources. You follow me so far?"

"Yes."

"Miss Driggs has agreed that she will go with the young man to the Spanish Fandango, which is to be held tonight at the Ritz for the benefit of the Cooper Settlement's summer camp.

"She has had a Spanish costume made and is pleased with it, and she is looking forward to the dance with the young man. More to the dance than to the young man, but she is satisfied with both. Am I making it clear?"

"Yes."

"Very well. The young man comes to tea on the afternoon of the party. He makes himself obnoxious by issuing orders to Miss Driggs. She declines to take orders from him. She has made it a lifelong rule to decline to take orders. Consequently, when the young man begins to become obnoxious about his orders, she rises on her hind legs, looks him square in the eye, and tells him to go to the devil. You understand her feelings?"

"Y-yes."

"The only unfortunate thing about this display of independence is that, in ridding herself of the obnoxious young man, Miss Driggs also succeeds in talking herself out of the party—unless she can find another escort, and it is much too late to find one. The plot thickens, you observe." She lighted a cigaret and offered one to Paul, who accepted it.

"Now," she went on, "Miss Driggs has just given up all hope of finding a suitable escort for the Spanish Fandango. She is extremely annoyed. She is even ill-tempered. She is not accepting the situation philosophically. And what do you think happens next?"

Paul avoided her eyes. "I—I have no idea."

"Well, sir, in walks Patrolman Murphy or Casey or O'Brien, bearing gifts—or, rather, bearing gift. He brings in a somewhat dilapidated and slightly miscast escort for our heroine."

Paul's face was getting hotter. He licked his lips.

"He is a nice-looking young man, a little more bashful than necessary, but satisfactory as an emergency escort. His name, he tells our heroine, is Langdon. First name unknown."

Paul met her eyes for an instant, wriggled slightly, and looked longingly at the door that led to an unembarrassing evening alone. "But—" he protested feebly.

"Front name, if any?" demanded Leila.

"Paul."

"Paul. Very well. Paul Langdon, age—ah, twenty-five—"

"T-wenty-four."

"Age, twenty-four; color, white; complexion, blond; nature, skittish; unmarried."

"But, you—you see, I—I'm poor and—everything. And—"

"I am not inquiring about your social position. I'm asking you to be silly with me—to go adventuring for one evening, with no obligations ever to see me again. Have you a date?"

"N-no. No—I haven't any date."

"Do you find me—ah—physically repulsive?"

"Oh—" Paul protested.

"All right. With no obligations to see me any more—in fact, with a little obligation never to see me again—will you risk adventure? And if we hurry we can get you a costume. What about it?"

"The—the Ritz—"

"The Ritz is a hotel like any other hotel. A little funnier than some, but it won't bite you."

"Well—"

"What about it?"

"If—if you think you can—can put up with me—"

She picked up one of his hands and squeezed it. "All right, Mr. Paul Langdon, you're a good egg. And it won't be painful, really. The best music in the world and simply everybody there. . . . Better see if you can stand up. We're going to have to make some speed getting ready."

Paul got to his feet and walked a few steps. "I'm all right," he said, "even if my knees do feel a little funny."

"Another drink?"

"No," he said hastily. "No. No, thank you."

"All right. I won't kneel on you and pour it down your throat. I thought you might be hinting. . . . Now for the arrangements."

Martin Driggs.

AT 11:15 Paul stood before Leila in the library for inspection.

He was unconvincing as a toreador or a hidalgo or whatever Spanish character he represented, because one does not expect blond curls on a Spaniard, but his costume was becoming to his straight young figure, and he was a young man any girl could take to a dance with satisfaction.

The costume justified the telephoned measurements to the already-closed costumer's, the hasty trip of the Driggs' chauffeur to call for it, and the care Leila had taken to make sure of its correct adjustment to Paul's form.

It gave its wearer confidence, as if it had been a magic cloak out of a fairy-tale. This was his costume for a part—the part of a dashing young fellow, who flung care—and, perhaps, diffidence—to the winds and played knight to a lady in distress. . . . Walking up and down while Leila observed him, Paul nearly swaggered for a moment.

His confidence, it must be explained, had grown from the moment of his agreement to the proposal, when Leila had pronounced him a good egg. Nobody had ever suggested such a possibility before, and the phrase had hinted the character he was to interpret.

The guest-room in which he had laid aside his shiny, worn business suit; the glistening bath, that was the size of the hall-room he lived in, where he had splashed luxuriously and fiddled with the soap; Martin Driggs' valet, who had arranged his costume for him—all had helped him to lose, for the moment, the stammering animal-salesman.

Dinner with Martin Driggs and his wife and Leila—during which Paul had managed an almost perfect reticence—and the unidentified white wine and the burning liqueur had raised him further out of himself.

Now the feel of his exotic clothing and the sight of the smoothly perfect, dark-haired girl who was to be his companion for the evening completed the delicious illusion of being some one else than himself, some one worthy of respect.

LEILA made him think of what he had seen on the stage on those rare and sacred occasions when he had squandered a good part of a week's pay to take Miriam Farrell to the theater.

Her rounded white shoulders, breathlessly revealed; her brown, derisively terrifying but friendly eyes; her straight, slim legs, made conspicuous by the thinnest black silk stockings and a skirt that could never, by any stretch of itself or the imagination, cover her knees—these were not things of real life to Paul.

"Really," she said, "I'm quite overcome by you. I thought I saw possibilities when I first saw you, but . . ."

Paul's diffidence returned with a thud, as he tried to reply fittingly. "I hope," he said, "I won't—won't be too—dumb for you."

She laughed in a way that made him afraid of her, because she was not laughing at him.

"Have you ever met the boys who infest these parties?" she asked. "I'm not sure I ought to take you. Seeing them might swell your head."

But at the Spanish Fandango, which was to pay for billions of cubic feet of fresh air for thousands of slum children the following summer, Paul Langdon had no leisure for studying types and making sociological deductions.

To begin with, being unaccustomed to such affairs, and in the dark as to his exact duties as Leila Driggs' escort, he found it necessary to be more alert than he had ever been before in his life.

In the second place, his lovely companion kept introducing him to young men and women who came up, as he reckoned it, at the rate of some twelve per minute.

In the third place, he was in a constant state of apprehension, due to the presence in his pocket of one of Martin Driggs' largest silver flasks, filled by Leila, in obvious defiance of the law, with some of Martin Driggs' finest whisky.

In the fourth—and perhaps most important—place, he was in the grip of a vague terror that defied analysis.

As time went on, however, it became evident that no one was going to expose him as an impostor, that these sons and daughters of millionaires danced not so very differently from the sons and daughters of the middle class with whom he had danced occasionally, and that no one expected much in the way of conversation, once you got away from the perilous personalities of this particular set and the current goings-on in the more expensive theaters and night clubs, of which Paul knew nothing whatever.

He gathered courage enough to dance with several of the girls he had met—in particular a certain Gertrude Orson, who was young and soft and trusting in a way that affected the back of his neck strangely, and a Miss Kimberly, whose dress and eyes combined to reveal rather more than most girls are willing to—and did not realize that he was meeting their charm

with a charm of his own that came from his honest eyes and his gentle voice and, I am not above suspecting, from the admirable lines of his body.

Time flew. Paul never found out how it got to be half-past two in a few brief minutes, but that was the hour that showed on his heavy silver watch when he drew it surreptitiously from his pocket, as he stood at the back of the stag-line and watched Leila Driggs dancing with a tall, dark man in his late thirties, and quarreling with him.

Paul had retired from the fray for a minute to shake off the fog of excitement that had enveloped him, and, from a sense of duty, he kept an eye on the girl for whom he felt responsible. . . . This quarrel with the tall, dark man perturbed him.

Here, surely, was a situation in which he was ordained to come to the rescue. He sifted through the crowd of men, picked his way among the dancers, and placed his fingers on the elbow of the tall, dark man.

"May I cut in?"

Leila's partner was the first to give him the look he had been expecting from the start. Paul shrank under the scornful gaze of the older man, fell back imperceptibly.

But Leila smiled on him. She stopped dancing and turned toward Paul.

"Thank you, Kenyon," she said over her shoulder to the tall, dark man; and she and Paul slipped away from him into the whirl of dancing couples.

"You're a hero," she said in a moment. "I was just praying for you, but I didn't really expect you to be so prompt."

The look he had received had reduced Paul to timidity again. "I thought—maybe—" he said.

"You were right," she told him, and then: "Let's stop dancing for a minute. Let's go sit out awhile."

SHE led him to a secluded corner of a room off the dance floor, and they sat on a lounge mostly concealed from the rest of the empty room by potted palms.

"That," she confided, "was the gentleman who was told to go to the devil this afternoon. Evidently he decided not to go." Paul said nothing. "He's the nastiest man I know," she went on.

"Really?" offered Paul.

"Really and truly and honestly. A skunk from a skunk farm. But I don't think he'll be back again." She paused and looked at Paul with eyes that made him tremble a little. "I wouldn't be above having a drink of the Gov's liquor," she said. "If you haven't used it all."

"I—I'll get some g-glasses," he said, rising, and added defensively, "I haven't touched it."

"I was afraid you hadn't. And don't be so old-fashioned about glasses." She peeked around the palms. "There's nobody in sight. I have been known to drink right out of the flask."

He handed it to her and she demonstrated her experience in the art, swallowing without an unbecoming gulp.

"Have one," she urged. "Antidote for skunk-bite."

She patted her lips with a tiny lace handkerchief, and Paul, placing the silver container to his mouth, managed more skilfully than he had hoped. He replaced the flask in his pocket.

"B-big party," he essayed by way of filling the gap.

"Don't make conversation," she said, and placed her smooth, cool hand in his. "Breath is too short."

Paul started at the touch of her. His fingers closed slowly over hers. He felt his face getting red.

"W-what else is there to do?" he asked. "You and I—you see—"

"You might—you just might—kiss me," she said quietly, and her bare shoulder moved toward him ever so little.

He trembled, sought words and found none, allowed his arm to go about her. His fingers, on her scantily clothed body, tingled. He did not know quite how to go about this.

"Let's stop dancing for a minute," Leila suggested. "Let's go sit out awhile."

Experience, he thought, remembering want ads, not essential. Experience . . . She turned her body to him; he bent down . . .

When it was over—in a matter of seconds—she looked up at him with eyes that were strangely troubled for an instant, then derisive again.

"So—" she said softly; and then: "Rouge on your lips."

"There will be more," he heard himself say, and nearly collapsed at the words.

"Really?" she said, round-eyed with mock wonder.

"And truly and honestly," the audacious young man who had been Paul Langdon assured her. "As, for instance . . ."

"And . . . now . . ."

"Wouldn't it be a waste of time to wipe it off now?"

"Oh, possibly. . . ."

It was Leila who took command a few minutes later, with, "Now we really must go and dance." But she squeezed his hand as they rose to go. . . .

Confidence such as he had never experienced swept over Paul. Dancing with Leila and others, he found himself capable of actual conversation, spiced with amusing phrases, striking observations. But his interest in dancing waned.

GERTRUDE ORSON—she of the softness and youth and trusting manner—proved, on inquiry, to be a little weary of the dance floor, too; and presently she and Paul—it is no compliment to his inventiveness—sat behind the palms that had sheltered him and Leila.

"What shall we talk about," he said, "if anything?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[IN CASE OF ACCIDENT
Continued from Page Eleven]

"I don't know," she told him. "I'm not so much of a talker."

"Suppose," he said, "we talk about your eyes."

"But what'll we say about them?" She was looking straight at him, smiling.

"What'll . . . Oh, don't be silly!" (He had picked that up from Leila.) "We'll start with their color. A lot of people must think they're blue, and that's too bad, because really they're purple. And purple eyes are very unusual. They mean—let's see, what do they mean?"

. . . At the end of eight minutes her rouge, too, was on Paul's lips, and he was intoxicated with a combination of feelings, chief among which was a consciousness of power. . . .

And as the heavy hands on Paul's silver watch indicated that the milkman would soon be clattering through the streets, an intruder—though none, fortunately, appeared—might have seen Paul in this same corner with still another girl. This time it was the revealing Miss Kimberly, whose name had turned out to be Cecily. . . .

IT was a droopy-eyed and oddly altered assistant who reported to Mr. Lindstrom at the Metropolitan Dog and Bird Shop next morning. The first sign of the change that had come over him was the taxi in which he drove up. Other signs were forthcoming later.

There were several reasons for the taxi. One was that Paul did not wake, as was his custom, at half-past seven. Instead, he returned to befuddled consciousness, mistrustful of his memory, at 8:35, which wasn't bad, at that, considering the fact that he had said good-by to Leila Driggs only four hours earlier in the day, after a last, wondering look at the impressive guest-room in which he had got back into his shocking business suit.

Another reason was that, having danced a distance that, end to end, would have landed him in Washington, he could not force his aching legs to carry him an inch further than necessary.

And, besides, there was that painful bump on the back of his head, which was his only concrete evidence that Leila Driggs and the Spanish Fandango and the rest of it had ever existed at all.

But the principal reason for the taxi lay in a newly acquired sense of power, accompanied by a startling desire to command.

Last night, if his mind could be believed, he had ridden in limousines and kissed heiresses. Today he found it impossible to revert immediately to his normal social stratum.

The meter called for fifty-five cents and Paul gave the driver eighty. . . .

In the shop, Paul was sorry for the animals he had been used to envy. They might, it was true, go from here into the homes and laps of the wealthy, but they could never hope to feel the satisfaction of having made their way into circles that were not their own, and having ruled these circles, however briefly. . . . He held a youthful Scottie on his knees and reasoned this vague thought out with him.

Mr. Lindstrom went out. Alone in the shop, Paul, who ordinarily trembled in fear of a possible terrifying customer, whistled a new jazz tune and walked about, paying his respects to the variously caged stock, said "Woof!" to the dogs and "Puss-puss" to the cats and "Cheep" to the canaries.

The first customer of the day was an elderly lady with an inexplicable desire to own a Pekingese. Paul showed her several, described their points, their ancestry, and their dispositions at great length with fluency and enthusiasm, and in ten minutes had sold her the most expensive dog in the place. . . .

Another, and younger, woman came in. Paul greeted her near the door.

"Good morning," he said. "I'll bet you want to know about the wire-hair in the window."

The girl smiled. "No," she said. "As a matter of fact, I want a Persian cat."

Paul raised his eyebrows. "A Persian cat? Of course, if you really want one, you can have one, but—looking at you—I thought a really smart dog . . ."

"Cats are so decorative in an apartment."

"Men," said Paul, "don't like cats." And he raised his eyebrows in a different way. The girl's eyes opened wider. She made no answer.

Paul opened the door at the back of the window and brought out the soft white ball of wire-haired fox-terrier.

"Now, here's a pup," he said, "that any man, woman, or child would be proud to be seen with. As I said, if you must have a cat, we've got them, but I think this is an unusual opportunity."

He put the small animal down. It shook itself and trotted to the door. Paul recaptured it, brought it over to the girl. "I don't want to sell you anything you don't want," he said, "but—take him in your arms."

THE girl obeyed and the puppy put out his tongue in embarrassment. Paul rubbed its nose.

"He is a darling," admitted the customer.

"Of course he's a darling," said Paul. "And he's more than that. He's the son of a champion, and he'll be a show dog when he grows up. Look at that head. . . . Now, if you have any men around, this is your pet. Men and cats don't agree."

When the dog was outfitted with harness and a leash, and the girl had taken him into a taxi, Paul picked up the telephone and called a number.

"Miss Farrell, please," he said in a moment. "Hello, Miriam? . . . Paul. Paul Langdon. I'm sorry to call you in business hours, but . . . Well, I wanted to know what you were doing tonight. . . . Hmmm? . . . Oh, can't you call that off? . . . Yes. I thought you might see me. . . . Oh, things to talk about . . . Quite important, yes. Very, damned important, if you ask me. . . .

"Oh, don't be silly. You can see a butter-and-egg man any night. . . . Tell him you've got a headache; tell him you sprained your ankle; tell him you have a previous engagement made this morning. . . . I don't care what you tell him, but . . . Well, I want to see you, that's all. Sure. . . . No. I won't wait till Monday night.

"Tonight, I said. . . . Yep. . . . I'll bet you'll be glad. . . . No, I'm not. Not a drop. . . . I just want to see you. . . . Yep . . . I'll tell you tonight. . . . Oh, tell him anything. I don't care; just so you get out of it. . . . All right, but be sure. . . . And I'll call you at two."

"BUT," protested Miriam Farrell, "what did you want to see me about?"

Paul inched closer to her. "About your eyes, for one thing. Or, for two things. They need looking into."

"You don't smell of liquor," she answered him.

"Of course I don't smell of liquor. Why should I buy liquor when I can get the same effect by looking at you?"

"But—you're so different."

"Yes. I've made up my mind about some things. Mostly about you. You—"

"What about me?"

"Well, for one thing, that you're wasting your time on a lot of dumb-bells. For another thing, that it's time for you to pick out somebody who means something to you—something more than theaters and night clubs—and somebody you mean something to—somebody—"

"What are you talking about?"

Paul paused.

"What am I talking about? I'll tell you. I'm talking about myself and you, of course. I'm recommending myself to you. Highly."

"But—"

"I have reason to believe that I'm going to be half-owner of the Metropolitan Dog and Bird Shop before fall. I have some money saved up, and I'm saving more. Of course, a half-ownership isn't enough to be married on—"

"*Married!*"

"Certainly. Married." His arm fell behind her on the back of the sofa. "As I was saying, a half-interest isn't enough, but Lindstrom's getting old. And if I don't own that whole shop a year from now—"

"Why, Paul Langdon—"

His fingers curved about her waist. She did not struggle.

"That's what I mean. I'm—I'm sick of worrying about you. I want it all fixed and definite. Then I can work ten times as hard." He turned her toward him. "Now—about your eyes—"

"Paul!"

Silence.

"Paul, you—you shouldn't have done that!"

"Yes, I should. And . . . this!"

Silence.

"Stop. You—"

"Isn't it a good idea? Really? I mean getting married."

Silence . . . protracted. . . .

"Then," said Paul, at length, "*that's* settled."

"Oh . . . Paul . . . I had—had no idea . . ."

Silence . . . deep and long and full of meaning.

THE END

The Adventures of an Ordinary Wife

THIN ICE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Thousands of women face the same problem as *Willoughby Chamberlain* in Mrs. Norris' great serial. It is a story of the love-hunger that so often gnaws into the lives of young wives whose husbands take them for granted.

It Begins in Next Week's LIBERTY

Flying Rum Runners

A favorite route of the flying smugglers—an airplane view of Niagara Falls from the Canadian side, with the International Bridge in the left foreground.

Tales of the Men Who Play Hop-Scotch on the Border

An Article by

WALTER HINTON

(Reading time: 19 minutes 20 seconds.)

THE night had darkened suddenly. The yellow moon that had kept the flier company all the way up from Long Island into Canada, and for part of the return flight, was hiding behind a sinister, shadowy bank of mist directly in his path to the south. Even the stars had disappeared. He was alone, a half-mile in the air in a limitless void as black as pitch.

He chuckled at the thought of the Federal agents patrolling the international line on the surface. If they could not see the sparks from his spitting exhaust, they could hear the droning of the engine and the hum of the propeller. But they were powerless. It was to laugh.

At the end of his northward course he had set his plane down in a small field near Montreal. From the air it had appeared deserted, but a truck that had been lurking on the edge switched on its headlights and rolled toward him. The syndicate had made things very easy here.

"Hello, Yank," one of the men on the truck called. "Got a nice clear night ahead of you."

He handed the pilot a slip of paper, the very latest report from the weather station in the city.

"Yep; mighty cheerful, too," the latter replied. "Third trip this week. The moon with me every time."

He climbed out of the plane to stretch his legs and smoke. He gave the truckman a formal order from the boss in New York vouching for him on this particular date.

"Seventy-five gallons of Scotch," the man read, bending over in the rays of the headlights. "Well, we've got it here for you. Might as well begin loading."

There had been queer business on the part of one or two fliers. They were reputed to have collected loads on their own account, without letting the New York members of the syndicate know anything about it. The men at that field outside of Montreal made no deliveries without the written order.

The load had been placed aboard quickly, fifteen five-gallon tins packed into the capacious compartment in front of the pilot's cockpit. Then he twisted the propeller and climbed in.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FLYING RUM-RUNNERS
Continued from Page Thirteen]

Thus far it had been another routine flight. He should make the homeward trip, about 350 miles, inside of four hours.

"Two dollars a quart," he reflected. "I've got three hundred quarts here—five hundred and twenty-five pounds. And I'm flying for less than they can haul it in by truck."

The pilot's job ended when he landed back on his own field, outside the Long Island village where the neighbors thought he was doing aerial photography or carrying sightseers.

There the men from the syndicate would meet the plane, pay him his $600, and remove the contraband. Sometimes they took it away in a truck, occasionally in an undertaker's ambulance.

Once they had met him with a big white hearse, and one of the drivers had facetiously displayed a wreath. That was the night after a wrecked seaplane had been washed ashore in New Jersey, with no trace of its crew. The intimation was that he might one day need a wreath.

TONIGHT the mist was unusually thick: worse than clouds. One always could get under the latter. He dropped down as close to the surface as he dared. The lens of his goggles became clouded and he pushed them up on top of his helmet.

The minutes passed into hours. He must be well past Albany. On a clear night he could pick up the Hudson River, but now he could not see even a locomotive headlight, though their beams along the eastern bank of the river had guided him into New York on many a dark night.

Then suddenly his trained ear caught an ominous sound. One cylinder was missing. It might pick up again. He pulled the throttle back a bit. But that wouldn't do. It reduced his altitude by several hundred feet.

He pushed it up again, hoping to jazz up that missing cylinder. Instead, another cut out.

He leaned forward on the control stick, nosing slightly earthward, and blindly; for he could see nothing. The needle on the altimeter showed one hundred feet, then seventy-five feet above the surface. Still he could see nothing.

Something loomed up ahead—a church spire. As he swerved aside, it seemed to lean toward him in an effort to puncture a wing. Evidently a town here.

He straightened out again; gave her the gun, all that he had left. Tree-tops sped past him. He cut the switch to prevent fire in the blind crash he knew was coming.

Grass, or tree-tops—he could not say which—were zipping past. He pulled back on the stick, hard, feeling the tail skid drag for an instant. His wheels struck solidly, like the sound of a football punted into the air. Then he was on his back, flying-belt loosened, and trying to crawl out.

One side of his face was numb and sticky. His chin was cut and his head ached. The odor of gasoline and oil was mixed with that of alcohol. He was saturated with it. The scent warned him that he must get away from there before somebody caught him. He did.

Next morning the virtuous townsfolk at that point on the Hudson came out and scrambled for possession of the few whiskey-laden tins that had not been broken. Then they notified the prohibition agents. And that was all.

The pilot is still flying—and he has a plane that will carry at least half a ton of liquor. But he is not alone in this game.

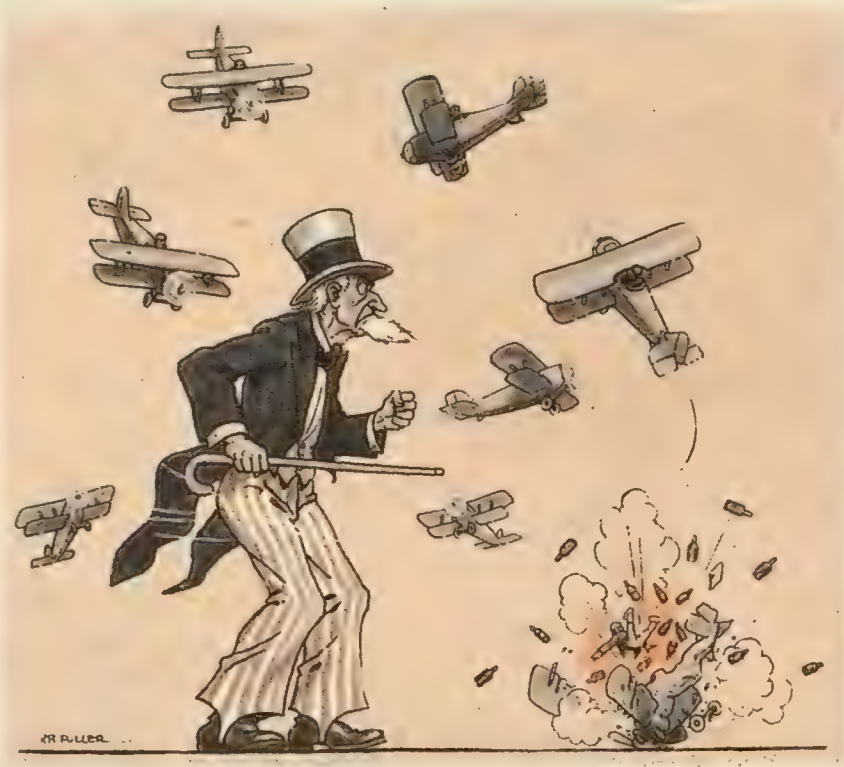
There are perhaps fifty aviators in this country who have adopted rum-running as a profession. Nor is a forced landing and a crash so unusual with them. They always go out prepared for the worst, or at least half-expecting to find it behind the corner of some cloud-bank or under a mantle of mist. Their game is the absolute limit in daredeviltry.

They have long distances to cover, very often at night, in all kinds of weather and with few of the surface facilities established by the more conventional flying organizations. The members of this outlaw tribe must chart their own airways and go and come unannounced, though they take advantage of any circumstance that may come their way.

SOME weeks ago an air-mail pilot flew out of Chicago late in the evening, east-bound with his nightly load over the well lighted route that the Post Office Department has established for the fastest mail service in the world.

The pilot was not due to meet the west-bound mail plane for more than an hour; so he paid very little attention to what was ahead of him. After about thirty minutes in the air, however, something impelled him to stick his head over the side and peer past the nose of his machine.

He pulled back on the stick just in time to zoom up and hurdle a monstrous thing coming straight at him.



Picture by R. B. Fuller

The latest fly in the prohibition ointment—booze by air, against which Uncle Sam can do little.

It was another plane, flying blindly without navigation lights such as are required on the mail planes and other night-flying craft.

He reported the strange ship at the Cleveland field, but they had not seen it there. Nor was it reported in Chicago the next day.

You may see a bootlegger's machine high overhead in the daylight; and at night you may be aroused from sleep by the pesky thing as it swings low over the chimneys.

Unless you are living on one of the eighteen or twenty air-mail routes in this country, you may be sure that somebody is transporting something more liquid than letters or express. Yet you will never recognize the pilot or his ship.

He never announces a flight, and if he crashes, he rips out all the valuable instruments that he can carry, providing he has the time and is physically able. The rest is mystery.

Liquor brought in from Canada by truck doubles in price because of the hauling charge before it gets into the hands of the retailers, and there is always the chance that it will be cut. One bottle of the real thing may make three, four, or sometimes five bottles of cut liquor, before it reaches your bootlegger.

So, if the bootlegger can be sure that his Scotch is 100 per cent Mountain Dew, he will pay well for all that comes his way. That is why an aviator gets into the business: it pays much better than any other form of flying.

A group of bootleggers cultivated a handsome business in Philadelphia during the Sesquicentennial last year. They could supply the visitors easily, selling home-made Scotch when the genuine supply ran low. But gradually they found themselves with a select local trade that they wanted to hold.

Trucking from Canada, they found, was too expensive, with graft and bonuses to be paid at every turn. So they started their own air service between the City of Brotherly Love and Montreal, with a refueling stop on Long Island.

This refueling station was the usual one-man field in appearance: one plane in the small hangar and a sign on which passing motorists could read:

SIGHTSEEING FLIGHTS, $25
Visiting planes welcome. Gas and oil.

It mattered not that there were half a dozen fields within a radius of five miles where passengers could soar for five or ten dollars a soar.

The sign was a blind, but it accounted for the visitors that dropped in after dark two or three times a week, and almost daily in late afternoon.

Nobody knew that they were booze ships plying between the Canadian city and the Philadelphia terminal of the syndicate which was and, no doubt, is today located at a slow-motion real-estate development some eight miles west of the city limits.

By "gassing up" on Long Island, the pilots were able to keep down their fuel loads and carry more liquor.

One day last fall, early risers in North Philadelphia found a plane smashed up in a vacant lot. The police sniffed at it like bloodhounds; but they did not find the pilot.

He turned up one night at one of the quiet places where birdmen sometimes gather, and had this to say:

"Flying out of Long Island, I ran into rain—and plenty of it. Near Trenton the fog became so bad I lost my course and had to come down within a few feet of the surface.

"Past Bristol, Pennsylvania, the old engine commenced pouting, and I swung out over the Delaware River. The bottom of the compartment holding my load of liquor had been made into a trap-door, and I dumped the whole works into the Delaware. Then I hunted a field. But the factory chimneys kept me from coming down until I was over North Philadelphia.

"I struck that vacant lot with a bang and it knocked me out; but when I came to my senses I was able to walk away. I washed the blood off my face and hands in a mud puddle.

"I hailed a truck running into New York, and the driver took me with him. He said that he very often carried a load of wet goods."

RUM-RUNNING is the only kind of smuggling that has popular support; but a pilot dare not take chances.

State police at Chatsworth, New Jersey, several months ago, saw a plane coming in from the north, flying low and apparently in trouble. They also saw two men in a motor-car, trying to signal the pilot to a landing in a near-by field.

Plane, motorists, and police reached the field at about the same time. The plane crashed, dumping two helmeted creatures out on their heads, and enough evidence was scattered about the wreck to have the motorists and aviators held on charges of liquor-running.

Another pilot fashioned a tricky cover for the front cockpit of his passenger machine to ferry the stuff across the border. One Saturday night he flopped on the outskirts of a small town in Vermont.

He broke his propeller and had to wait for one from his home port.

A Methodist preacher took him home as his guest, and next morning the flier accepted the pastor's invitation to attend services. There he had to stand up and address the men's Bible class.

"I prayed with them, too," he said afterward. "I was praying constantly that no yokel would get curious and pry that fore-cockpit cover off my load of booze."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

SOUP
is now eaten every day!

FORMERLY just an occasional dish. Now a regular fixture on the family table. Formerly served only on special days or when guests were being entertained. Now considered a *necessity* for the daily menu in thousands upon thousands of homes. What is the cause of this remarkable change in the use of soup?

Score another credit to Science. The melodrama of the air heroes, the miracle of the silver screen and the talking pictures, the wonders of the radio and the wireless—all of these are spectacular. But another revolution of even greater importance has been going on, almost without our knowing it. There has been such a complete revision of the knowledge of the right food for us to eat that the eating habits of the people present a different picture from those, say, of 1900.

WE NOW eat less, in bulk, but more in actually desirable and beneficial food. We now eat with a proper and enlightened respect for our digestion and our health. Over-eating is being displaced by intelligent and adequate eating. The ideal now is food for invigoration, renewal of tissue, perfect growth, and the harmony of all functions.

In season and out of season, the dietitians have taught these lessons, until the "bill of fare" in the American home, the restaurant and the hotel have undergone sweeping changes. And with these changes has come the astonishing increase in the use of soup.

SOUP HAS its own peculiar and special advantages that no other food can offer. It is liquid. It blends in fascinating combinations and varieties, the savors and flavors of meats, vegetables, cereals, herbs and spices. It appeals instantly to the appetite, even when languid. It stimulates the flow of the digestive juices, supplies needed nourishment and promotes digestion. Not only is a hot plate of tempting soup a sparkling invitation to the meal, but all you eat does you more good after soup has prepared the way.

Hand in hand with the new ideas in food has come this new Campbell's idea in soup—strict in quality, condensed in form, almost unlimited in variety, relieving the housewife of all the care and bother of soup-making, requiring only the addition of an equal quantity of water and a few minutes simmering. 21 different soups—all listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

A secret true we'll tell to you
As we sit down to eat.
Ere we begin we'll let you in—
This Campbell's Soup's a treat!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

"came the dawn—"

¶ A shipwreck, a desert isle, the lovers falling headlong into each other's arms . . . "came the dawn." This, with variations, was the formula for the movie of yesterday. ¶ It won't do today. It's a new, thinking, discriminating age—an age that demands color, beauty, the new, the unusual. And finds all in Paramount Pictures. Stories as thrilling as 70 miles an hour in an open road, as timely as today's newspapers, as pregnant with ideas as a best seller. ¶ Paramount Pictures in the modern manner. Out of the beaten path. Keyed to this fast paced, brightly colored world. As far removed from the "came the dawn" era as the railroad is from the stagecoach. ¶ At the best theatres.

You'll be thrilled as you never were before!

"CHANG"

Merian Cooper & Ernest Shoedsack's daredevil melodrama filmed in the jungles of darkest Siam.

The story of a boy, a regiment, and a nation.

"THE ROUGH RIDERS"

Victor Fleming Production. With Noah Beery, Mary Astor, Charles Farrell and George Bancroft.

The one-piece college comedy gem

"SWIM, GIRL, SWIM"

Starring BEBE DANIELS. With Gertrude Ederle, James Hall and Josephine Dunn. Clarence Badger Production.

A new comedy team—a rollicking railroad roar!

"TELL IT TO SWEENEY"

Starring CHESTER CONKLIN and GEORGE BANCROFT. With Doris Hill and Jack Luden. Gregory La Cava Production.

Zane Grey action-thriller of the Old West.

"NEVADA"

With Gary Cooper, Thelma Todd, Phillip Strange and William Powell. Directed by John Waters.

The world's greatest actor in his greatest picture!

"THE WAY OF ALL FLESH"

Starring EMIL JANNINGS. With Belle Bennett, Phyllis Haver and Donald Keith. Victor Fleming Production.

The empress of emotions in her greatest role

"BARBED WIRE"

Starring POLA NEGRI. With Clive Brook and Einar Hanson. An Erich Pommer Rowland V. Lee Production.

From the Bowery to the Ritz!

"WE'RE ALL GAMBLERS"

Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. With Marietta Millner. James Cruze Production.

The exquisite aristocrat of the screen

"ONE WOMAN to ANOTHER"

Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. With Marie Shotwell, Roy Stewart and Ted Von Eltz. Frank Tuttle Production.

Grim, relentless—so real it hurts!

"STARK LOVE"

Karl Brown Production of primitive life and love in the Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee. With a native cast.

"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town"

Paramount Pictures

Produced by Paramount Famous Lasky Corp., Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., N. Y. C.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

He got away without being caught.

As yet, there are no lighted airways between the United States and Canada, but if the government should lay out a well lighted route, they would need traffic cops up there in balloons to keep the booze ships from colliding.

Two pilots were bringing in a load by way of Toronto one night. The course lay over Niagara Falls, a short cut across to New York State, and down the shore of Lake Erie.

One of them had made the trip many times. The other was a beginner, just learning the route. Later on they could use two planes.

They were ferrying the stuff for a big syndicate that had no connections on the Canadian side, but purchased from known agents for cash. The pilot took the bootleggers' money and paid for each load.

Over Niagara Falls the veteran shut off his motor and turned to the other, who was stowed away in the rear with several tins of whisky.

"See that smokestack down there, along the river? Always has lights around it; can't miss it. Get right over it and turn southwest."

He opened the throttle again and settled comfortably. Then his engine commenced to sputter and the flare from the exhaust became intermittent. The novice in the rear knew that this might mean a forced landing. He threw out a five-gallon tin. Another went the same way. The old engine still sputtered.

Somewhere ahead they must come down. The novice threw out all but one tin, which he overlooked. Then he scribbled a note and handed it to the man at the controls:

"I've dumped everything overboard; we're safe."

A FEW minutes later they glided safely down into a field on the outskirts of Buffalo. Both men hopped out.

"We're safe," said the novice. "Nothing on us."

"No, you damn fool, nothing on us. Not at all. That load was worth eight hundred dollars in Canada. I paid for it with our fellows' money, and the bunch will think we kept the roll. Here are some of 'em now."

"Hello, Jim!" shouted a newcomer cheerily. "Engine trouble?"

"Yep, and then some. Breakin' in a new man; lost his head; dumped the stuff over the falls."

"Applesauce!" sneered the other. "Over the falls nothing."

He was the Buffalo agent for the liquor syndicate, and this was a regular emergency landing-place for booze planes.

The beginner was full of apologies.

"Overboard, hell, I say. You fellows have got the jack! Never picked up the stuff. You can't get away with it!"

Just then the novice found the remaining five-gallon tin.

"See here," he exclaimed, "this is what was left! I—I overlooked it. It proves that we picked up something in Canada."

They got away with it.

The novice quit the game cold, but he was back in it six months later, on his own. He got an old machine and calculated that six months of rum-running should net him $30,000.

He made five trips between a small town in Ohio and a rendezvous in Canada. On the sixth he had to come down in a field at Cleveland. He managed to escape by running as fast as he could, but lost the plane.

The new commercial airplanes are more profitable than the old machines. High-lift wings, such as those which enabled Lindbergh and Chamberlin to lift enough gasoline to carry them over the Atlantic, and reliable engines which very seldom give trouble, are now being sought by the border pilots.

With this improved equipment they can run the risk of losing a plane now and then, yet still make money.

Progress in load-carrying—new planes which carry three times as much weight with the same power—has enticed a number of the veteran smugglers back into the game. Two or three years ago, new commercial planes were too expensive. They had to depend upon the cast-off crates sold from the war surplus.

At that time we had a rum fleet off the Atlantic coast, and the liquor rings ashore employed planes in various ways.

One outfit had a steady assignment from a syndicate to take its agents from New York out over Rum Row, where he could spot a certain ship.

Fixing its exact position on a chart, he would return and send the surface craft out for their loads.

One late afternoon, their seaplane was forced down ten miles off Long Island. Pilot, mechanic, and spotter tinkered with the engine and failed to get it started. A wind blew up. The rum ships headed for the open sea and safety, but none recognized the frantic signals from the little flying-boat.

Daylight faded. Each wave threatened to toss them out. They could not smoke. They had nothing to eat. They could not even light a match, for gasoline from the flooded engine had leaked into the hull.

ALONG the wide borders of the United States, shown in this map, flying rum-runners operate with scant interference from the law. Their chief routes are from the Bahamas into Florida, from Mexico into the Southwest, and from Canada to almost anywhere.

Morning found them with wing-tip pontoons gone and great gaping holes in the wings. They had to bail for their lives.

The sea calmed down as the clouds disappeared; the sun came up, blistering hot. There was not a ship in sight. They drank greedily of the oily, rusty water from the radiator, until that and the motion of the sea made them deathly sick.

They had taken off their white underclothes and tied them to the upper wings, where they flapped idly, signals of distress.

ALL three were sleeping fitfully the second morning, when they were jarred back to consciousness. A small boat had bumped the wreck. A throaty, unshaven person was spitting tobacco juice and profanity at the same time:

"Lost, ain't ye? Well I'll be ——— ———. Right when I gotta run inshore, too."

"Can't you tow us in?"

"Nope; too slow. My schooner's too small. But we'll take ye as fur as we go. Maybe ye can swim then. Haw, haw!"

That did not sound so good. They had heard of men being tossed overboard from rum ships; but this was better than floating about on a wreck.

Early that evening the schooner sent them ashore in a small boat.

I tried to buy a large seaplane from a pilot. He professed to be doing a commercial business, but was obviously bringing in loads from casual ships which commenced appearing off the coast after Rum Row was broken up. He laughed at me.

"Why sell?" he asked. "I am making a fortune."

He must have been. The next week his battered machine was found floating off Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, and towed to shore, where it was left unclaimed.

He bought another machine. That, too, was wrecked in a storm that almost cost him his life. He was picked up by a private yacht cruising miles off the steamer lane.

I heard recently that he is operating off Florida, running contraband in from Nassau in the Bahamas. At least twenty seaplanes are carrying liquor to points on the east or gulf coasts of Florida.

TWO pilots started operations out of Miami, flying passengers occasionally, but usually bringing in booze. One day they disappeared—plane and all. No trace of them was found.

Prohibition agents at Blue Point, Long Island, heard a seaplane coming in from outside early one evening. Judging that it would land in a near-by cove, they went out in a launch to meet it.

The plane came down, straight at them, and the agents heard something that sounded to them like the pat-pat of a machine gun. Their launch broke a record getting up the coast and away. The pilot heard about it when he waded ashore for gasoline.

"If they come back after I've gone," he said, "just explain to them that the noise was my motor back-firing when I throttled her down."

Most persons are so unfamiliar with aviation that they think nothing of it when a plane is taken out at night. If a truck made regular trips at night, all the neighbors would want to know what it was hauling. If a plane goes out—why, that's simply a nut aviator flying around somewhere.

This state of public mind helped trick a law-abiding pilot named White in Des Moines, Iowa, not long ago. He was doing a fair business on the level.

One evening he received a long-distance telephone call.

"Can you get your bus ready for a good long haul, to start about two o'clock in the morning?"

"I can get her ready, but I don't start at two in the morning," he replied.

"When can we start? At daylight?"

"Sure."

"All right, better gas her up tonight, so we can get away on the minute. We'll stop at your house and pick you up."

The pilot drove out to his field and prepared for the flight.

He went to bed and got up at the first tap of the alarm-clock. Then he sat around the house and waited. Nothing happened. Some hours later he went back to his field. The plane had disappeared.

Late that afternoon it was found on a farm nine miles out of town, with the engine burned out. White estimated that it had traveled about 500 miles during the night. There were unmistakable signs of liquor having been transported in it.

Apparently the boys who borrowed the machine had tried to return it, but had been forced down.

I AM told that police officials and customs inspectors across the border are not inclined to bother American pilots so long as they confine their activities to bringing the stuff from Canada. But *vice versa*—that's different.

A flying-field near the Twin Cities in Minnesota was used as a terminal for several independent machines making long trips north to a small town named Waugh, near Winnipeg.

They were operated all the year round, be-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FLYING RUM-RUNNERS Continued from Page Seventeen]

ing equipped with ski-runners for landing on ice and snow in winter. One of them attracted a policeman at Waugh. He found out that goods were being brought in from the States, and seized the machine.

A few weeks later the police found another plane which had been forced down about forty miles away. This was full of liquor.

Nearly a year later I met a lad who proudly displayed the scars of a recent accident.

"Where did you get them?" I asked.

"Texas; and, say, man, they're bad *hombres* out there. Don't know whether I'll ever go back or not. If I can get hold of a machine here in the East, I shall probably go back to Minnesota. Great chance there.

"I had a plane working up near Winnipeg all one winter, but it was a tough break. Had runners on it and was not troubled by the snow; but it was too cold.

"My engine conked out on me one day across the line, and I legged it away to the railroad just as the police came up to grab me. I picked up a Jennie [a war-time training ship] and drifted south.

"I played the fairs until I hopped into a commercial field near San Antonio, Texas. A bunch of fellows came out to look over my bus, and invited me into the flying office for a drink.

"There I found a roughneck who said he was the boss. Wanted me to fly for him—take booze over the Rio Grande.

"On my first trip they loaded my ship with dynamite and cartridges. I trailed two other planes from the same outfit, and we landed outside a little town in Mexico. Within ten minutes we had exchanged our load for wet goods and were flying back.

"Well, I worked for that bunch several weeks. But they were crooks. They stole my instruments. I had to ferry some of the stuff from San Antonio over into Oklahoma, and one night I kept on going until I had to come down for gas.

"I hoped to dispose of the load, but I got down in a bad field and cracked up. I laid around a small farm for several days until these cuts healed. And here I am."

This modern means of smuggling has pushed the Pacific and Gulf of Mexico coast lines back two or three hundred miles. The Mexican border has become non-existent to planes.

On the flat country of the Southwest, a plane can be landed almost anywhere. In southern California there is no such thing as a border, so far as the pilots are concerned.

PROHIBITION officials say they never can prevent liquor-running by way of the air. But immigration officers raided an outfit in California recently and killed a pilot.

They said that, besides bringing in liquor, this group of aviators had been bringing in Chinese. They shouted to a pilot to halt as he was taking off the field; and one of the officers fired at him, by chance making a direct hit.

Canada, however, is the great oasis. Within 250 miles of the northern border there are 500 landing-fields in various degrees of maintenance; but any of them offers a safe landing in an emergency.

One of the worst storms last winter caught a plane swaying dizzily on a return trip across the Great Lakes region. An army flying-field lay underneath and the pilot tried his best to get down to it.

Men at the post watched in astonishment as he struggled against a terrific wind that held the machine in one position. It hung motionless nearly a mile up.

The force of the gale even carried away the sound of the engine, so that the plane appeared to be a silent phantom craft hovering over the army post.

Finally the pilot flipped it over, and it plunged earthward like a falling leaf.

That is not so bad with a military machine built for stunting. But with a commercial plane heavily loaded, the odds are against a safe landing.

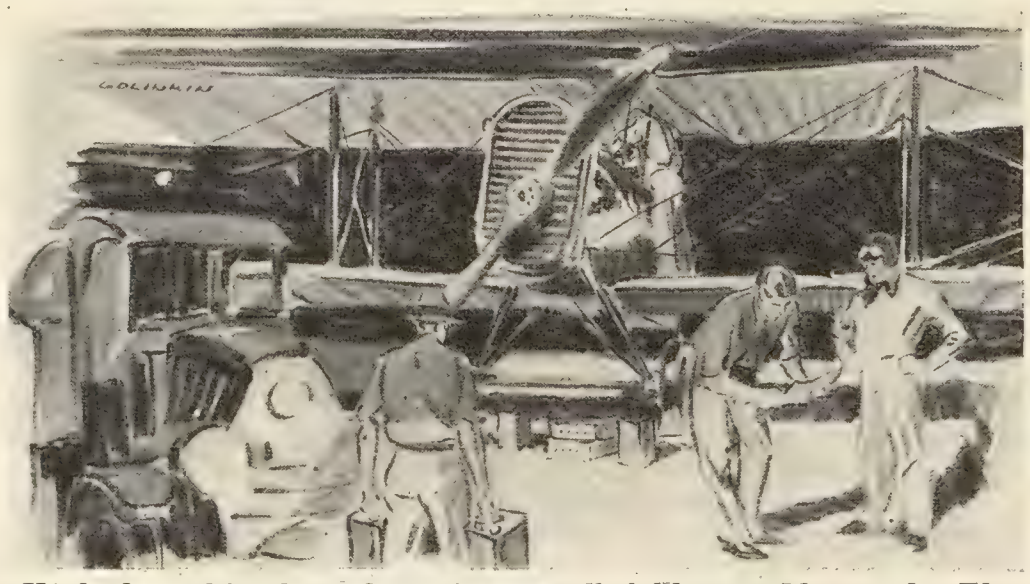
Picture by Golinkin

One pilot, with a forced landing imminent, dumped his cargo of liquor into the Delaware River near North Philadelphia.

Luckily, the pilot was able to level off, but he had to come down slightly cross-wind, cavorting across the field in a series of graceful "loops and bounds," as a lieutenant once described the antics of his superior officer, a tyro at flying.

When the watchers arrived at the wreck, the aviator was removing the instruments and packing them in a small kit bag.

"Boys," said he, "there are several gallons of good Scotch here that have not been smashed; and if you'll kindly haul this kindling-wood away somewhere out of sight, you can have it all. I'm leaving."



He had set his plane down in a small field near Montreal. The load had been placed aboard quickly—fifteen five-gallon tins.

"Where you from?"

"Kansas."

"I know you," exclaimed a mechanic. "You cracked up here about a year ago. Huh?"

"Yep; but I don't intend to do it again. I've got a nice new bus down home, and I'm going to run a different route. Can make twice the distance with that ship; so I can take a different course. Well, so long."

IT'S a young man's game—rum-running. As a rule, the pilots who are willing to take such chances are true to type, fellows as daring as Lindbergh or Chamberlin, and who know a great deal about flying, but with that streak in them that rebels at routine work, such as the development of a steady, legal commercial aviation business.

The lure of big money from the start enlists them in the ranks of booze smugglers. Some of them graduate into regular commercial operations, after they've made their stake.

But, largely, they have so much ill luck that they can not save money.

A pilot had a tip that a Seattle bootlegger required his services. He looked him up.

"Here," said the bootlegger, "is a thousand dollars. I've arranged to pick up eighty gallons of whisky in Vancouver. But I can not get it across the Sound by boat. I'm going to try your game. Pay for the stuff and I'll pay you on delivery."

He named the time and exact place on the Vancouver shore. It was only eighty-four miles away—a dead cinch, even at night. The pilot took off in his flying-boat late in the evening, and he did not return for two weeks.

A blind landing let him down on a submerged piling, that stove a hole in the bottom of the hull that he could stick his head through. He was rescued by the harbor police, who took his word that he had lost his way and had invaded Canadian territory without a license by accident.

He spent the thousand dollars for repairs, board, and entertainment of his police friends, and when he flew back to Seattle, he sought out the bootlegger to explain everything and to do enough work to repay him for the loss. But the bootlegger had disappeared.

At best it is an uncertain business.

An accident, however trivial, upsets all calculations. But I think that becoming lost with a load of perfectly good Scotch is the most humiliating of human experiences.

A friend of mine undertook to bring a load of whisky into Dayton, Ohio, from Canada—just to please a circle of friends who had made up a pool for that purpose.

He got the stuff and flew back into the United States, where his machine nosed into dense fog. Cruising until he thought that he must be somewhere near Dayton, he came down to earth, in a cow pasture.

The only thing in sight was a farmhouse some distance away, and from this a lad of perhaps sixteen ambled slowly toward the machine. He stood off several feet, eying plane and pilot curiously.

"Boy," said the pilot, "how far from Dayton am I?"

"Don't know."

"Well, in what direction is Dayton?"

"Don't know."

"How far is Columbus from here?"

"Don't know."

"Son, you don't know much, do you?"

"Huh!" said the boy. "Ain't lost!"

THE END

Her Royal Highness EULALIA *Infanta of Spain* discusses Beauty in the Courts of Europe

Her Royal Highness, INFANTA EULALIA *of Spain*

aunt of the King, has traveled widely, lived in every country in Europe and once visited the United States. Her opportunities for observation and her keen intellect give her an exceptional understanding of European society. Her book, "Courts and Countries After the War," is replete with penetrating comment.

A VIVID, arresting personality is the Infanta Eulalia. A true princess of the reigning Spanish family, she possesses not alone its charm but its traditional daring and forcefulness of character—that indestructible spirit which has been the mark of the Spanish Royal family since the days of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Unlike most women of royal birth, whose lives are restricted by the formalities of court, Infanta Eulalia has seen the world, has made friends in every walk of life, has pursued her own activities.

And always, whether as Royal visitor to the courts of other countries or among her own beloved people of Spain, she recognizes the significance of every note of the life about her.

A glimpse of the Infanta in lace mantilla, on her way to mass, in Madrid. She is staunch in her devotion to the faith of her country and of her family—the Bourbons, which has been the reigning house of Spain for more than two hundred years

SO she speaks with experience and knowledge when she emphasizes the importance to a woman—especially to one whose life centers in court circles—of cultivating her loveliest attributes, of learning how she may keep the fresh beauty of her skin.

On the steps of her little Swiss chalet at Grindelwald

"Life in the courts of Europe," she says, "demands much of a woman, especially that poise and assurance which birth and position give, but which must be supported by exquisite personal attributes. The daily use of Pond's Two Creams," she concludes with wisdom, "leads to this assurance."

HER Royal Highness Eulalia is not unique in this conclusion. Leading women everywhere are completely in accord with her. Seeking the best means of keeping their complexions untrammeled by the strain of modern life, thousands have found it in the Two Creams made by Pond's. Used as follows daily these fragrant delicious creams will bring to you that most exquisite personal attribute—a clear youthful skin:

These are the Two Creams, so delicately prepared from exquisite ingredients, that highly born women the world around choose them

Cleanse your skin and keep it fresh and supple by using Pond's Cold Cream. Upon retiring and often during the day, whenever your skin feels dusty, drawn, tired, pat this light cream on generously. Let it remain a few moments. Its fine pure oils penetrate the pores, removing all dust and powder. Wipe off. Repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry leave some of the cream on after the bedtime cleansing to restore suppleness.

A Final Touch of Loveliness

FOR that exquisite last touch of loveliness, that radiance and finish which you need for evening and when you go out, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly. Do this after every daytime cleansing, always before you powder, and before going out into wind or dust.

This cream, even more than Pond's Cold Cream, has pleased the Infanta Eulalia of Spain, who exclaims: "Of all the Creams I have used, nothing has given me such a sense of freshness as Pond's Vanishing Cream."

Free Offer: Mail this coupon for free sample tubes of Pond's Two Creams with instructions

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY,
Dept. X, 119 Hudson Street, New York

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*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

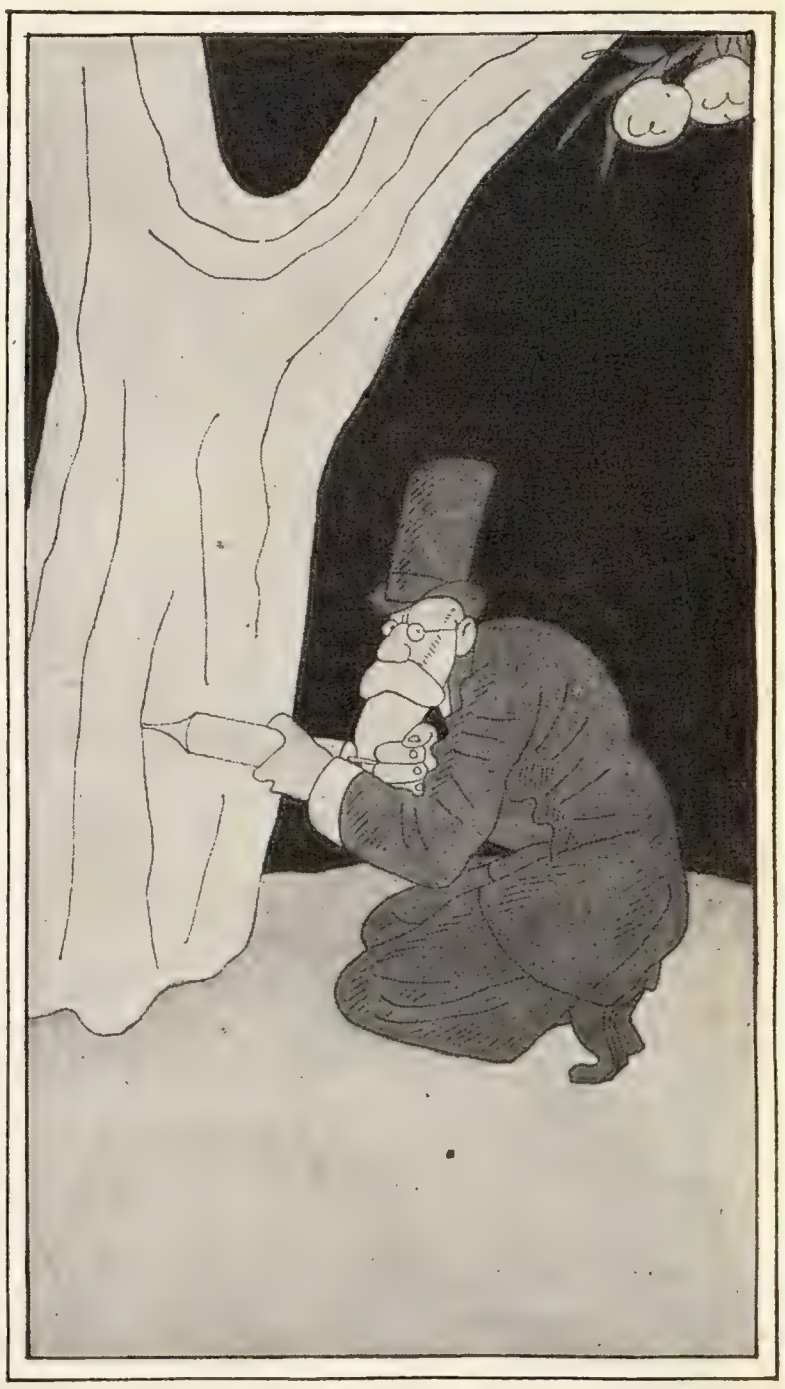
By RALPH BARTON

JEROBOAM R. TINPAN, celebrated popular-song writer, who gives lie to wide-spread accusation that popular-song writers steal their melodies from the Old Masters. Mr. Tinpan affirms that the themes of all his 297 hits were stolen directly from Berlin and Gershwin.

DANGERS OF THE LEARNED AGE and the wide dissemination of books. Portrait of a business man trying to conceive of the idea of limitless space while waiting for his train.

EARL STOGG, reformer. (Graphic Section runs reformer's picture, thus making it unnecessary for him to interfere with next championship fight.)

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT establishes isolated stations at oases in the Sahara Desert for women of all lands who have finally made up their minds to go and wait until their bobbed hair grows long.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT by big-game hunter's flashlight trap. Doctor, worried by Oregon's bumper apple crop, is unwittingly self-photographed in act of poisoning orchard.

Why roast one to warm another ?

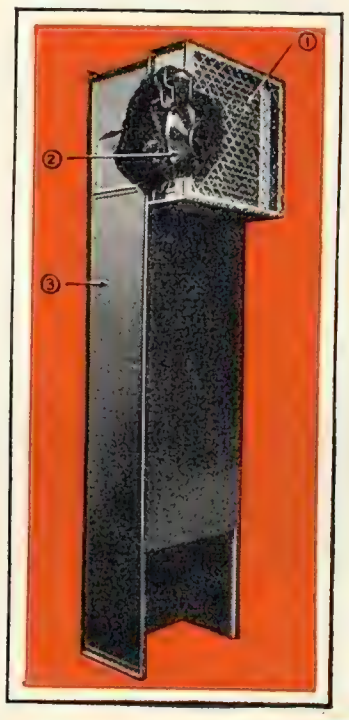
Is your plant full of "hot spots" and "cold spots"?

Do you have to keep steam going full force all night to have comfortable working conditions during the day?

Are you roasting men near the heaters to warm the ones farther away?

Have you certain areas that simply "can't" be heated?

If you have these conditions in your plant, Venturafin will eliminate them. It works wherever steam is available, either as a complete installation for heating an entire plant, or to supplement other methods which leave "cold spots".



Venturafin consists of the following major parts: (1) Copper fin-heater—with five times the radiating efficiency of ordinary iron coils. (2) The famous American Blower Ventura Blower (electrically driven). (3) Air recirculating box.

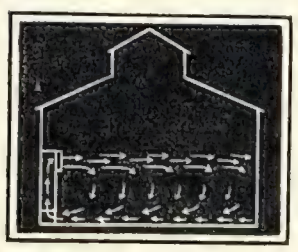
Venturafin is more than five times as efficient as steam coils, radiators, etc.—has 1/10 the weight—occupies 1/4 the space—forms a complete air circuit—*forces* heat where you want it and as much as you want—and *costs less*. Over 15,000 in use.

The coupon will bring you all the facts, or ask your heating contractor.

AMERICAN BLOWER COMPANY, DETROIT
BRANCH OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES
CANADIAN SIROCCO COMPANY, LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.

(597)

Diagram above shows how heated air rises from radiators, steam coils, etc.



This diagram shows how Venturafin Method distributes heat *evenly* in working areas.

VENTURAFIN
TRADE MARK
METHOD OF UNIT HEATING

© 1927 A. B. Co.

COUPON

AMERICAN BLOWER COMPANY (7)
DETROIT, MICH.

Send details relative to the application of The Venturafin Method of Unit Heating to

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City and State*_____

*Type and size of building to be heated*_____

American Blower

"Sirocco" TRADE MARK

VENTILATING, HEATING, AIR CONDITIONING, DRYING, MECHANICAL DRAFT

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL TYPES OF AIR HANDLING EQUIPMENT SINCE 1881

H E A T W I T H U N I T H E A T E R S

Food *and* drink *for* MAN *or* Boy

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

There's no age limit when it comes to Borden's Malted Milk.

The old fellows who boast "There's life in the old dog yet" . . . depend on it for the quick youthful energy it supplies . . . the well-balanced nourishment that puts no strain on digestions that must be considered.

Youngsters drink Borden's . . . because it satisfies the between-meals emptiness of youth as no other drink can. A real meal in every glass. Rich in wholesome energy that growing boys and girls need.

And good! Never a drop left!

Try a Borden's Malted the next time you step up to the fountain. Then you'll make it a habit every day.

Equally good at home as at the fountain. Sold in convenient glass packages, 7 and 15 oz. sizes.

Borden's MALTED MILK

The ideal food-and-drink for you *~at your favorite fountain*

Putting the Punch in Pictures

A background that puts kick as well as punch in Out All Night.

The Story of Reginald Denny—A Boxer Who Became a Movie Star

A Film Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 20 seconds.)

SIXTEEN years ago Reginald Denny was an amateur boxer attracting considerable attention in England. Ten years ago he won the boxing championship of the Second Corps of the Royal Air Force. Today he is a popular Hollywood screen star.

Denny has won a place for himself in films as a comedian in the mistaken-identity sort of farce so popular on the speaking stage in the simple days of What Happened to Jones and The Man from Mexico.

In fact, his popularity has been so marked of late that various rival screen magnates have been bidding for his services when his contract with Universal expires shortly. It was only recently that Denny climbed into the four-figure class of Hollywood's salaried aristocracy.

Denny is not an ex-pug, despite his amateur record. He comes by his acting abilities legitimately. His grandmother, Mrs. Henry Lee, was a distinguished Drury Lane favorite. His father, William Henry Denny, was a popular English actor.

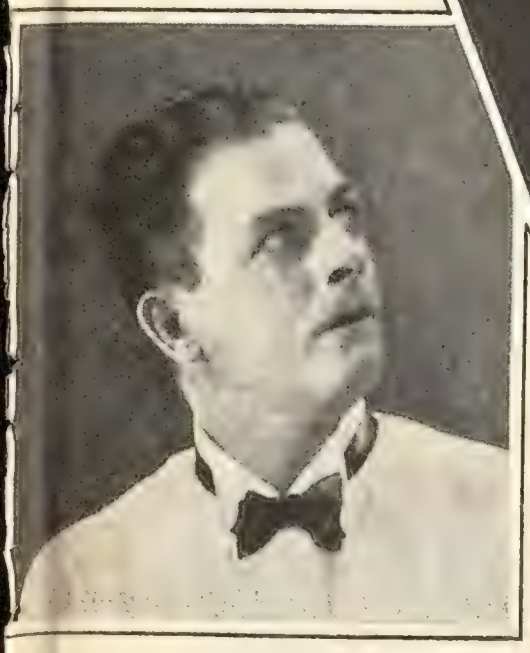
The elder Denny, be it noted, came to America with Lydia Thompson and her celebrated Black Crook Company. The Black Crook, you know, startled staid America of the '70s and set the reformers preaching against the desperate national menace of tights, just as they now preach of the desperate need of them.

Reginald Denny was born at Richmond, Surrey, England, in 1891, and educated at St. Francis Xavier, in Sussex. He made his stage début at the age of six. He first came to America when he was seventeen, appearing in The Quaker Girl with Ina Claire.

It was shortly after this that Denny became interested in boxing. His patron was the late Lord Lonsdale, and Denny, six feet tall, seemed destined to ring success, when the war came along. He enlisted in the Overseas Royal Flying Corps and became a second lieutenant, as well as winning the boxing championship of the Second Corps.

One of Reginald Denny's best comedy tricks is his calm dignity under such trying circumstances as these.

Marian Nixon, leading woman of Out All Night.



Reginald Denny, boxer and actor.

After the war Denny toured Africa and the Orient as the barytone of the Bandman Opera Company. In Calcutta, India, he married Irene Haisman, an actress with the organization. Incidentally, Miss Haisman is still Mrs. Denny, and there is a Barbara Denny, too.

The Dennys came to America and Reginald appeared in various stock companies and New York productions. He was seen in such diversified attractions as Twin Beds, and Richard III, with John Barrymore.

In 1920 Denny tried the films. He made his début in the Triart series in which Mary Astor also got her start. Director John Robertson gave him his first important rôle as the hero of Constance Binney's 39 East.

However, it was not until Denny made his appearance in the short-length prize-fighting films called The Leather Pushers Series, produced by Universal, that he attracted attention. Of course, Denny's knowledge of the squared circle gave his work authenticity. His personality clicked, too, and the series, turned down by several prominent actors, made Denny almost overnight.

Carl Laemmle immediately signed Denny. Dramatic rôles followed, and then Denny shaped his path to comedy, the most remunerative field of miming.

MOST of the Denny comedies are pretty labored farces, although there is no denying the vigor of the star's personality or his flair for comedy. Denny knows all the tricks of the stage farceur and he uses them continually.

His newest comedy, Out All Night, is possibly better than some of the Denny efforts. It relates the efforts of a young man about town and an actress to be alone on an ocean liner.

They are secretly married, but nobody in the cast knows it and the proceedings are given a tinge of the scandalous. Denny poses as the ship's surgeon and as a scrubwoman in his frantic efforts to get to his secret bride. The complications are neatly calculated to last six reels.

William Seiter, husband of Laura La Plante, directed the comedy. The leading woman is Marian Nixon, who once was married to Joe Benjamin, the prize-fighter; so the pugilistic background is well maintained by the cast.

Do you know that—

Richard Barthelmess, after attending the New York première of The Patent Leather Kid, is spending a month fishing at Catalina before starting The Noose? . . . Charlie Chaplin promises to release The Circus by Christmas? . . . George Godfrey, the Negro heavyweight menace, played the giant cook in Old Ironsides?

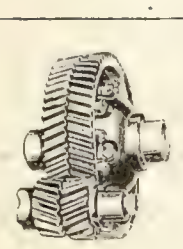
Building Roads and Reputation

THOUSANDS of rugged Internationals are working at the mighty job of road making in every state in the Union—and over the world.

The government of Quebec is using a fleet of Internationals to blaze a highway through the virgin wilds of the Gaspé Peninsula. The Peruvian government has 54 Heavy-Duty Internationals on the great Olmus Project in the mountains of Peru.

Internationals are owned by hundreds of cities for street maintenance and public works. At the head of the list is New York City, using fleets of them in eighteen Departments and Boroughs. Another fleet of 40 is helping to build the city's new subways through solid rock, through difficulties that try out and prove every truck quality.

International Harvester builds five sturdy models for heavy hauling—two sizes with double-reduction-gear drive for 2½ and 3½-ton loads, and three with chain drive for 2½, 3½, and 5-ton loads. Whatever your hauling problems or your type of load, ample evidence is at hand to show you how well International Trucks will serve you.



The Herringbone Gears, *first in International*, make for exceptional efficiency

Among the advantages of the International double-reduction drive is the increased efficiency resulting from the greater tooth surface of the herringbone gears. Among others are reduction of wear—evidenced by a remarkable quietness—and unusual accessibility. The performance of the double-reduction-drive models, in the rigorous service outlined here, is due to such developments in International design, the fruit of 23 years' automotive experience.

In addition to Heavy Duty Trucks the International line also includes eight distinctive types of Speed Trucks, 4 and 6-cylinder, for 1¼, 1½, and 2-ton loads; and the sturdy ¾-ton Special Delivery truck. As for SERVICE*—remember that International Harvester has 136 Company-owned branches in the United States, to serve International owners. Folders on the right models to fit your business will be sent on request, and the trucks are on view at the nearest display room.*

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
606 So. Michigan Ave. (incorporated) Chicago, Ill.

INTERNATIONAL
TRUCKS

What's the Matter with AMERICAN MEN?

From an American Girl Who Tells Why She Prefers Europeans

An Article by
MARJORIE OELRICHS

(Reading time: 8 minutes 45 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: LIBERTY recently printed an article by Larry Rue, entitled The American Girl in Europe, in which he showed how the suave manners of European men dazzled many American young women. In the following article a well known New York "society girl" tells frankly why she prefers the European male. Relatively few American women and virtually no American men will agree with her. But we believe her opinion forms an interesting commentary on American social life.]

International Newsreel

Although Miss Oelrichs prefers European men, this picture, made on a recent return from Europe, would indicate she was glad to get back to America.

P. & A. photo

An informal photograph of Miss Marjorie Oelrichs, showing her famous smile.

I PREFER foreign men to American men. And by this I do not mean Englishmen, who are so much like our own men, with only 3,000 miles of ocean dividing them.

I mean French, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Belgian, and Austrian men, or men of any of the Continental nations, who are divided from us by twenty centuries of habit, culture, background, tradition, and gallantry to women.

I mean, of course, men of the aristocratic class, for I do not know any other kind.

I approve of them as lovers, loiterers, dancing partners, and sportsmen, and because they are without ambition.

I like their frankness.

And I like their utter lack of egotism.

There seems to be a notion in the United States that calculation is the ruling characteristic in the make-up of every European man, and that American dollars are his ambition.

I've said I like foreigners because they are without ambition. We American women have been flattering ourselves for a good many years. Will it surprise you if I have lived abroad as much as at home—if I insist that the foreigner who marries an American girl for her money is the exception, and the one who marries her for love the rule?

Perhaps when Europe is a day away from us by airplane we Americans will discover that to a European, money—like hard work—is among the defects and drawbacks of life, one of its necessary and wearisome annoyances, and that he does not give it a tenth of the thought which Americans give it even when they are not thinking about it consciously.

PLEASE remember that men of the sort I am writing about have been of the ruling classes for centuries. They have always had money—or at least those of them who do not happen to have it in hand have its effect by inheritance—so that they view it as a matter of course and do not begin to give it the reverence paid it by all classes in the United States.

They make great lovers and loiterers, having learned that love is among the fine arts as well as among life's great treasures, and that, next to love, leisure is the most desirable thing in life.

A European man genuinely in love with a woman is a gallant lover. He does not tell her of his success in the business world or of his prowess on the polo field. He talks to her about herself.

He does not feel that he has made the su-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

The New and Finer

PONTIAC SIX

$745
SPORT ROADSTER

Now the Finest Low-Priced Six in Automotive History

When introduced, the original Pontiac Six scored a wildfire success simply because it represented a standard of quality entirely new in any low-priced six!

Yet, while sales were sweeping sensationally upward, Pontiac Six design was steadily being improved. The new Fisher bodies were introduced—longer, lower, smarter and more comfortable. Smoother performance, greater handling ease, greater operating economy and owner pride—all were achieved by vital improvements.

Then, just a few weeks ago, came another thrilling announcement—the Pontiac Six of today, enriched by smart new Duco colors and sharply reduced in price—a value once undreamed-of at $745!.. Visit the nearest Oakland-Pontiac dealer. See and drive this history-making car. Enjoy six-cylinder performance and Fisher body luxury at the lowest price the market affords! Learn why tens of thousands acclaim it the finest low-priced six in automotive history.

New Low Prices!

2-Door Sedan	$745	Sport Cabriolet	$795
Coupe . .	$745	Landau Sedan	$845
De Luxe Landau Sedan	$925		

The New Oakland All-American Six, $1045 to $1265. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
General Motors Products of Canada, Ltd.—Pontiac Division—Oshawa, Ontario

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

preme gesture when he dashes to a jeweler's and buys her the most expensive present his pocketbook will stand—trusting, as so many of our own men do, to the judgment of the jeweler's salesman, whose judgment may be worth nothing at all.

It is quite likely that, before "a marriage has been arranged and will take place," his most expensive gift to her will be a bouquet of flowers costing fifty francs or less, and he *will* feel it will give her just as much, in fact more, pleasure than a $5,000 bracelet. If he is in deadly earnest, he will ask her to meet his mother.

The mother, when the American girl encounters her, will prove to be some duchess, marquise, or countess of incredibly ancient lineage and with a simplicity of manners to thrill the heart.

International Newsreel

A tête-à-tête on the sands at Palm Beach. Miss Oelrichs and David Van Buren of New York are at the end of the group, on the right.

WHEN the American girl marries him, if she does, she will probably be taken to live on one of his family estates.

She will find it dull there—if she is incurably American—as there will be no night clubs or any gaiety of the kind she has been used to.

Instead, she will find a simple, healthy life: riding, shooting, golf, tennis, and cards, and conversation in the evening when his relatives and friends from near-by estates come over for dinner and linger until bedtime—say half-past ten, sometimes eleven if the talk is especially animated.

Of course, this life will be varied from time to time with trips to Paris, Vienna, or London, and then the girl will meet a social order for which the United States has no counterpart or parallel, and will enjoy herself immensely.

She will meet her husband's men friends—the fellow officers of his regiment, the associates of his clubs, the men he knew best at his university.

They will pay her the most delightful attention, and they will all be gifted loiterers, unencumbered with ambition, for they have ample time for trifling and the amenities, and have nothing to be ambitious about, since their ancestors relieved them of that duty long ago.

Some of them will be men with rather lurid pasts—there will be a full quota of duelists and Don Juans among them. She will hear scandal, all of it delightfully related, and will meet women whose vacious affairs have been, or still are, the talk of courts and famous drawing-rooms.

She will meet the young and newly married European woman who has never known the freedom accorded the American girl—until she was married. Previously she had been chaperoned everywhere by her mother; brought up with one thought, which was that she would marry and make a perfect home and perfect wife for her husband.

It will be delightful to watch her in her vast enthusiasm for life and her keen enjoyment of the inimitably perfect attentions paid by her husband's bosom friends. Unlike the young married, blasé American woman, whose main idea in life is to be classed as one of the best-dressed women in New York.

I LIKE European men because, among other things, they keep their drinking and improprieties rather decently in the background. One does not see a European man drunk at a ball. A foreign man who would appear "a bit lit" in an important house would not be asked to it again.

They take their wine like their love-making—deliberately and delicately. The centuries behind them have taught them that haste destroys savor.

I can not imagine a man of foreign birth taking his wife—and above all the girl to whom he is still unmarried—to any place and every place, as the American has a habit of doing.

It would never dawn on him to take her to a promiscuous cabaret and introduce her to all his intoxicated "business friends" and expect her to remain untouched. His wife must never meet his doubtful friends.

Often he has them, for Europeans are enormously practical. But to his mind it is essential that his wife remain the sweet, naive girl of his courting days.

IF she should not — and I mean by this particularly if she should take to herself a lover—she will find that her husband will meet the situation like a man of the world.

He will do one of two things: order her from his house and refuse ever to see her again, or find himself a mistress by way of counterbalance, and let their domestic arrangements otherwise run on as if all were well.

I like this viewpoint in foreign men. They understand that love can not always last forever. So if it should transpire that the wife takes a lover and the husband a mistress, there is no unseemly commotion.

They understand. All their friends understand. It is accepted as ordinary in the social order, and their household goes on as usual.

How much better for the children—who in due time are made acquainted with the arrangement—than our own custom of divorce, with all its unattractive publicity and remarriages on both sides, with the children paying their parents alternate visits and hearing from each the worst that can be said of the other.

I have always found something rather admirable, too, in the way foreigners allow their extra-marital affairs to conclude without resentment when they find that happiness is not in them and that the affair should never have been begun.

Understand me, I feel profoundly that no irregular affair should ever be begun. Such affairs are essentially impractical and makeshift and too often unfair. Except in the rare cases of blind and unquestioning love, they must always burn

A foreign man would never take his wife to a promiscuous cabaret and introduce her to intoxicated friends.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

A Splash of Protection *after the shave*

The after-shave is half the shave

AFTER the shave—splash on a few exhilarating drops of Aqua Velva. At the first touch your skin tingles with new life. Razor nicks and cuts—visible and invisible—are gently sterilized and soothed.

And, more important, your skin is not only soothed but kept protected against the irritations of sun and wind, dirt and weather. All day long your face feels fit . . . well-groomed . . . just as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

Here is Real after-shaving Comfort

After *87 years of study*, Aqua Velva was made expressly for after-shaving. Thousands of men now know that "the after-shave is half the shave."

Aqua Velva sells in large 5-ounce bottles for 50c in the U. S. A. By mail postpaid on receipt of price in case your dealer is out of it.

Made by the Makers of Williams Shaving Cream

Williams Aqua Velva

FOR USE AFTER SHAVING

FREE Trial Size. Simply write "Aqua Velva" on a postcard and mail to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 610A, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian address: 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal)

That "Off-Color" FILM On Your TEETH

The way modern dental practice urges to combat the FILM ON TEETH which fosters many serious tooth and gum disorders.

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

(*See Opposite Page*)

(*Above*) DOUGLAS COATH greets football weather with a smile that's made irresistible by his faithful use of Pepsodent

"THE effectiveness of the brushing you give your teeth," high dental authorities now tell people, "rests largely on whether or not it succeeds in keeping your teeth film-free."

Nearly *every case* of "off-color" teeth, it is now known, is directly traceable to that source . . . film on teeth. Many of the serious tooth and gum disorders are likewise charged to this film.

As a result, "Look regularly for film on your teeth, and remove it at least TWICE a day," has become a universal dental urge. To correctly remove it a *Special Film-Removing Dentifrice* should be used.

* * *

You can easily feel that film by running your tongue across your teeth—a slippery, viscous coating. A coating too stubborn for ordinary cleansing methods to successfully remove.

That film clings to teeth. It breeds germs by the millions; it spreads over the teeth and leaves them open to bacteria attack. It absorbs discolorations from food and smoking. And thus makes your teeth look dull and "off color."

Film, too, is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, is the chief cause of pyorrhea, as recent dental research has definitely established.

(*Above*) MORE BEAUTIFUL TEETH today than ever before, say modern dentists, and far less decay. Such is the result of constant film removal by the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent.

* * *

Thus, largely on dentists' orders, thousands are turning to Pepsodent—*more than an ordinary dentifrice, a highly specialized film-removing* tooth paste. A tooth paste different from all others, a scientific preparation that acts in many important ways.

Pepsodent first curdles that film. Then removes it in a new and scientific manner.

It acts to firm and harden the gums; embodying for this purpose the most recent discoveries in scientific gum protection.

Then it acts to neutralize the acidity of the mouth's saliva in keeping the mouth clean. And thus Pepsodent meets in almost every way the dominant dental desires of the day.

* * *

Pepsodent is urged by dentists wherever dental prophylaxis is practiced, and used by millions wherever sparkling white teeth and healthy gums are a consideration. Use twice daily, at morning and at night, as dentists advise. Mark how its benefits soon begin to show.

P E P

(*Above*) MRS. A. C. THOMPSON, owner of the nationally-famous stables at Happy Hollow Farm, adds the prize-winning cup won at Denver, Colorado, to her already large collection. Dazzling smiles like hers come largely through the constant use of Pepsodent.

New Beauty In Smiles

You remove the "off-color" FILM that clouds your teeth — new way dentists widely advise

WHEN you see a smile you envy, think of Pepsodent. Thousands of pretty smiles are due to it. Yesterday teeth were film-coated; today they sparkle.

"Off-color" teeth have been traced in almost EVERY instance to Film on Teeth. The importance of using a special, Film-Removing Dentifrice is obvious. *Ordinary brushing does not successfully combat film.*

People everywhere are turning to the twice-a-day use of Pepsodent, both as an important prophylaxis for the teeth and gums, and as a tremendously important aid to beauty.

(*Above*) EN ROUTE TO CLOUD-LAND are Barbara Stanwyck and Rex Cherryman. The former's smile, kept radiant by Pepsodent, is irresistibly charming, say those who have seen her play the leading role in her latest New York show "Burlesque."

(*Above*) ANOTHER WOMAN CHAMPION is Miss Dorothy Dawes. You'll note this picture also shows a winning smile—the kind that accompanies constant use of Pepsodent

(*At Left*) THE ANCIENT SPORT OF ARCHERY is immensely popular among Long Island summer residents, among whom are Misses Cabot, Deane and Morrissey. This pictures another situation where Pepsodent-bright smiles are quite apparent.

P E P S O D E N T

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 1281, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St. . . . . **Toronto** 2, Can.
42 Southwark Bridge Rd. . . **London,** S.E.1, Eng.
(Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St. **Sydney,** N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 2611

Announcing the New

FRANKLIN Airman *Series*

The most *comfortable* mile-a-minute car ever built

NEW ways to do new things—that's the spirit of the Airman—dashing, daring, care-free—offering you the automobile's nearest approach to flying.

Fresh from the triumph of the most remarkable endorsement ever accorded a motor car—the almost universal adoption of air-cooling by Airmen for their sensational distance flights—Franklin now presents in the new Airman Series an achievement for which automotive science has been striving for years—fast travel—mile-a-minute and upward—*with absolute comfort and sure, quick control.*

Think of the best 200, 300 or 400 mile ride you have ever enjoyed. Any model of the new Airman Series will cover the same distance in less time with less fatigue to the driver; with more pleasure, comfort and safety to the passengers!

Now with its highly efficient air-cooled motor larger by 24%, Franklin provides what Aircraft demonstrates as so desirable for distance ability—power which is usable at constant high speed for hours on end. With unprecedented smoothness, with acceleration quick to reach top speed, with synchronized 4-wheel brakes that are a revelation, with many exclusive comfort constructions, with the luxury of new 7-passenger models, the Franklin Airman exchanges the usual noises, discomforts, strains and uncertainties of mere speed for the enjoyment, ease and security of *the world's fastest car in a day's run.*

The spirit of the Airman stands for a wholly new motoring experience in store for you—vivid and thrilling—when you have your first ride in the Airman. Arrange it today. Representative showing of 7-passenger and 5-passenger types now—at all Franklin dealers.

Airman Features

Air-cooling—the advanced scientific principle now so widely endorsed by Airmen

Acceleration—the swift-darting, quick maneuvering of the pursuit plane

Synchronized 4-wheel hydraulic brakes—just a touch and you get action

Speed of a new kind—distance speed—all-day speed—speed you use

Riding comfort—the swift, easy glide of the airplane

Larger motor—for any temperature, altitude or road condition, a wealth of power always available

Engine Smoothness—the balanced purr of the turbine

7-passenger models—(128 inch wheelbase)—the up-to-date family cars—commodious and light weight

Advanced designs—having their counterpart in aeronautical engineering

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

out. I am completely against them.

Still, one must acknowledge the good taste of Europeans in recognizing human frailty and comprehending that any man or any woman may not be able to resist the thrall of love, particularly if love before then has passed him or her by. So they permit experimentation.

One may have a lover abroad and be cordially received everywhere, because those who receive one understand and make allowances.

I HAVE in mind a family which lives in Florence in a thick-walled *palazzo* more than seven centuries old.

The head of the house bears a famous name and is well known as a man of many loves ranging through a life which began more than seventy years ago. Yet he is still living with the stately *duchessa* whom he married more than forty years ago, and there is between them an understanding and respect and affection which is an inspiration to behold.

She has always allowed for him. There has never been a period in their long married life when she was not completely aware of his perfervid affairs with other high-placed women, but she carried her head no less high for that.

Today, surrounded by their children and grandchildren, they are unbelievably happy. She had the comprehension to know that, though he was essentially polygamous, he was always hers in spirit.

Now he sits in his mellow old palace, utterly devoted to her. I am convinced that his mind never reverts to his days as a Don Juan. He is European to the core and knows how to forget them.

If he had been an American she would have divorced him years ago, and the grandchildren around them would never have been born. He and she are the inheritors of traditions more than twenty centuries old, for on both sides the family lines trace to Roman generals. So the lovely old duchess knows all about man as man and does not blame him unforgivably because he is only a man and not an angel.

I recall the last time I was in their house. The perfect dinner ended with plums from their own garden served on gold plates.

In the United States a hostess would have felt she had to have a dessert commensurate with the gold service. However, she could not have had the service, because it was centuries old, like the family that possessed it.

Nor could she have had in her employ the butler who served it and whose father and grandfathers for uncounted generations had been butlers with the same masters.

The butler joined in our conversation whenever anything occurred to him that he thought we might like to hear. Imagine a servant in an American family doing that!

Foreigners have learned that, next to love, leisure is the most desirable thing in life.

The butler also was a good loiterer and unencumbered with vain ambition. I met him one morning when he had been marketing, and he spoke to me at once, asking me if I knew certain pictures and other priceless things in a museum near by, and telling me why I ought to see them and what I should look for in them.

He loitered down the street with me, talking charmingly. He did not ask me if I knew any business opening for him in America, but

P. & A. photo

Miss Oelrichs and Maurice Fatio of Geneva, Switzerland, at the Coconut Ball in Palm Beach.

mentioned instead that when he died his son would step into his place and take on his duties as he had taken on his father's.

And now—for a last specification—in insisting that I prefer foreign men to American men I wish it to be understood that I like the best of them just a little better than the best of ours, and do not care at all for the type of foreigner one mostly sees in America.

The best of them do not come here to stay longer than any traveler stays out of his own country. The ones who stay here have, as a rule, something wrong with them.

Almost invariably they are the ones who have lost standing at home and have come here to marry money if they can.

So you will find them sauntering about the lobbies of our best hotels, watching their chances to meet the rich American women who, they believe, are ready to pay any amount of money for a title for their daughters, or are at least glad to have attractive and cultured men about their houses as extra men and dancing partners.

Our own men entertain the most utter contempt for philanderers and fortune-hunters, which is precisely as it should be.

We must not judge the best foreigners by them, however. Foreign men who lack money work for it like our own men do. But they do not talk about it when they are out in the evening, and they do not believe in combining their business activities with their social activities, and, above all, they are not in a tremendous hurry to do business and nothing but business in the familiar American way.

They can not understand why we must always rush through everything. They consider business a thoroughly unpleasant thing and drop it the minute they conclude it. But they work hard at it when they must and, in spite of what seems to us their casual attitude toward it, accomplish it as effectively as our men.

THERE have been many more successful international marriages than the average person knows about; but there have been, and there always will be, a number of others less successful.

If an American girl marries the right sort of foreigner, it will go enormously well with her. But she will have to be the right sort of girl herself—clever, understanding, forbearing, and a judge of character and difference in tradition and race.

Otherwise she and her husband will drift apart, and the marriage will end in heartbreak.

Whoever the American girl is who tries a foreign marriage, I hope she will be happy. I do not expect to try it. I have told only why I prefer foreign men to American men. I do not say I expect to marry a foreigner.

THE END

A Combination of Expert Judgment

INVESTORS can have confidence in safeguarding principles only when they have been developed by an organization comprised of a staff of experts long trained in their particular field.

During its many years of specialization in the real estate investment business, American Bond & Mortgage Company has gathered together, developed and maintained a staff of experts in building, engineering, law, statistics and economics.

As a result First Mortgage Bonds sold by this company have proved outstanding examples of conservative investment.

For the safe investment of your funds, write for circular C. C. 910

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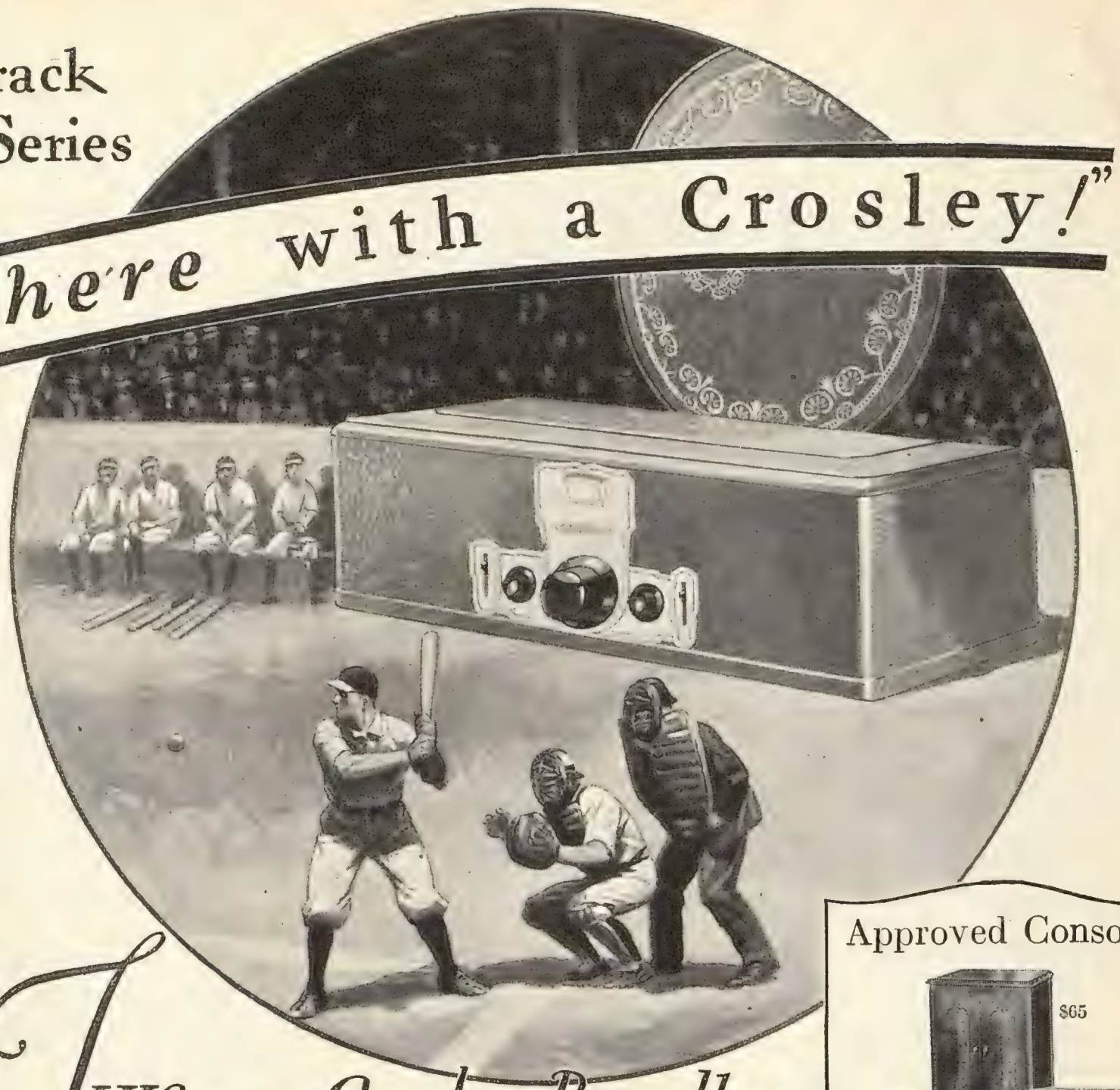
AN OLD RESPONSIBLE HOUSE

At the first crack of the World's Series bat....

"—You're there with a Crosley!"



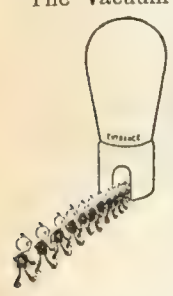
The Crosley Radio Corporation:

Can you explain "balancing," so folks can understand it? We technical people know that Hazeltine's neutrodyne principle is a wonderful thing. If you can make it understandable to laymen you're good.

Yours truly,
Albany Hdwe. & Iron Co., Albany, N.Y.

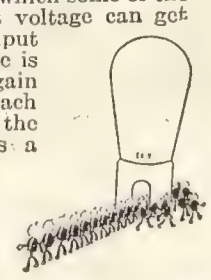
NATURE always puts obstacles in our way. When men begin to study a new invention or discovery they find that there are many problems to solve before a successful device can be built. This was the case with the steam engine, the printing press, the automobile, the aeroplane, and every other major invention that you can think of.

The vacuum tube is perhaps one of the most remarkable inventions ever made. We found that we could use it to amplify the radio signals. But when we tried to tune these amplifiers, so that they would help us select the desired signal, we found that the vacuum tube had a tendency to misbehave.



SIGNAL VOLTAGES GOING INTO AMPLIFYING TUBE

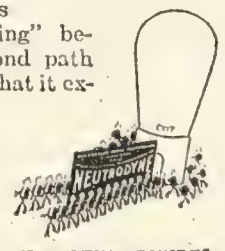
When a tube is used to amplify, the output voltage is much stronger than the input voltage. This is the natural result of the amplification. But there is a path back through the tube through which some of the strong output voltage can get back to the input side of the tube. This voltage is then again amplified and again returns, getting stronger each time, the result being that the tube goes wild. It becomes a miniature broadcasting station on its own hook.



SIGNAL VOLTAGES LEAVING TUBE GREATLY AMPLIFIED, BUT SOME RUN AROUND TO ENTRANCE AND CROWD IN WITH THE LITTLE INCOMING SIGNALS

If we can provide a second path from the output circuit to the input circuit, so arranged that the voltage which comes back through this second path is opposed to the voltage that comes back through the tube itself we can prevent the trouble. This is called "balancing" because the second path is adjusted so that it exactly balances the path through the tube.

AMPLIFIED SIGNALS RETURNING TO TUBE MIXING IT UP WITH INCOMING SIGNALS



HAZELTINE DIVIDES BOLSHEVIK VOLTAGES THAT RETURN TO TUBE. BALANCING EACH OTHER BY OPPOSING EACH OTHER THEY CAUSE NO RUMPUS IN THE TUBE, AND PROGRAM SIGNALS GO THROUGH AMPLIFIER WITHOUT INTERFERENCE

The Hazeltine method of balancing (or neutralizing) this path through the tube has several unique advantages over all the other methods that have been proposed. This is why Crosley radios use the Hazeltine "neutrodyne" method.

THIS new Crosley Bandbox

6 TUBE RECEIVER *de luxe*

is the national radio hit at $55.

ITS amazing performance is the result of its remarkable construction—the introduction of features found in the most expensive of radios and possible at $55 only through mass production methods, plus the licensing of Crosley for use of the patents, research resources and discoveries of The Radio Corporation of America, The General Electric Co., The Westinghouse Co., The American Telephone & Telegraph Co., and The Hazeltine and Latour Corporations.

Check any radio at any price against these Crosley features—standards of comparison that indicate the Bandbox's superiority.

1. Completely shielded coils, condensers, and wiring.
2. Acuminators for sharpest tuning.
3. Completely balanced genuine Neutrodyne.
4. Volume Control.
5. Single tuning knob.
6. Illuminated dial.
7. Single cable to outside connections.
8. Designed for easy installation in consoles.
9. Beautiful frosted brown crystalline finish.

AC model using new R. C. A. AC tubes and working directly from electric light socket through Crosley Power Converter $65. Power Converter $60.

The value of this Bandbox receiver and the excellence of its performance can best be judged by seeing it and hearing it at the nearest Crosley dealers. If you cannot locate one of the 16,000 dealers, write Dept. 76 for his name and address and Crosley literature.

Approved Consoles

Selected by Powel Crosley, Jr., as ideal, acoustically and mechanically for the installation of the Crosley Bandbox. Genuine Musicone built in. Crosley dealers secure them from their jobbers through

H. T. ROBERTS CO.
1340 S. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Sales Agents for Approved Console Factories

SHOWERS BROTHERS COMPANY
THE WOLF MFG. INDUSTRIES

IMPROVED MUSICONES

Musicones improve the reception of any radio set. They are perfect affinities in beauty and reproductive effectiveness for Crosley Radios. A tilt-table model with brown mahogany finish stands 36 inches high, $27.50 — 16-inch Super-Musicone as pictured above with "Bandbox," $12.75. — 12-inch Ultra-Musicone, $9.75

CROSLEY RADIO

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., President *CINCINNATI, OHIO*
Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mts.

Crosley Radio is licensed only for Radio Amateur, Experimental and Broadcast Reception.

I Fought Them ALL

As Told by TOM SHARKEY To Hugh Fullerton

The Fighting Irishman Draws with Corbett and Wins from Fitz on a Foul

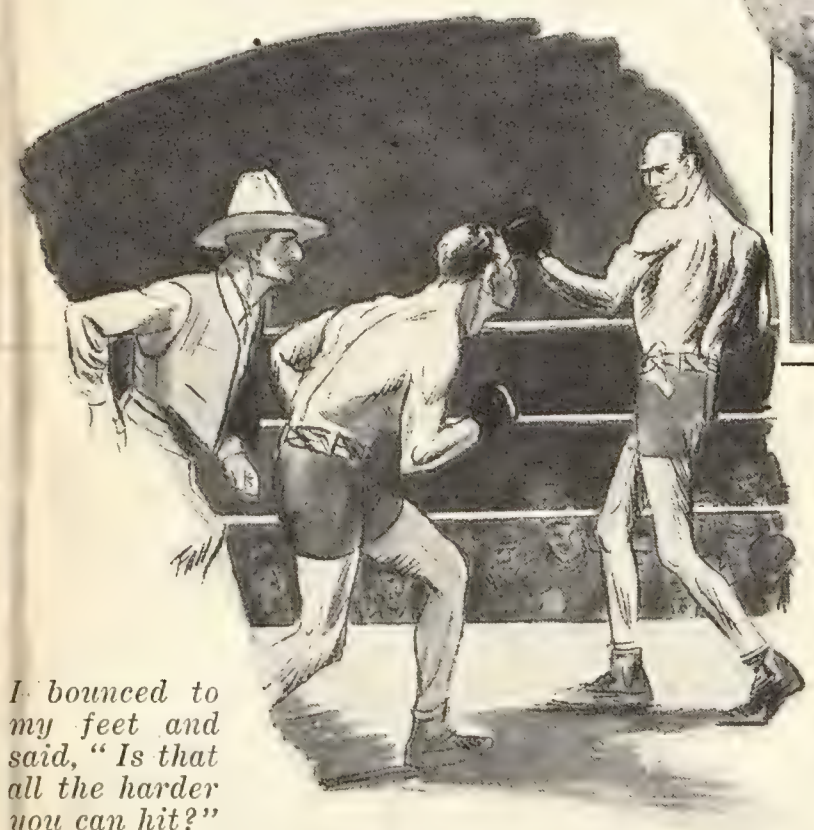
Pictures by C. B. FALLS

(Reading time: 16 minutes 45 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The faith grew on Tom Sharkey, as he fought his way through the American and British navies, that the fists he'd brought on his runaway adventure from Ireland were the hardest fists in the world. Eager he was to match them with any man's, and particularly with those of Corbett, the man who'd whipped his idol, John L. Sullivan. In this instalment of his life story he tells of how, as a raw sailor-boy, hardly on his land legs, he met the champion.]

PART THREE

UNTIL the time, in 1895, that I came from the navy, a master-at-arms, third class, with the reputation of having beaten every man I ever faced, I had fought and beaten more than a thousand men, and I was still a growing boy. Nor had I ever had a lesson in boxing, nor any experience at the professional game save for fights with sailors and a few others in Honolulu who knew little more than I did. That I ever had a lesson or tried to learn anything about fighting more than I knew, I have always been sorry—except for what Australian Billy Smith taught me, after I whipped him.



I bounced to my feet and said, "Is that all the harder you can hit?"

A great fighter was Smith, a stringy, powerful man, with a deadly punch to the body. The wonder is he did not spoil my plan of carrying the championship of the world back to Ireland before I was really started.

I had made more money in the three years in the navy than most men make in a lifetime—enough to have been a grand gentleman at Dundalk and lived in comfort the rest of my life, if I cared to. My fame had spread, and I thought none in the world could stand before me.

Billy Smith was old, and wise, and as fair and game a man as one would care to see. Often I think that being afraid of no one is as much a matter of ignorance as of courage, and had I known the terrible power of Billy Smith, the man they called the Australian, I would have been less confident. And had I known the crookedness and the dirty tricks of the prize-ring, especially of those days, I would have had none of it, but would have stayed on the ships, where, as master-at-arms, I had risen as high as a sailor might in those days.

I never was as proud of my ring record as I was of my reputation as a sailor, and often I think there is more joy in splicing a wire cable right, or rowing a boat well, or serving a gun, than in hitting men with the fists.

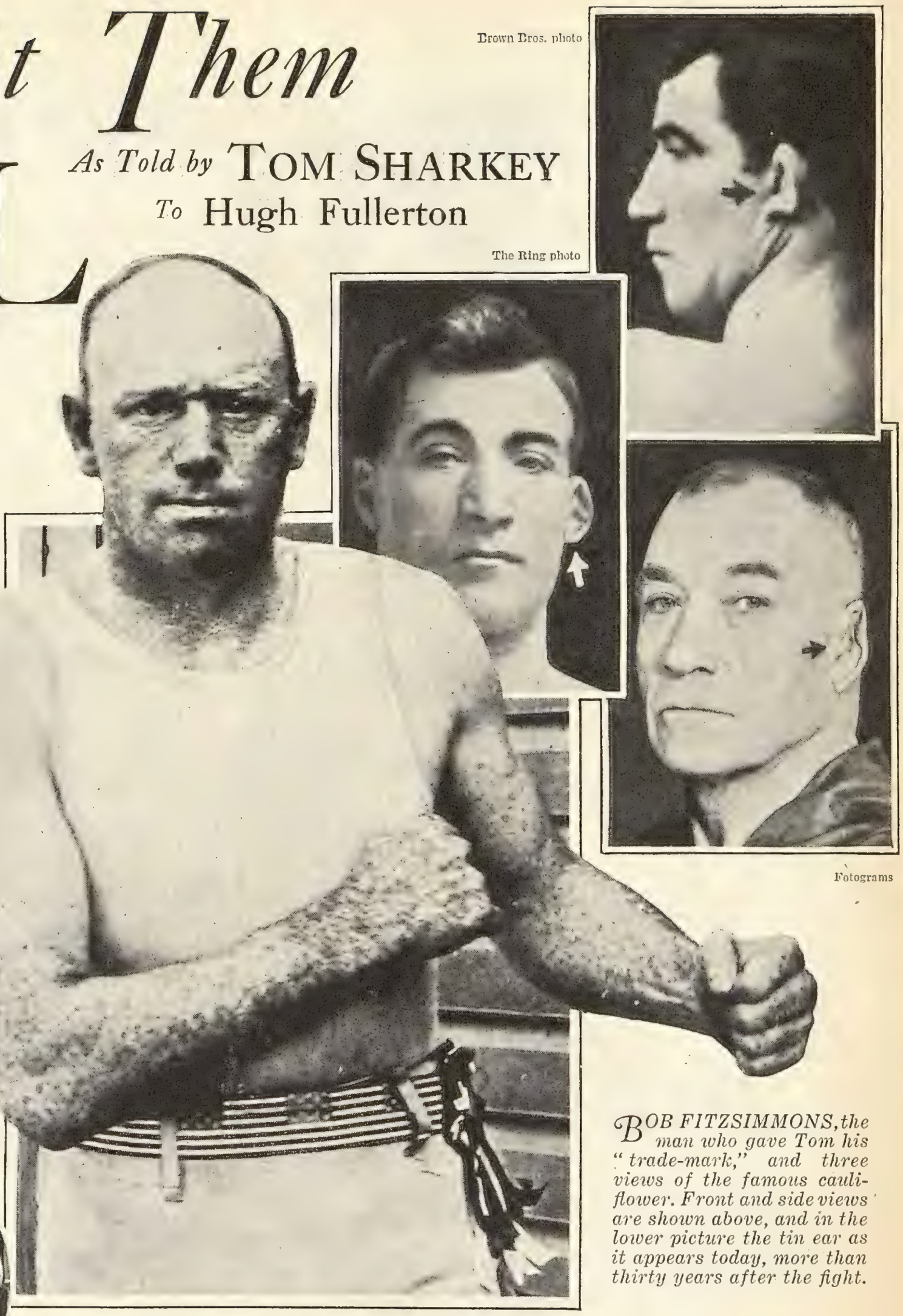
I WAS matched to meet the Australian on July 25, 1895, at Colma, and the betting was ten to three he would beat me, for he had broken the neck of Joe Bowers with his terrible right-hand punch. Few, excepting the loyal boys of the navy, who will back their man against any one, had an idea I could win, but in my mind there was no doubt.

It is grand to be young and strong and have no doubts. They told me he was a terrible

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

Brown Bros. photo

The Ring photo



Fotograms

BOB FITZSIMMONS, the man who gave Tom his "trade-mark," and three views of the famous cauliflower. Front and side views are shown above, and in the lower picture the tin ear as it appears today, more than thirty years after the fight.

Brown Bros. photo

Westclox

New de luxe models

YOU will like these de luxe Westclox. They set a new and higher standard of beauty and excellence among alarm clocks.

They have a friendly personality all their own, combining unusual beauty with faithful service, and adding much to the attractiveness of any room.

You can see that both Big Ben De Luxe and Baby Ben De Luxe are designed on an entirely new principle. Underneath, there's felt-cushioning, for protection. The clocks stand firm and solid, which adds to their long life.

De luxe models are sold everywhere; price, $3.75. With luminous night-and-day dial, $5.00.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Factory: Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Company, Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

body puncher, but I gave so little thought to him that I ate a big meal of corned beef and cabbage and walked up Market Street as if I were going to a wedding.

What a battle that was! And all fine, fair fighting. In the first round Billy sank his right to the wrist in my midship section, located the corned beef, and almost turned me inside out. I bashed him with my left and knocked him spinning, and then we went at it, tearing and slashing—he fighting for the body; I driving my right straight to his body and hooking the left, until, in the seventh, it caught him on the jaw and he went down.

It was one of the hardest fights I ever was in, and no one, until I met that huge man Jeffries, ever hurt me so much.

It was after the fight that Billy came to me and shook hands and said, "Lad, I can make a champion of the world out of you."

"I'm like to be that anyhow," I answered.

"You must learn," he said. "'Tis a powerful left you have, and you are strong, but you must learn."

I saw he was honest and straight and I went with him. He trained me to fight against John Miller, a giant, who was next on the list. Billy showed me how to use my left, and taught me the one-two-three, half-pivoting swing that added to the terrible power of it. A lead for the body; a right straight for the body; and, when the other man's arm came down, a left swing, with the leverage of the body back of it, to the head. Whether it hit him on the jaw or the head, he fell.

It was so with John Miller. He was big and strong and full of confidence, and he stood before me nine rounds before his guard dropped and my left landed on his head. He was carried to his corner. That also was at Colma, November 7 of that same year.

FINE fighters we had in those days, at the end of the last century, and never, I think, have there been so many great heavyweights. There were Corbett and McCoy, Choynski and Peter Maher, Bob Fitzsimmons, and the big Jeffries, just coming to his prime; and a score of others, any one of whom might knock a man's head off with a blow.

It was a tough road for a young, green fighter to travel, but at the start of 1896 I felt that no man was good enough to beat me, not knowing, of course, how good they were, nor caring, but proud in my own strength.

I was learning that the way was not only hard, but that it was crooked, and that there were gamblers and sharpers lying in wait to rob the overconfident. I took a lesson in the crookedness of the game when, on March 12, 1896, I met Alex Greggains in the old Bush Street Theater in San Francisco. Until then there always had been a crowd of sailors in the hall to insure fair play. I knew that if I raised my hand and called "Repel boarders," they would swarm into the ring.

I was not worried about Greggains, nor did I consider him a good match for me. The crowd was made up of San Francisco sports, gunmen, gamblers, and toughs, and even before we started fighting, the tough boys commenced to try to terrorize me. I was just a sailor and they didn't care much what happened to me, provided they won their bets. A noted character named Billy Harrison was present, and friends brought word to me that if I dared knock Alex out I would be shot. Harrison planted himself near the ring and I saw the butt of a gun.

Brown Bros. photo

Market Street, San Francisco, in the days of Sharkey's great triumph over the champion, Corbett.

On the opposite side of the ring was a bunch of rough-looking boys and, as soon as the fight started, they yelled:

"Drive him over this way, Alex, so we can hit him on the head with this club."

Alex was hammering away at me, and I dared not look to see if they really had a club.

"Back him up till I can hit him," some one yelled from another side, and, with Harrison sitting there watching me, and toughs yelling from all round for a chance to club me, I felt it was not a nice place for a sailor-lad. I was floundering around, but once I clipped Alex hard with my left, and he went half down against the ropes, and I saw guns pulled.

Between rounds I looked around the hall, hoping to see some sailors, but they were few, and far back. I wasn't scared, but I couldn't fight my best, and, although I had all the better of it, they called it a draw, in eight rounds, and glad I was to get out alive.

Those were hard, rough days in San Francisco, and strangers did not do well, as a rule. Any one the gamblers were not backing had to be careful.

IMMEDIATELY after the Greggains fight I was matched to meet Joe Choynski, a great fighter, a game man and fair, so that I never thought he had any part in what happened, but that the crooks and the gamblers framed the thing. They dared not come to me with any crooked plan, for I would have knocked the head loose from any one who suggested I lose a fight.

P. & A. photo

Lord Talbert Clifton, Tom's friend.

I was to fight Choynski on April 16 at the People's Palace in San Francisco, and he had agreed to stop me in eight rounds. And though that fight was a bitter disappointment, it was through it I made one of the greatest friends a man ever had in his life—an Englishman, and a lord at that—the type of all I had been reared to hate.

Lord Talbert Clifton was a fine example of the English sporting man. He came to my hotel room the day before the fight and looked me over, as he would look over a race-horse, feeling my muscles.

"Magnificent!" he said. "I shall have a bit of a wager on you, old chap."

They told him he was foolish, but he went around San Francisco and bet as long as there was money to meet his bets.

Tim McGrath and Spider Kelly trained me for that match, and it was little I learned from them, and that of no use to me.

Choynski was a great favorite in San Francisco. He was a clean-cut man, not heavy enough for the big fellows, but a terrific hitter. Where he got his hitting power I never knew. I have seen the man hit a blow so hard that he shook all over, as if with a chill, from the jar of it to his own body.

Those things I did not know then, although my trainers warned me, for he was slim and light-looking, with a face like a preacher.

THE People's Palace was crowded that night, for they wanted to see the chesty sailor whipped. When the fight started I walked out to meet Joe, led with my right, and hit him with my left, and then, while he was in the air, swung my right again and knocked him clear out of the ring, so that he was out.

There was a wild scene, with the sailors who had backed me yelling, and Lord Talbert Clifton beating a seat with his cane and shouting, "Well bowled, old chap!"

The police came into the ring, and, after there had been a long delay, it was agreed that we should fight again, with Choynski being allowed twenty minutes to recover. That was all right with me, for I was sure the fall, more than the blow, had stopped him, and that I could whip him without much trouble.

So after about half an hour he came back, sponged and smiling, and when I went out to meet him he bashed me with his right hand and drove me through the ropes, hitting me harder than any one, save one, ever did. We fought eight hard rounds, and Joe could not stop me, nor could he even get the better of me, hard as he might try. He had taught me to respect that left hand of his, and when he smiled I knew he was the most dangerous.

A great lad he was, and game, and it is a pity he could not have weighed twenty pounds more in his fighting days.

The morning after the fight Lord Talbert Clifton came around

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

THEY ALSO SERVE

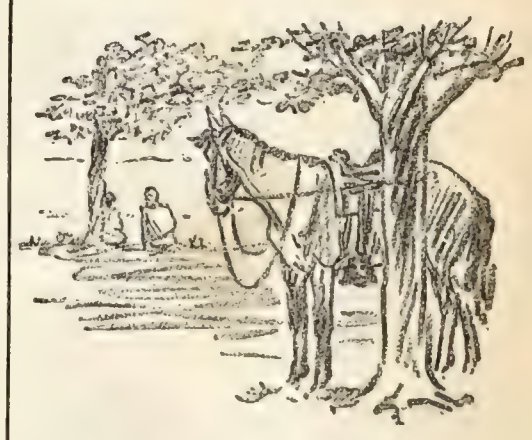
by

Peter B. Kyne

A story of Professor, the battle-horse who kept the caissons rolling along in bloody France;

of Ern, his owner, who left the range and the corral for the transport and the trench,

of Mary Vardon, Red Cross Nurse, who found a great love in the thundering heart of a great cause—and of many others.



Price, $2.00

Wherever Books Are Sold

Cosmopolitan Book Corporation

119 West 40th Street, New York

What Doctors Say About Smoking and Throat Protection

An advertisement based on the opinion of 9651 physicians*

Photo by Irving Chidnoff, N.Y.

Allan Dwan,
Famous Motion Picture Director,
writes:

'The director of film plays must take even more care of his voice than the actor. Into his voice he must put every emotion that appears upon the faces of the film players. While directing 'The Joy Girl' I used my voice twelve hours daily for weeks—often having to shout directions in the open to ensembles at a great distance. And I always kept my package of 'Lucky Strikes' in my pocket for I have found they are the only cigarettes which I now really enjoy and which I can smoke without impairing my voice. I'm grateful to 'Luckies.'"

Allan Dwan

"Can I really smoke without irritating my throat, even if my throat is unusually sensitive, and even if I smoke as much as I please?"

A number of physicians, many of them leading physicians, in various parts of the United States, were recently asked these two questions:

Q1—*In your judgment is the heat treatment or toasting process applied to tobaccos previously aged and cured, likely to free the cigarette from irritation to the throat?*

9651 doctors answered this question "YES."

Q2—*Do you think from your experience with LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes that they are less irritating to sensitive or tender throats than other cigarettes, whatever the reason?*

11,105 doctors answered this question "YES."

You have noticed in the newspapers and magazines the opinions of many whose voices must be maintained unimpaired—opera singers, actors and actresses, men prominent in public life, radio announcers. These opinions are confirmed by the opinions of those *whose business it is to know.*

* *WE HEREBY CERTIFY that we have examined signed cards answering Questions One and Two and that there are 9651 affirmative answers to Question One and 11,105 affirmative answers to Question Two.*

LYBRAND, ROSS BROS. & MONTGOMERY
Accountants and Auditors
New York, July 22, 1927.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

and gave me $500, saying he had won a large sum. He became one of my best friends and an adviser who saved me from being robbed worse than I was by the smart fellows who, fearing to do any fighting themselves, always are around to rob a fighter.

I was matched to fight Jim Williams on June 2, and had taken on Danny Lynch, a horseman and gambler, as my manager. Williams was easy for me, and after I had won from him, Jim Corbett, who was at the ringside, said:

"Neither of those boys can fight. I can stop either one of them in four rounds."

Albert Davis Collection

James J. Corbett—one of his earliest fighting pictures.

Maybe he was just talking big, as champions sometimes do, or for the newspapers, but Danny heard of it and told Corbett he would bet him a fortune he couldn't stop me in four rounds, and, remembering what I had seen in New Orleans, I told Dan to bet as much as Corbett would take. So the match was made for June 28, in San Francisco, Corbett agreeing to knock me out inside of four rounds. I went over to Oakland and trained with Danny Needham.

I thought the dream of my life was coming true, and that I would win the championship and go back to Ireland with a silk hat and a frock coat and my pockets full of money.

CORBETT had not been training or caring for himself as he should, and never in all my life had I worked so hard getting ready for a fight. Corbett was getting reports from my work-outs, and he knew he had tackled more seabiscuit than he could bite through.

Lynch, my manager, came over to Oakland one day and said: "Tom, the fight is off."

"What for?" I asked.

"Corbett won't agree to stop you," he said. "He says he can train long enough to get the decision, but he thinks you're too tough to knock out quickly."

"Tell him that's all right with me," I said. "And tell him he'll be lucky if I don't knock him out."

Corbett was in his brother Harry's saloon when Lynch returned, and he said, "Well, what did the sailor say?"

"He says it is all right with him. We'll fight you for the decision."

He didn't tell him I was planning to knock him out, but Corbett quit taking it as a joke and went to work. I'll say he was not in his best condition, and I knew it. I was. I weighed 172 pounds and was that hard you couldn't have dented me with an ax.

Lord Talbert Clifton came to see me, put on his monocle, examined me, and said:

"Magnificent! I shall have a bit of a wager on you, old chap."

He always said that, and it helped me to know he thought me good.

It was a great night, and the greatest crowd that I ever had seen at a fight. Every one from Vallejo was there—they said only three people were left in town; and the sailors from the Navy Yard had dug up their money and come in droves to back me. Corbett was a two-to-one favorite, and nearly every one thought he would knock me out.

Poor old Billy Jordan, the famous announcer, got in the center of the ring and said:

"Gentlemen, I want to introduce to you James J. Corbett, a native son of the Golden West and champion of the world."

They almost tore the house down cheering the champion. Then Billy said:

"Gentlemen, Tom Sharkey, pride of the American navy."

And the sailors and the Vallejo crowd got up and cheered me.

Danny Needham said to me, "Don't be afraid of this fellow. He can't hit you hard enough to hurt you."

I said, "I'm not afraid of him; if there is one man in the world I can whip it's Corbett."

They say Corbett could not hit. I'll say for him that he is the only man in the world who ever gave me a black eye, and he hit me so hard I saw palms waving and heard the birds singing in Hawaii for a minute.

He hit me in the second round, and with his left hand, the one I had watched against Sullivan. Perhaps I was thinking just then of how I was going back to Ireland as champion. But after that blow he never landed clean again. I was in on top of him, slashing away, planning to land my left, and he started jabbing and clinching, jabbing and clinching, and doing things to me I never had heard of before.

He was holding with both arms around me and all the time yelling at the referee—a fellow named Carr—"Make this fellow stop! He's hugging me to death."

Carr was excited, and he kept grabbing my hands and pulling me loose, and Corbett would punch me on the breakaway. Carr was holding one of my arms when Corbett banged me in the eye and blackened it.

HE was very tired before the first round was over, and I thought I had him, but he knew too much about holding and hugging. I went out to get him in the second, but he dodged and ducked and clinched, and I couldn't land on him solidly. In the third he was so weary he hung on most of the time, yelling that I was wrestling and roughing, and I was that exasperated and mad that, in the fourth round, when I couldn't shake him loose, I lost my temper and mayhap got a little rough. The referee kept grabbing my arms and, when

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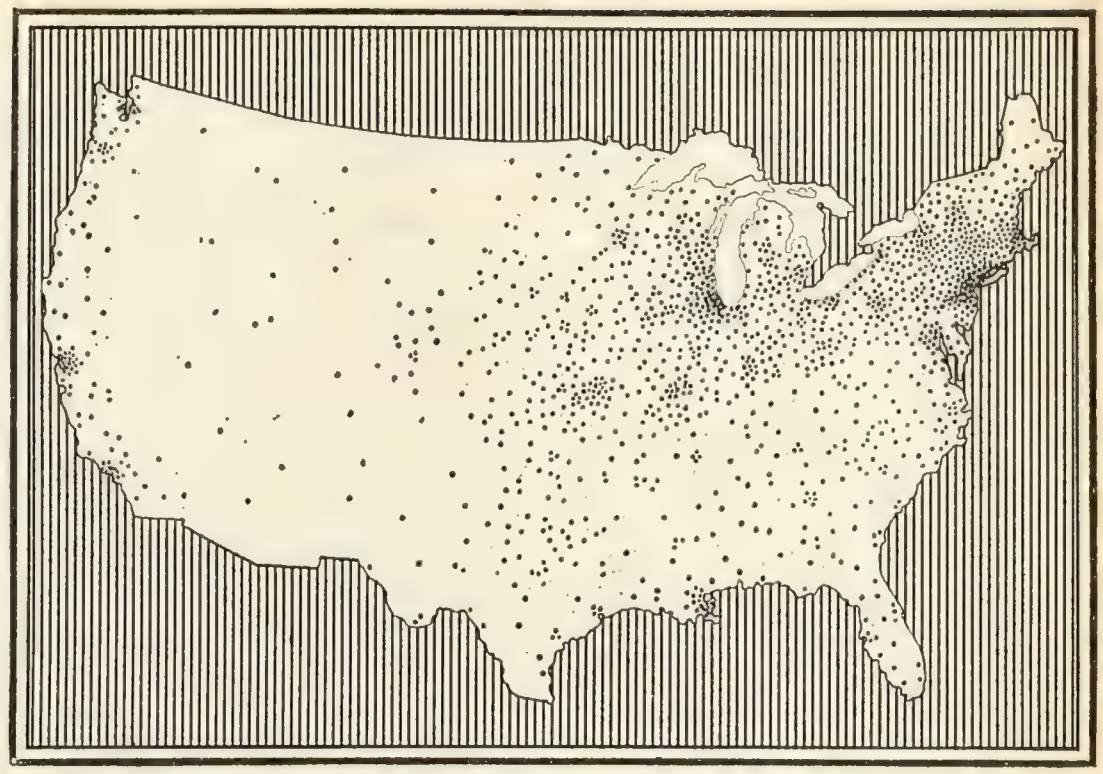

Nation-wide Service— VICTOR

Standard Adding Machine

The Victor Adding Machine Company has established a nation-wide service-giving organization that is *unique* in the field of adding machines.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

he did, Corbett would let loose of me and punch me.

I got that mad I picked Corbett up and slammed him down on the canvas. When the referee grabbed my arm, I picked him up and piled him on top of Corbett.

Then the police rushed the ring. They said that Corbett, when he got up from the floor, motioned to the police to come into the ring. In my anger, after the fight, I repeated that charge, but it was told me by my backers, and perhaps they were mistaken. It was no mistake, however, that Corbett was terribly tired, and that he could not have gone much further, even if he had lasted the fourth round out. He was not in best condition, and seldom has a champion had a narrower escape.

San Francisco was crazy after the fight. When I reached my dressing-room there were hundreds of sailors, all wanting to rub me down, and a thousand or more of them got me on their shoulders and carried me down Market Street.

Carr called the bout a draw, so we won the money, and there was bitter talk and ill-feeling aroused. The next morning I slept late. The family I lived with in Vallejo had come into the city to be with me.

When I got up I went into the living-room of the hotel suite to join them. They were all excited and, looking out into Market Street, I saw it was crowded. There must have been 5,000 people standing in the streets, with police hustling them to keep the traffic moving.

"What's all the excitement about—is there a fire?" I asked.

"They're waiting to see you, Tom," they told me.

FINE it was and sweet for Tom Sharkey, the same that left Ireland with no shoes to his feet, that so many people wanted to see him. I didn't understand the ways of people then. The day before, I had walked up Market Street, and no one had looked at me, and now the whole city was waiting to see me.

'Twas sweet, but little thought I gave to the fact that maybe a few weeks later I could walk Market Street and no one turn a head to look. I dressed and went to Harry Corbett's saloon next day and met Jim. We shook hands.

"You're all right, young fellow," he told me. "But you'll never make a fighter. It would be a grand wrestler you would make. You ought to turn wrestler."

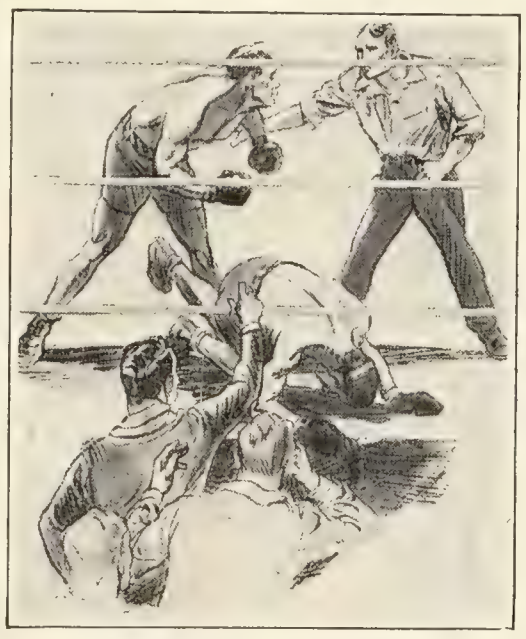
"You wrestled me all over the ring last night," I told him. "You might keep on being a champion if you went into that game."

We talked it over, friendly enough, and I asked for another fight, so we signed articles to fight again for the championship. My heart was heavy at having lost the chance to win and go back to Ireland as champion.

So sure was I that I would win this time that I retired from the navy, my time having expired, and settled myself to be a fighter the rest of my life, a decision I now regret.

I knew little of the tricks of the fighting game, and thought Corbett would want to meet me again and settle the question of which was the better man, so I signed the articles as they were written. He tied me in an agreement that neither of us was to fight any one except in exhibition matches until we met each other for $10,000 a side. Corbett had little thought of fighting me soon, and kept putting me off with his theatrical engagements.

THE word came that they were to give a great benefit for old John L. Sullivan in Madison Square Garden, so I went East, fighting all comers across the country. I knocked them out as fast as they came, sometimes two or three in an evening. It was fine training. In New York they gave me a great reception, and I went on in the Garden on August 31, and boxed three rounds with the old champion, who was fat and a sorry figure of his own self, but still a great hero in my eyes.



I got that mad I slammed Corbett down on the canvas.

He told me I would be champion, and that I was as strong or stronger than he was at my age, which gladdened me. Also he warned me to take care of myself and avoid drink, which was a sad bit of advice coming from him.

I returned to Vallejo after that trip, to live with the family that had taken me in as their own boy, and was soon matched to fight Bob Fitzsimmons, December 2, 1896.

I never had seen Fitz, but had heard of his terrible blows and of his cunning in the ring, and gloried at the idea of fighting him, never thinking that it was to be a fight that would bring me sorrow and shame through no fault of my own. That was the fight that nearly crippled me, and caused a great scandal.

If there was crooked work, and sometimes I believe there was, it can not be said either of the fighters were in it, for, although I suspected Fitz for a long time, I was satisfied at last he had no part in it. And, although he was bitter at first, I satisfied him finally that he was wrong and we became friends.

Fitzsimmons agreed to knock me out in eight rounds, and the purse was $10,000, the winner to take it all.

Spider Kelly, Tim McGrath, and Danny Needham trained me. We went out to the Seal Rock House in

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

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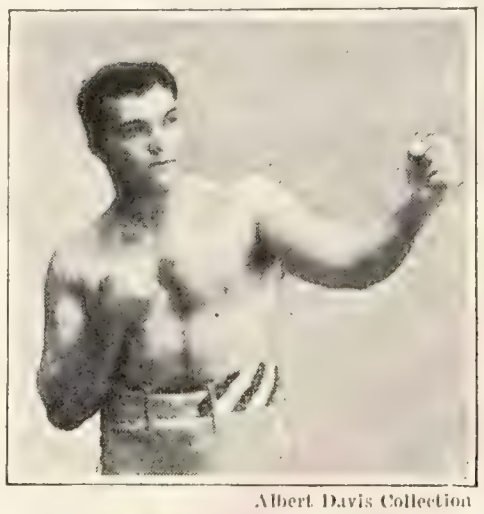
[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

San Francisco. Every day I swam out to the Seal Rocks, across the tide, although until then it was said no man could swim the current of the Golden Gate. I think of that often, for swimming has improved so much since then that even young girls and children swim it now.

The first day I swam it my trainers were scared and said, "Tom, you'll drown, sure."

"I wasn't born to be drowned, or hanged either," said I, and swam away. The current of the tide caught me and swept me to the rocks like a chip, and I swam back, laughing at them. In those days I think I could have swam the English Channel.



Albert Davis Collection

Jim Jeffries when he was Corbett's sparring partner for the Fitzsimmons fight.

'Twas little thought I had of the trouble that was to come. There was a squabble over who should referee the fight, but, not knowing one referee from another, I had no choice. They picked a man named Wyatt Earp, one of the famous Earp brothers of Tombstone, Arizona. Fitz objected to him, but I said nothing, never having seen Earp or heard of him before.

There were stories that something was in the wind, but to these rumors I paid no attention, being eager to fight. I did not see Fitzsimmons until we got into the ring on that night of December 2, in San Francisco, with a great crowd present and the betting heavy—which always is a bad sign, for when the gamblers are busy, they think they know something.

When I saw Fitz with that little head of his, like a coconut, and his skinny legs, with his knees knocking together—but not from any fright—I said to Danny Needham:

"I'll knock that fellow's head off the first punch."

"Take care he doesn't knock yours loose," said Danny. "He has a terrible right."

NOW, no man had ever knocked me down, barring Joe Choynski, and the idea of Fitz doing it, and me so big and strong, was funny.

He hit me with his right with the first punch of the fight, and busted my ear to pieces, leaving the trade-mark I carry today. The blow knocked me off my feet so that I bounced when I hit the canvas.

A terrible blow it was, and almost any man would have stayed down, but I bounced to my feet and came at him, saying:

"Is that all the harder you can hit?" My head was ringing, and my ear was fair torn from it.

"Lord love me," said Fitz, "Hi 'it the bloomin' blighter on the 'ead and broke me bloomin' 'and—and 'e awsks can't Hi 'it 'arder!"

Then I knocked him down with a left hook, and from then on it was as hard a fight as a man could ask for. I was too strong for him, but the cunning of him kept me from knocking him out, for he was never where I expected him to be, and he was always dangerous.

It came to the eighth round, and, during a hot bit of infighting, Fitz swung his left and struck me in the groin. The next thing I knew I waked up in my room in the hotel, with the wife of the friend with whom I lived, and a doctor, and some others in the room, and the woman was crying, and saying:

"You're ruined, Tom. He hit you foul, and you're ruined."

There was a great scandal over it. Fitz in his anger charged that I or my backers had hired Earp. One rubber who worked for a time with us in the camp said that $2,500 was paid to give me the fight on a foul. I know that, so far as I was concerned, the charge was a lie. They got an injunction preventing the bank that held the money from paying it to me, and Lynch went to court to get it.

All this time I was laid up, fearing I had been too badly hurt to fight again. Nearly five weeks I was in bed, and perhaps it was just as well, or I would have had many fights with men who charged that the fight was crooked.

FITZSIMMONS was very bitter, and said things about me that would have made us fight at sight had I been out, which I rejoice now I was not. He believed until the next year that I had faked the injury, and that he had been cheated out of his money. I'm sure he did not foul me purposely, but aimed at my stomach. The blow landed low without him knowing it.

When he was training the next year at Carson City to fight Corbett I went to his quarters. They were afraid to let me in, until I assured them I came in peace.

I took Fitz into a room and showed him what the blow had done to me, and, after examining me, he said:

"So 'elp me, Tom, Hi thought hit was a blooming fake. Hi'm sorry."

So we shook hands and were friends.

The court decided in my favor and ordered the bank to pay over the $10,000. I was unable to get around, and Danny Lynch could not stay away from the races, and of the $10,000 and the bets not one penny did I ever touch.

I was learning about the fight game.

With world fame and undreamed-of fortune at his command, Sharkey never forgot his home-folks, and, arrayed resplendently in a tall silk hat, he went to Ireland to see them. His own mother didn't recognize him. His picturesque account of this trip, and of his first great fight with Jeffries upon his return, will be told in the next instalment.

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So wonderfully blended by the Swiss years ago

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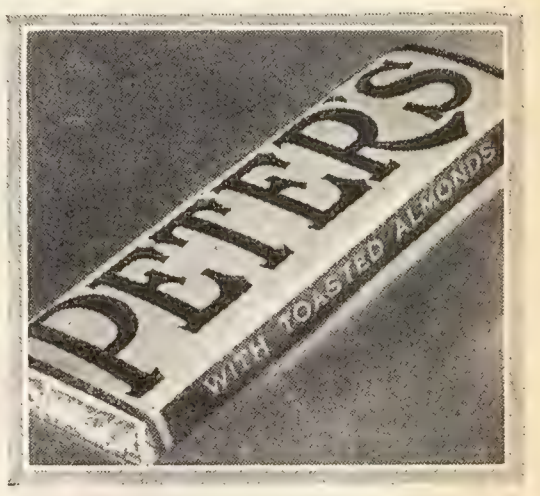

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The Lady and the LION

A Story of Love and Fear in the African Jungle

By
MARGARET CARSON HUBBARD

(Reading time: 21 minutes 25 seconds.)

Pictures by RICO TOMASO

MARJERY leaned from under the mosquito-net of her bed for her 6-o'clock coffee. With wry face she scooped out a fly. In the next net-shrouded bed Jake grinned at her expression. Brides had to get used to a lot in Northern Rhodesia!

Sleepily Marjery sipped her coffee and for the two hundredth time tried to adjust herself to her strange surroundings. It was now January, and she had come out in June to marry Jake. But the circular whitewashed walls of the mud hut always shocked her.

Unwillingly her eyes climbed the walls to the steep grass-thatched roof. Her imagination tortured her with thoughts of the spiders and insects that must live there.

It gave her the creeps. Everything in Africa gave her the creeps—not the things she saw so much as the things she feared to see.

Jake groaned and got out of bed. He pulled the curtains together and started splashing about the wash-basin perched on their wash-stand, made from a packing-case. In the midst of his splashing he stopped short. The babel of boys' talk near the house penetrated his sleep-fogged brain. He listened intently.

Marjery noted it and shuddered. What was

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

THE light flooded down on two lions. When Mafaeking breathed, "Shoot," Marjery pulled her trigger. The male lion crumpled up with two dull grunts.

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"Difference of opinion makes horse-racing," is the immemorial proverb and auspice of the sport of kings. Yet, for Man O'War who was indifferent to all but the victorious goal, king and stable boy rise to agree there was *no difference of opinion* when that super-horse faced the barrier.

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From standing start the New Hudson Super-Six takes the full shot of power, with no suggestion of lurch or stagger, mounting to high speed with greater smoothness and rapidity than any stock car we know, regardless of size, number of cylinders or price.

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KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

it now? She did not dare ask. Jake pulled on his khaki shorts and shirt and hurried out.

"Be back in a minute, sweetheart. Want to talk to the boys," was all he said.

What could it be? Marjery lay stiff, all sleep chased from her brain. Jake did not return. After an hour she forced herself to crawl out of bed and dress. Jake had tried to persuade her to wear knickerbockers, but she had refused. They seemed so unwomanly.

Almost sick with fear, she walked the few feet to the dining-room *kias*. And there, calmly waiting for breakfast, was Jake.

"Jake, what had happened?" Marjery gasped. "I've been worried sick."

Jake frowned with annoyance, but tried not to show it.

"Nothing, my dear. Just a couple of lions sniffing around last night. Saw their tracks all right, but they did no damage. These mangoes are great, aren't they?"

"Um!" Marjery gurgled and twinkled at him. "So good I never can believe they are African."

Jake winced. "Aren't you ever going to like this country, Marj?"

"Oh! I'm sorry, Jake! I didn't mean to say such a horrid thing."

"You can't help letting it slip if you feel that way. But I wish I could make you love it, somehow. You'll never be able to stand it indefinitely, feeling as you do."

"Where do you suppose the lions are?" Marjery asked after a moment.

"In the bush," Jake answered shortly. "I'll spend tonight in the machan and get them if they return."

"Oh, Jake!" Marjery cried. "And leave me alone?"

"Jove, no! You come too. Honestly, you'll love that, Marj. It's as comfortable as can be, and marvelous under the stars."

Jake was enthusiastic.

Marjery was silent for a moment. She wanted to please Jake and say yes, but she could not. She knew she would die of fright.

"I'd like to say yes, Jake," she answered. "But I guess I'll stay home, if you don't mind."

"Suit yourself," Jake answered. "I'll have a boy sleep on the veranda to make you feel more secure."

Marjery almost cried out in horror, but stopped herself in time. She shrank from the idea of a boy on her veranda, but she could not object again to a suggestion of Jake's.

"Get your overseas letters together," said Jake, as he left the table. "The boy leaves now, and will bring the mail in this evening."

HE put on his helmet and went off to work. He was hurt and grieved, and trying hard to be patient. He loved Marjery desperately, but he knew they would never be happy so long as her anti-African obsession lasted. He could not afford to send her south or home, and he did not want to. He wanted her with him.

Marjery watched him go with a sinking heart. She had funked again, in spite of all her resolutions to the contrary. Jake seemed to belong to Rhodesia, and she was as foreign to it as New England dogwood.

She dreaded the country. She had seen only one snake, and that a harmless one, but every ripple of the long grass sent a shiver through her. She trembled with fear when the tom-toms throbbed at night. Their own home she thought barbaric, though when Jake had sent her photographs she had thought the kias "ducky" little affairs.

She had thought she was going to love working with Jake to make the ranch go. She would have loved it had he been a clerk and she living in a two-by-four in Suburbia. But Rhodesia! No neighbors, no complicated society, stood between her and life reduced to its simplest terms. And, in addition, there were the wildnesses of tropical Africa: natives, preying animals, snakes, and endless space.

The cook came in to clear the table, and

MARJERY walked on air. That night, the delirious boom of the tom-toms thrilled her.

Marjery was jerked out of her reverie. Hurriedly Marjery gave her orders for the day, then she fled to her room for the letters. She saw Candle coming with the mail-bag. Seven miles he would walk to the siding, and seven miles back; then she would have her mail from home.

THE day dragged by as had all the days since she arrived. At eleven the boy brought tea. It was little Tickie, the cook's picannin, a sunny, brawny chunk.

"Tonight the Inkos will shoot a lion," he suggested, with a grin.

"Aren't you afraid?" Marjery asked him.

"Afraid? When the Inkos is here with his big gun? Oh, no!" he laughed. "When I was little I was afraid because a lion caught me, but now I am almost a man I am not afraid. I can throw a spear."

Marjery gasped. "A lion caught you?" she asked.

"Yes. I went out of the hut to throw out the ashes before going to sleep. A lion jumped out of the dark and carried me off. I screamed. My father ran out, threw fire at the lion, and it was so afraid it dropped me. See?"

Tickie pulled open his singlet to show Marjery some scars on his shoulder.

"A lion had you in his mouth, and now you say you are not afraid!" she exclaimed. "I am afraid," she added.

Tickie shrugged. "What is the use, Inkossikos? If a lion is going to get you, he will when the time comes."

Marjery looked at the youngster in astonishment. She could not understand his attitude.

When Jake came in for lunch, she told him Tickie's tale. Jake shouted for Tickie, admired his scars, and gave him a spoonful of sugar.

"That's an idea for you, anyway," he told Marjery. "When the lion sticks his face in your window, you can snatch some grass from the roof, set it on fire, and shove it in his face."

"Oh, Jake!" Marjery stammered, actually paling.

Jake looked at her in despair.

"I'm sorry, dear. I was only talking. We don't even know that the lions will come back; and if they do, they certainly won't be more interested in your hut than in the cattle."

Marjery pulled herself together. "I'm the one to be sorry, Jake. I'm a perfect fool. I always swear I'll not let you see how foolish I am, then I do before I know it."

"You can't help it, and I should remember that. I'll not go to the machan tonight. It's not worth it," Jake answered.

"YOU must go," Marjery snapped. "I may be a fool, but I have some pride. No cattle are to be risked for my silly fears. Oh, Jake, I'm a miserable failure of a wife for you!" Her lip trembled and she tried to smile through her tears. "You've got to go to the machan, Jake, to salve my pride if nothing else."

Jake shrugged. "It's beyond me, my dear. If I go, you will pass a sleepless night, sick with fear. If I don't go, you will think yourself a failure and our blooming, precious cattle in danger."

"Of the two, I prefer to be sick with fear," Marjery answered.

"Well, you're the boss," said Jake. "I'm off."

"What boy will you send to sleep on the veranda?" Marjery asked.

"Mafaeking. He's a good shot, fearless, and a fine boy. You needn't worry with him around."

"I'll take your word for him, Jake. Will you be back for tea?"

"No. Send it out to me, please. I'll be back by sundown and mail-time. I've got to repair the wagon. Cheerio!"

Jake picked up his helmet, lighted a cigaret, and strode off in the glaring sunlight.

After sundown Marjery sank into a deck-chair on the veranda. Jake was changing for dinner. Away across the mealie-fields spread the bush, green, parklike, and innocent-looking. The eerie silence was emphasized by the homely clatter from the kitchen hut and the clear tinkle of an *m'pira* which sounded from the compound.

Marjery could imagine the leopards, the lions, hyenas, wild cats, and wild dogs beginning to stir like sinister shadows in that domestic-looking spread of green bush. Perhaps lions were even now slipping silently toward the cattle kraal.

"Ugh!" The grunt sounded almost by her side. Marjery's hand flew to her throat. The mail-bag was dropped with a thud at her feet.

"*Tina boueelee, Inkossikos*" (I've come, mistress), said a soft voice.

All Marjery could see was a flash of white teeth and a form duskier than the dusk.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Old Briar

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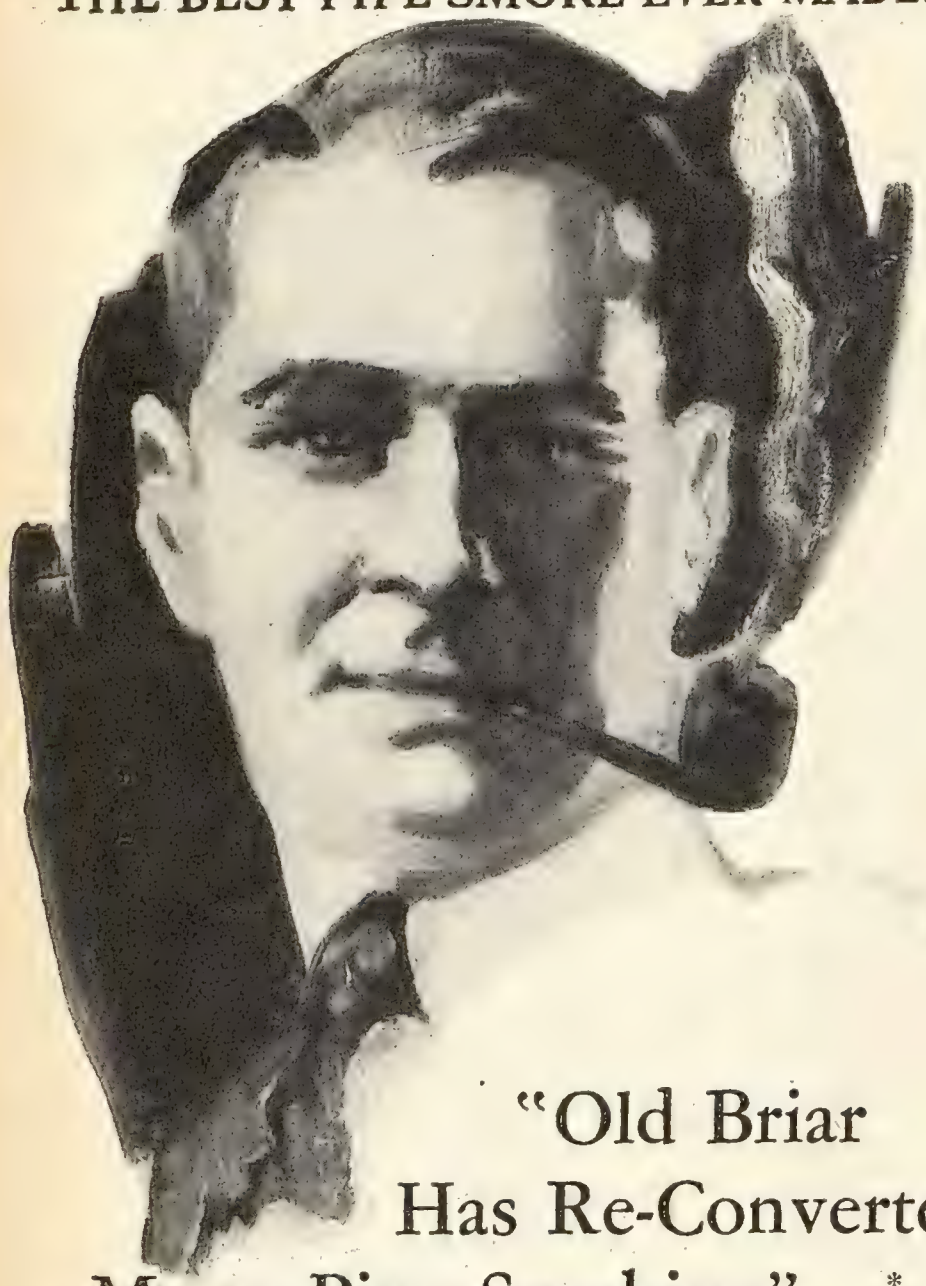

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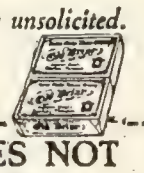

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UNITED STATES TOBACCO CO., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.

[THE LADY AND THE LION
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

"You frightened me, Candle!" Marjery's voice was a bit breathless.

"Sorry, Inkossikos. The train did not come quickly. I waited a long time at the siding."

"All right, Candle. Now you can go to the compound. Here is a present." She tossed him a cigaret.

"Thank you, Inkossikos." Silently the barefooted boy melted into the darkness.

A burst of laughter came from the kitchen. The living-dining-room was suddenly flooded with light as Tickie lit the lamps.

"Hi! Marj! Has the mail come?" Jake shouted.

With a rush, the every-day world became real and bustling with homely doings. The tight feeling left Marjery's throat.

"Yes. Just came in," Marjery called back. "Hurry up. Dinner's ready."

SHE went into the hut, unlocked the bag, and dumped the mail on the table. Jake flipped through his pile of letters and picked out one from the Farmers' Co-operative. He frowned and glanced quickly at Marjery as he read it.

"What is it, Jake?"

"There's a meeting of the Co-op at Lusaka over the week-end."

"You must go?" Marjery asked.

"I ought to."

"And I?" she asked again.

"I'd love to take you, darling, but—"

He tore open an envelope with the bank's letter-head and handed her the statement of their account.

Marjery bit her lip.

"Well! I guess that's the answer. Oh, well, when the crop is sold we will go to the Falls for a week-end."

Jake kissed her suddenly. "You are a brick, sweetheart," he whispered against her ear.

Inwardly Marjery patted herself on the back. Jake had not seen she was afraid. Three nights, two whole days, and parts of two more days she would be alone. Lions had been around last night, and Jake was going out to meet them tonight. What if they did not return now, but waited until she was alone?

During the evening Marjery answered Jake's questions automatically, but with such bright smiles he thought she had forgotten that lions existed.

"Thank God she's not worried," thought Jake.

About eight-thirty a discreet cough sounded outside the door.

"Mafaeking?" Jake called.

"*Inde, Inkos.*"

Marjery's heart missed a beat at sight of Mafaeking. The hideous night was beginning.

Jake took his rifles from the wall, gave one to Mafaeking, and stroked the barrel of the other lovingly.

"Hold your thumbs, Marj," he said. "I've never gotten a lion, and I certainly do want to get one of the beggars."

"Yes, I'll hold my thumbs," Marjery answered. "You are off now?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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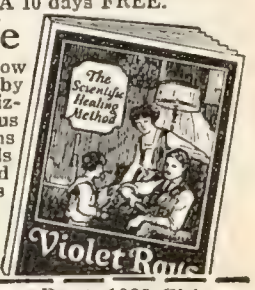

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

"I'd better be moving along. It's long past dark now. Don't you worry, sweetheart. I've put the shotgun by your bed to make you feel better."

Marjery's throat felt tight and dry.

"I'll be all right, Jake. Trot along. Good luck!"

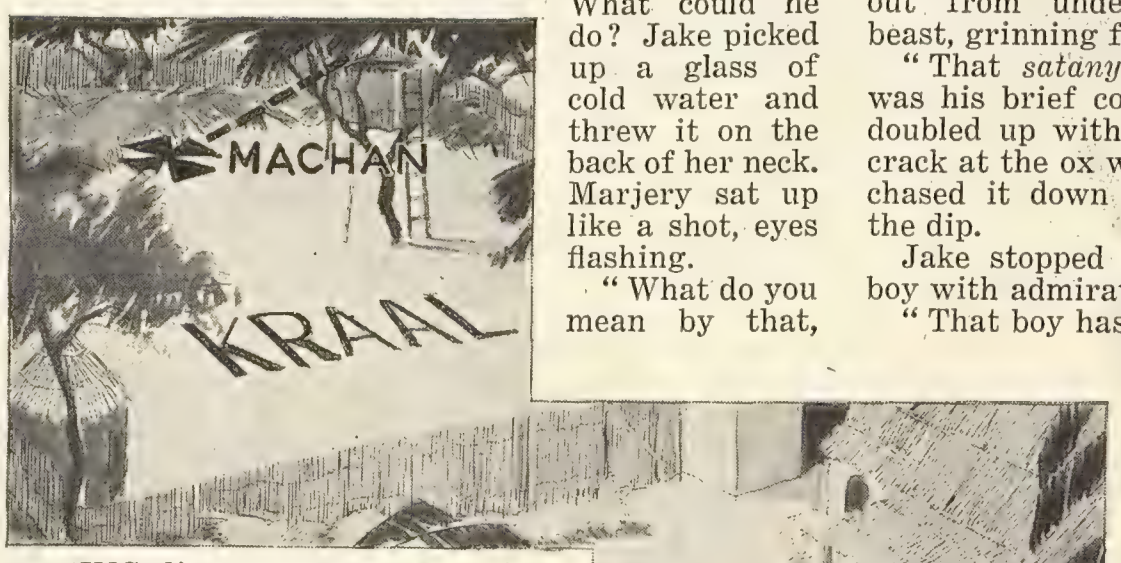
She held tight to the back of a chair as she kissed Jake good night.

Marjery listened until she could no longer hear the crunch of his footsteps; then she sank into her chair. Lions around! Lions around! And no one but a savage with her. She stared through the door. She had never seen such a black night. She started as Mafaeking melted into the doorway again.

"You need not be afraid, Inkossikos," he said softly. "It would be good for you to go to sleep. Morning will come quickly then."

Marjery lifted her chin. "I am not afraid, Mafaeking," she said with a brave defiance.

"That is good, Inkossikos. I will be right here; I will not sleep," Mafaeking assured her, and slipped back into the blackness.



THIS diagram shows the house and the kraal, and the machan from which the lady shot the lion. The cross indicates where the lion fell.

Marjery heard the tinkle of his m'pira. When she thought that she had stayed up long enough to prove her courage, she closed the front door and went into the adjoining bedroom.

The shotgun stood by her bed. She shuddered. She had never fired a gun, and was almost as much afraid of one as of lions. Quickly she undressed, blew out her candle, and crawled under the mosquito-net.

HOUR after hour she lay staring at the blackness above her. She heard no rifle-shot, nothing but the oppressive silence, heavy with sinister import. What if the lions were stalking her hut? What if they had gotten Jake on his way to the machan? What was Mafaeking doing? She had been told that natives hated all the whites.

She felt as though every taut muscle had ears straining to hear something. Like a refrain, the thought went through her mind that she should get her sheaf of grass ready; but her body would not respond. She lay rigid, hour after hour after hour.

Toward morning she must have dropped off to sleep; for as she fearfully opened her eyes it was light and Jake was tiptoeing around. The relief of seeing him was so great she burst into tears. Hysterically she sobbed and gasped.

Jake was struck dumb for an instant.

"What the hell!" he stammered. Then, "Marj! Marj, darling, what is the matter?"

"Lions? Were there any lions?" gasped Marjery.

"No. The brutes didn't return," Jake answered. "But what is the matter?"

Marjery could not answer. Her shoulders shook with sobs. She gasped for breath.

"Eewe! Mafaeking!" Jake called. "Tell the cook to bring coffee quickly."

He turned to Marjery and patted her shoulder awkwardly.

"There, there, sweetheart. Everything is all right. Don't cry. What is it?"

Jake felt frantic. He was worried, frazzled after a fruitless night and worry about Marjery. And now this. The boy brought coffee.

"Here's some coffee, Marj. Drink that."

The gasping sobs did not stop. What could he do? Jake picked up a glass of cold water and threw it on the back of her neck. Marjery sat up like a shot, eyes flashing.

"What do you mean by that, Jake Otis? What kind of a man are you? You bring me to this outrageous country, leave me alone at night with lions around and only a brute to guard me, then you come back and throw cold water on me!"

Marjery's voice broke on a high, hysterical scream. Jake was at the end of his patience.

"Here, drink this coffee," he ordered her. "We'll talk this over afterward. I was only trying to bring you out of your hysterics."

THEN he turned and walked quietly out of the room. He did not trust his temper. It was a damn good joke. Now that he had Marjery and the farm was beginning to pay and his herd increasing, he would have to give it up because Marjery was afraid of every sight and sound. Breakfast stuck in his throat.

It was not as though Marjery had had a single bad experience except those that came from her imagination. Only Marjery could cure that, and either she could not or would not. He lighted a cigaret and started for the door. It was best not to see Marjery just now. But she met him at the door, white, limp, big-eyed.

"Oh, Jake!" She put out a beseeching hand.

Jake patted her shoulder kindly. "Never mind, Marj. Let's not talk about it. I'll chuck the farm and we will go some place where you will be happy. Don't worry any more. I can't stop now; I must get to work."

He kissed her lightly and went off with the best smile he could muster.

A tight feeling inside of Marjery warned her that this was not the Jake she knew. He had said he was going to give up the farm. In other words, she had failed!

She sprang up from the table, put on her helmet, and went after Jake. It was Friday, so he would be dipping the cattle.

JUST as she came in sight of the pole kraal surrounding the runway, her heart stood still. A cattle-beeste fell on Johnny, the cattle-boy, and rolled over on him. Her scream made Jake spin toward her, his face white. Johnny crawled out from under the surprised beast, grinning from ear to ear.

"That *satanyok* fell on me!" was his brief comment before he doubled up with laughter, took a crack at the ox with his whip, and chased it down the runway into the dip.

Jake stopped and watched the boy with admiration.

"That boy has guts," he said to Marjery. Then, "What do you want, Marj? Your scream on top of Johnny's fall scared me."

"I want to talk to you, Jake," she said in a low voice. "Let Johnny finish dipping the cattle."

"I can't now, Marj. We have the worst brutes to get in yet. It isn't important, is it?"

"Yes, it is. It's about giving up this farm."

"Oh, that!" Jake answered airily. "That's settled, my dear, and I have work to do."

Jake stood silent for a few moments, deliberating; then he continued:

"Look here, Marj. We are married, and I love you, and I'd rather we succeeded at being married than at this farming of mine. Evidently we can't succeed at both. So we chuck the farm and try something else. That's settled."

"It's not settled," stormed Marjery. "If you try anything else you'll hold it against me all my life."

"In other words, you'll take to imagining that instead of farm bogies?" Jake asked icily.

"It won't be imagination," Marjery answered. "You won't be able to help it."

"I can promise you that won't be true. But, if you don't believe me, what do you suggest?"

"That we try another six months."

"And end in hating each other?"

"Are you beginning to hate me?" asked Marjery.

"I'm beginning to be very impatient of your fears and hysterics. We can't go on this way."

"And we can't go to what you

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

He isn't scared . . .

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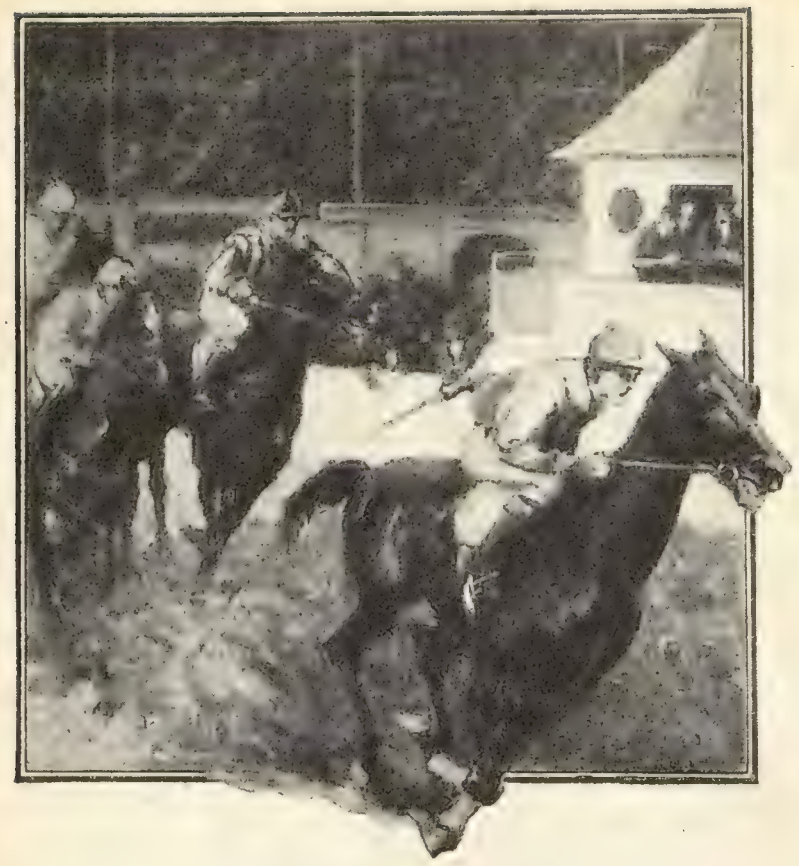

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RADIO IS *BETTER* WITH DRY BATTERY POWER

[THE LADY AND THE LION
Continued from Page Forty-nine]

call morbid city life; you'll hate that."

"You only imagine that I will. I'll be happy if you are."

"No, you won't," Marjery contradicted him.

"You imagine that."

Marjery flushed angrily, but stopped a retort in time. "There is no point in this arguing, Jake."

"Right," answered Jake. "You can imagine what it would be in another six months."

"Or another six years!" Marjery answered hotly. "It's no use if you won't listen to reason."

"Reason?" asked Jake.

"Yes, reason. You lay everything to my imagination. Why not give me time to get adjusted?"

"Because I'm afraid that in the time it would take we'd learn to hate each other heartily."

"You mean you'd hate me," Marjery stormed. She was on the verge of tears.

"Oh, come now, Marj. Let's call this off. I'm sick of it."

"And sick of me, too. But I won't give up and be a millstone around the neck of a long-suffering, martyred husband." Marjery was crying now.

Jake burst out laughing. "Come on, Marj. Pull yourself together. You're not giving up. I am."

Jake tried to take her hand, but she flounced off. Jake went back to the cattle.

By the time Marjery reached the kias she was ashamed of herself, but just as determined to keep Jake on the farm. It was easy for him to say that he would be happy at other work, but she knew better.

What could she do? She longed for some miracle to change her point of view, and for time, if only a few days, to stave off this headlong step. Jake was so stubborn!

THROUGHOUT the day Marjery and Jake avoided each other. Both were torn two ways: Marjery between dejection and a desperate determination to keep Jake on the farm; Jake between dejection at giving up the farm and hope that happiness would be the result.

Just as Marjery was about to step into bed, a long, fat, pink spider ran up the wall at the head of her bed. She snatched up a towel, struck it to the floor, and stepped on it. Jake watched, open-mouthed. The last time she had seen one, she had turned him cold with her screams.

"Marjery!" Jake gasped. "Do you know what you stepped on?"

"A spider," Marjery answered absent-mindedly, then rushed into a speech she had rehearsed half the day:

"Jake, will you please not do anything about selling the farm while you are at the Co-op meeting? Just give me those few days. Something might happen. If it doesn't, we can be no worse off; but if it does, I'll have won."

"But what for, Marj? Let's not try to talk about it again."

"No; I don't want to. I just want you to give me a chance when I am alone. I didn't mind the spider, did I?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

"No; but I don't see what difference three days will make to you, and I might start up a buyer."

"Perhaps. But just give me those days, Jake, and if I fail I'll not squeal," begged Marjery.

Jake shrugged. "All right, my dear. Have it your own way."

Marjery hugged Jake, then crawled into bed. At least she was three days to the good, alone with natives and lions. The thought brought a wave of numb terror, but in the darkness Jake could not know that.

At 6 o'clock Jake was packing his suitcase. Marjery watched him, a wan misery showing through her forced smiles and small talk.

Jake hated to leave her. But Marjery would not listen to his suggestion that he remain. She was possessed with the idea that she was going to stay on the farm alone.

Marjery watched Jake until the suitcase bobbing on the head of the carrier behind him disappeared under the crest of a rise. Then she turned indoors, looking for work.

BY noon there was not a sock to be darned or a patch to be put on. In the afternoon she invaded the kitchen, in spite of Rice's filed teeth, and showed him how to make her favorite chocolate cake.

"The Inkos tells me your brothers eat people, Rice. Is that why you learned to cook?" she asked him, with a laugh.

The boy squirmed in embarrassment. "A long time ago, Inkossikos. Now they don't eat people."

"Did you ever eat a person?" Marjery persisted.

The boy doubled up with laughter and looked away. "No, Inkossikos."

"Not even when you were so young you didn't know better?"

"Perhaps, when I was very young, I ate a finger," Rice said, not looking at her.

It suddenly struck Marjery as funny that some one should be embarrassed about having eaten a little finger. At her laugh Rice turned in surprise and grinned with delight. He had never heard the missus laugh that way before.

At nightfall Mafaeking appeared to sleep on the veranda. About 9 o'clock Marjery went to bed, determined to go to sleep, so that morning would come quickly. But when she blew out her candle her fears stole in with the blackness. Mafaeking's m'pira and the blood beating in her ears were the only sounds through hour after hour, each hour an eternity.

After she had lived through ages of listening, there was a distant sound of the cattle shifting uneasily in their kraal. Then a lion roared—a long, terrifying, magnificent sound that shattered the silence for miles. There was the death-bellow of an ox. Marjery's heart stood still.

AS the lion's roar died out, pandemonium broke loose in the compound. Fires blazed up. Natives yelled and shouted themselves hoarse. Dogs barked and yelped. Marjery forced herself out of bed and went to the front door.

"Lions, Inkossikos," stated Mafaeking. "They got one of the *n'kave*. We made a fire to keep them away."

The flames of the fires started high, but Marjery could not see to the kraal.

"The cattle have all run away?" she asked. "But we will get them."

"Yes, missus," answered Mafaeking.

"Where are the lions?" Marjery asked.

"They must have run away. Perhaps they will try to come back tomorrow night to eat their meat."

"How many lions, Mafaeking?" Marjery asked.

"Perhaps two."

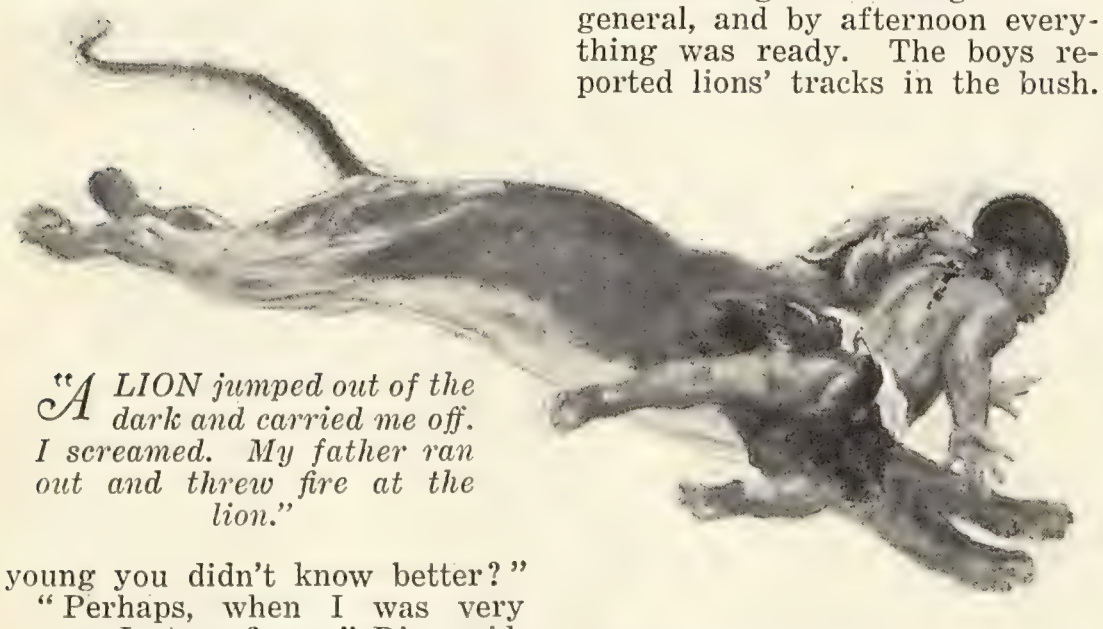
Marjery could not go to bed. She wrapped herself in a blanket and sat on the veranda. It was comforting to be with human beings. Toward dawn she dozed off. When she woke up the world was turning gray.

"Wait, Mafaeking," she ordered. "I want to go over to the kraal."

"Inkossikos!" exclaimed Mafaeking.

"Yes," Marjery insisted, and flew to her room to dress. She was determined to know what had happened to Jake's precious ox.

Mafaeking took charge like a general, and by afternoon everything was ready. The boys reported lions' tracks in the bush.



"A LION jumped out of the dark and carried me off. I screamed. My father ran out and threw fire at the lion."

They thought the lions must be lying up near by, waiting for night to return to their kill.

For the first time Marjery put on knickerbockers. When Mafaeking came for her about 5 o'clock, her knees felt weak. Mafaeking took down Jake's rifle and showed her how to work the lock and sight it. She followed his instructions mechanically, subconsciously wondering if she had gone mad. But with every thought of Jake she was determined to avenge his ox.

"We must go now, Inkossikos,"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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7-day supply of this utterly NEW way to try, *Costs less to use than soiling and laundering towels*

THERE is now a *new and utterly different way* of removing cold cream. The first way yet discovered that removes *all* grease, grime and germ-laden accumulations in soothing gentleness to the skin.

Once you try it, you will never again use towels, cloths or paper makeshift methods for this purpose. It ends their dangers to the skin. It is cheaper to use than soiling and laundering towels.

Nearly every star of stage or screen—*almost without exception*—employs it. Virtually every prominent beauty authority endorses it. Skin experts widely urge it.

Let us send you a 7-day supply to try. Its effect on your skin will amaze you after a few days' use. Its spotless convenience will delight you.

Ends two beauty mistakes

It ends the soiled towel method, judged dangerous to skin beauty. Too often you thus *rub dirty cold cream back into the skin.* That fosters skin blemishes. It invites blackheads. It is a prime cause of oily skin and nose conditions.

To use cold cream effectively, you must remove it *all* from the skin. Towels, cloths, paper substitutes, etc., won't do it.

It ends, too, the mistaken use of too harsh paper makeshifts; not sufficiently absorbent to thoroughly cleanse, too harsh for delicate skin fabric.

End those mistakes, and you'll note an amazing difference *quickly* in your skin.

Send coupon

A few days' use will prove the results of the Kleenex 'Kerchief beyond all question or doubt. Mail the coupon. A full 7-day supply will be sent you.

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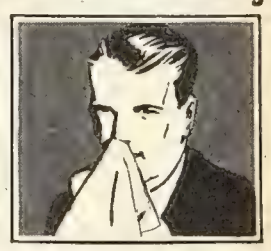
ABSORBENT
'KERCHIEFS
To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

For COLDS

Never again use a Handkerchief



They Re-infect—Spread Germ Contagion

MANY doctors advise that Kleenex 'Kerchiefs be substituted for ordinary handkerchiefs when one has a cold. For damp handkerchiefs are germ carriers. They actually re-infect the user. And colds, hay fever and influenza contagions thus are often spread—aggravated.

You use a fresh Kleenex 'Kerchief every time and *discard AT ONCE* germ-breeding excretions. Being dry and absorbent, they largely end chapped and irritated nostrils. Next cold, carry Kleenex with you.

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes to fit your dressing table drawer:
In 2 size packages— (Sheets 90 sq. ins.)
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7-Day Supply—FREE

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"CHICAGOS" have made roller skating a fascinating pastime. You can go anywhere on the silent, shock-absorbing rubber tires that outwear steel wheels—you can skate farther, faster and easier on the "high speed" disc wheels which spin ten times longer on the special ball bearings.

"CHICAGOS" are *safe*—prevent slipping at any speed, stop with "four-wheel" brakes. While they cost a little more they last twice as long as ordinary skates and eliminate the nuisance of noise.

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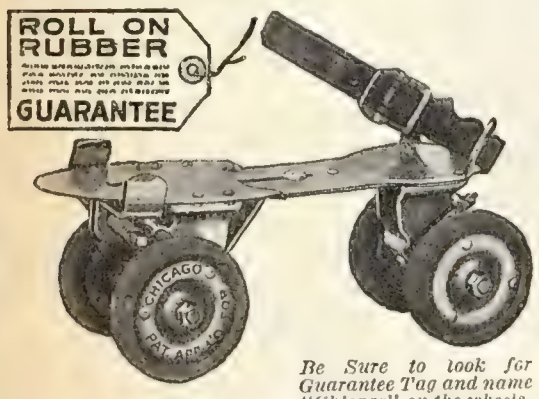
FREE BOOK
"How to Roller Skate"

A book for both children and grown-ups. Complete instructions in correct roller skating. Proper position of body, how to start, turn and stop—how to acquire more speed—races, games, etc. Write for it today.



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Men and Women! How Much Weight Do You Want to Gain in 30 Days?

One Very Thin Man Gained 28 Pounds in Eight Weeks

Tens of thousands of exceedingly thin, yes, scrawny men and women have taken McCoy's Tablets and put on pounds of good, firm flesh.

Not only will McCoy's increase weight, but taken regularly will cause frail rundown men and women to grow stronger and more energetic.

If the millions of skinny, scrawny men and women in America will start today and put their faith in McCoy's, increased weight, health and attractiveness may be theirs.

So why not start today? Why not fill out those deep hollows in neck, cheeks, and chest? Why go on through life with sunken cheeks and narrow chest when you can take advantage of this straightforward offer?

McCoy takes all the risk—Read this ironclad guarantee. If after taking 4 sixty cent boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 One Dollar boxes any thin, underweight man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—your druggist is authorized to return the purchase price.

The name McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets has been shortened—just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store in America.

[THE LADY AND THE LION
Continued from Page Fifty-one]

Mafaeking said. "We want to be settled in the tree before the sun goes down."

He took up the rifles, and all Marjery could do was follow.

When she reached the machan she was amazed. It was two feet thick, with grass to make a soft bed. Water-sacks hung on a limb. Her blankets were spread out. A bottle of tea and a box of sandwiches were there. The batteries were to one side and the lamp was trained on the kill.

Mafaeking had arranged it all. He had even had a roof made, in case it rained. Yet she had thought him a savage!

When she was settled, Mafaeking came up and settled in a corner. The sun went down. There was no sound but the shifting and breathing of the cattle below them. Beyond the kill the grassy veld rolled down to a little stream. On the other side of it rose a bush-covered hill. The lions were probably waiting there.

Little fires flickered in the compound. The silhouette of boys' figures sometimes passed in front of the flames.

At last the fires, one by one, slowly died down. The stars were bright. There was a faint breeze that stirred the leaves of the tree. For the first time Marjery relaxed and let herself be saturated with the vast peace of sky and stars.

Finally Mafaeking touched her elbow and lay flat. She could just see his black head nod in the direction of the long grass. Slowly, cautiously, she picked up her rifle and trained it toward the kill. Mafaeking did the same.

Then she heard a twig break. Swish, swish, swish, came the pad of lions' feet. There was a savage growl, and then another. Marjery's breath came in little gasps. Would Mafaeking never give the signal and turn on the light? Then he did. The light flooded down on the kill and two lions, the male snarling up at them.

For an eternal instant Marjery waited and took her sights. When Mafaeking breathed, "Shoot," Marjery pulled her trigger, and the next second Mafaeking's rifle crashed. The lion crumpled up where he lay, with only two dull grunts. The lioness dropped where Mafaeking shot her in her leap.

Marjery could not believe her eyes. She had shot a lion!

"*Ena feelee*, missus!" bellowed Mafaeking.

"*Ena feelee!*" shouted Marjery. "They won't kill any more cattle!"

FOR half an hour they kept the light on, gloating over the kill. Marjery thrilled over the black mane and the size of her lion. She could hardly wait for morning, so that she could go down and look him over.

What would Jake say now? She was afraid of nothing! She had killed a lion. She, Marjery, who had never fired a shot before, had killed the lion that had killed Jake's ox.

At last she could see the compound, shadowy in the gray of dawn. When the gray was lighted with yellow, Mafaeking allowed her to follow him down the ladder to see the lions. The male was a huge old brute with a big black mane. With a pleasant feeling of horror, Marjery examined his huge hooked claws and felt the muscles of the powerful fore legs.

Every native in the compound gathered round to kick the lions, spit on them, sing Marjery's praises, chant pæans of joy that the lions would kill no more cattle.

Marjery walked on air. That night the delirious boom of the tom-toms and the songs of the natives thrilled her. Alone, she went to the compound to watch the dancing.

When the boys saw her they howled and danced in a frenzy of praise.

DURING the night Marjery wakened at intervals to hear the pulsing syncopation of the tom-toms and the clapping and the singing of the natives. Her every thought was of Jake and the lions. The miracle had happened. She was not afraid any more. Would Jake believe it? He must, she insisted to herself. Oh, he must!

The next day the stretched and drying lions' skins drew her like magnets from her chores. Surely Jake would believe in her now! The third day every moment dragged by as though it carried a ball and chain. A boy told her he had heard the steamer's whistle. Two hours to go, provided Jake walked in in a hurry.

Marjery got into her knickerbockers. She haunted the lions' skins, stretching near the path down which Jake would come.

He saw her before she saw him, or thought he did. That surely was Marjery's red-gold hair. But knickerbockers! Surely not on Marjery! What was she looking at? And, stranger still, she seemed to be talking and laughing with Mafaeking.

"The Inkos is coming," said Mafaeking.

Haltingly Marjery turned and leaped into Jake's arms.

"Oh, Jake, I'm glad you've come!"

But Jake could hardly take his eyes off the skins.

"What has happened, Marjery?" he asked, half fearfully.

"You tell him, Mafaeking," Marjery ordered.

And Mafaeking told the tale as Marjery never could have done. Jake listened dumbfounded. He could hardly believe his eyes and ears. Yet to look at Marjery was proof.

She radiated pride and joy. She was a different person.

"Jake," murmured Marjery, when Mafaeking had finished, "you won't sell the farm, will you? I'm not afraid of *anything* any more."

For answer Jake crushed her in his arms again.

"Lord! No, sweetheart. We are a team now."

THE END

A POSITIVE RAGE

This polish for starry shell-pink nails

The irresistible flutter of bright star-lit finger tips!

The marvelous polish that does such wonders for workaday finger tips is made by Cutex.

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Let Your Face Have an Unblemished Record

By EILEEN BOURNE

IN The Merry Wives of Windsor, *Mistress Quickly* asks a certain gentleman, "Have not your worship a wart above your eye?" "Yes, marry have I," he replies; "what of that?" "Well," she answers, "thereby hangs a tale."

And, indeed, *Mistress Quickly* is right. Quite a tale hangs on the elimination of warts, moles, and other blemishes upon the fair cheek of beauty. And mayhap you'll think it a sorry tale to speak of blemishes at all. Yet a large part of the art of loveliness is to face each defect and overcome it.

At the same time common sense must not be forgot, and every tiny flaw need not put you in a pet. For, truly, there is a small, flat mole—dark, hairless, and discreetly placed—which so enhances the white skin encompassing it that it is rightly called "a beauty spot" and to remove it were a pity.

Not so the wart. For its surface is rough and scaly and its coloring of yellow or brown makes it unseemly. Nobody knows exactly how these strange small growths come to plague us—except that they absolutely are not the result, as superstition has it, of handling toads.

Physicians do know, however, that there are five varieties, and that only one sort—the senile wart appearing in old age—has any tendency to break down into malignant tissue.

They are conversant, also, with several ways of removing them, and urge us to have them off at once.

An internal medicine has recently been discovered which often makes them disappear.

Other methods, which apply equally well to warts, moles, and to birthmarks, include surgery, electrolysis, the application of caustics, radium, X-rays, and a carbodioxid freezing. It takes considerable study of a case to determine which method is best. Never let any one but an expert doctor touch any growth or blemish upon your skin.

Therefore, beware the quacks who advertise! And be equally cautious when sirens of the average beauty parlor implore you to let them remove spots and excrescences! The risk is too great. Be advised by your physician and go only to the specialist he recommends or to a dermatological clinic of reputation. At such a place, however, you need have no fear. Practically painless are these treatments and entirely thorough.

Dr. Oscar L. Levine, Chief of Clinic at Cornell University Medical College, who has written a standard work upon the skin and its care, has no hesitation in urging women to have all these blemishes removed by expert hands.

"Why suffer any disfigurement?" he asks, "when medical science is equipped to relieve you?"

Indeed, in the case of moles particularly, he and several other physicians consulted in this matter urge the danger of delaying their removal. A perfectly flat mole of auspicious location might be permitted to remain with impunity. But those with a raised surface are likely to become enlarged or infected.

If they are so placed that any article of clothing rubs them, or that they are subject to any friction, they are apt to become malignant.

Watch these growths carefully, and if they start to expand or to become inflamed, go at once to a dermatologist. It is better still to have them off in childhood. Mothers, take heed!

Hesitation is all the more pointless because the process is simple and effective. You are much better looking without those little raised nodules so often sprigged with wiry hairs. They contribute no charm to your personality.

Nowadays, even if it seems best to the expert to remove them with a knife, his skill is so great that practically no scar is left.

AND here is another cheering bit of news: A specialist who for several years devoted himself only to war victims suffering from facial wounds, has perfected a technique for reducing and removing facial scars. Nor is he the only one.

Therefore, if for some reason you have on face, neck, or arms the disfiguring trace of accident or imperfect operation, do not despair.

It can be obliterated.

Thus, you see, we have not told you a sorry tale, but one full of hope and comfort. Only go to the right source and help is at hand to make you "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelop for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the enclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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(Please print or write plainly in ink)
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BEAUTY REGAINED!

DESPITE all warnings, fair femininity, for the most part, permitted the past summer to tamper ruthlessly with her beauty! Now tantalizing relics—*squint lines at the eyes, freckles, tan, open pores and a coarsened skin-texture*—detract obviously from her autumnal charms.

To obliterate all signs of summer exposure, HELENA RUBINSTEIN, *internationally-famous beauty specialist*, comes to the rescue with gently effective bleaches—anti-wrinkle cream—pore-refiners—and bracing, stimulating creations that counteract *skin-fatigue* and promote fresh, sparkling complexions!

Special Correctives

Valaze Bleaching Cream—A mild whitener—clears away tan, light freckles. (1.00)

Valaze Freckle Cream—Effaces obstinate freckles and stubborn tan. (1.50)

Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros)—corrects crowsfeet, "squint lines," wrinkles, dry shriveled skin. (1.75)

Valaze Pore Paste Special—washes away blackheads, refines pores. (1.00)

Ideal for Daily Care

Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream — thoroughly cleanses—molds out "tired look"—the only cleansing cream that benefits oily or pimpled skins—excellent powder base. (1.00)

Valaze Cleansing & Massage Cream—for dry, sensitive skins, alternating it with the Pasteurized Cream every other night. Quickly removes make-up. (75c, 1.25).

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—*the skin-clearing masterpiece*—animates, bleaches mildly, creates exquisite delicacy. (1.00)

Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion — freshens, tones and braces—prevents fine lines. (1.25)

CHIC FINISHING TOUCHES!

Valaze Powders, Rouges, Lipsticks, Compacts—exquisitely pure and protective—in flattering tints. (1.00 to 5.50)

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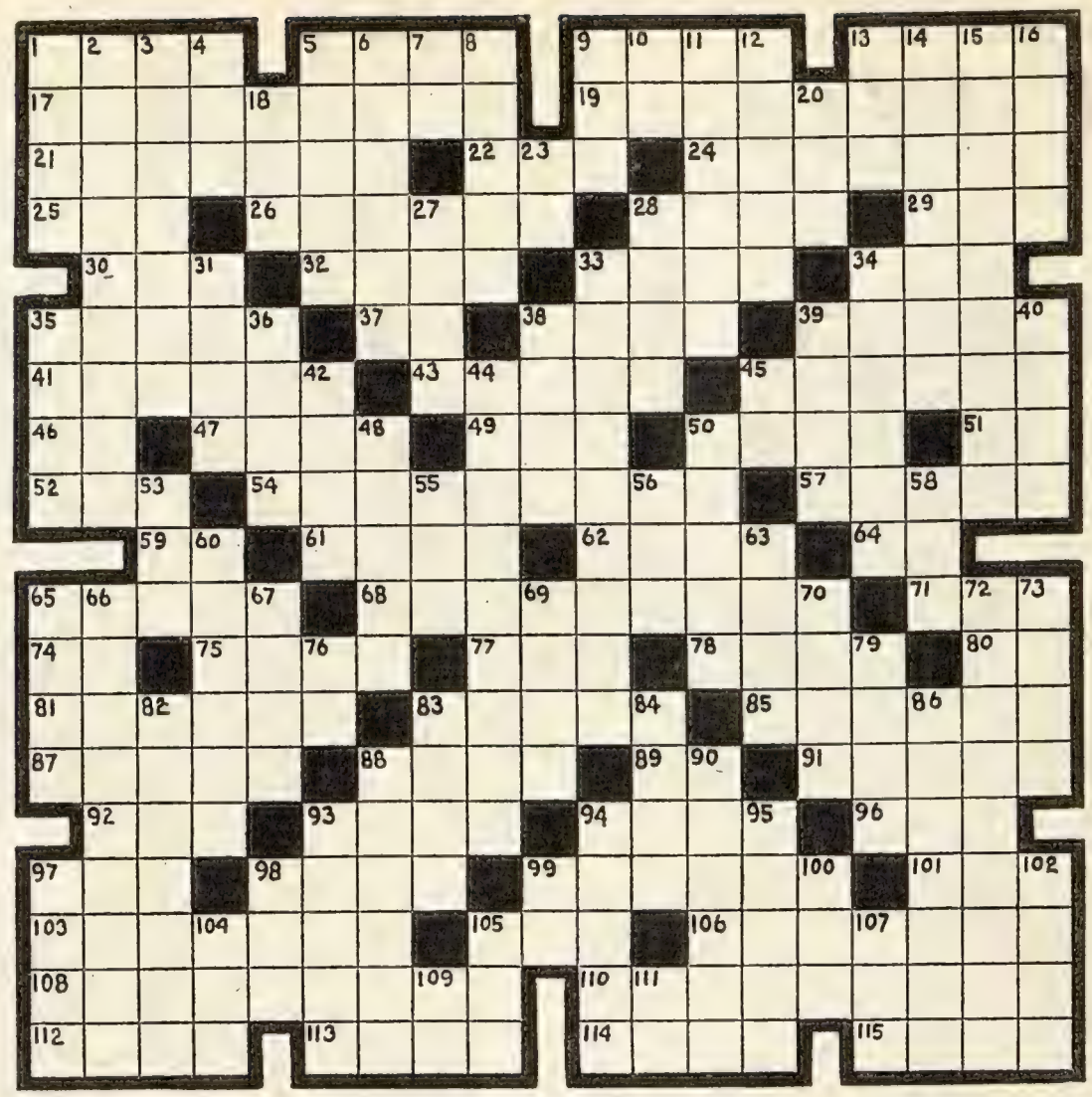
Kindly send me without charge full individual instructions for daily care of my skin.

( ) Dry Skin ( ) Enlarged Pores
( ) Oily Skin ( ) Double Chin
( ) Average Skin ( ) Puffy Eyes
( ) Wrinkles ( ) Flabbiness
( ) Crowsfeet ( ) Tan, Freckles
( ) Sallowness ( ) Pimples, Acne
( ) Blackheads ( ) Hollows

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
Dealer's Name.....

For Cross Words—$25

LIBERTY pays $25 for the best Cross-Word Puzzles—there are no prizes for *solutions*. Remember about interlocking the design all over, and to keep unkeyed letters at a minimum, as well as the other well known—but sometimes neglected—rules. If you wish your contribution returned, or an answer to a question, enclose a stamped, addressed envelop. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 57

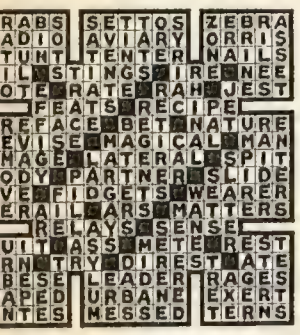
By SAM YOULTEN, Walkerville, Montana

HORIZONTAL

1 Barren
5 Mud
9 Ripens or matures, as wine
13 Formerly
17 A pressure gage
19 Situated behind
21 Publication officials
22 A disease of sheep
24 Admitting remedy
25 Immature insect
26 Abounded
28 Narrow strip or band
29 A morsel
30 Assist
32 Wheelless vehicle
33 To give way to dejection
34 Fabulous bird
35 Entirely
37 Syllable in the sol-fa system
38 Free of defilement
39 A craze
41 Ill
43 Ravines
45 Lifts
46 Not
47 Small body of standing water
49 A nephew of Abraham
50 Billows
51 An exclamation
52 African antelope
54 Immemorial custom
57 Small, pulpy fruit
59 Therefore
61 A city in Holland
62 A Chinese weight
64 Execute
65 Revise
68 Given to luxury
71 To obstruct
74 An exclamation
75 Four-wheeled wagon
77 Drowse
78 Regretted
80 Letter of the Greek alphabet
81 Notoriously bad
83 Captured
85 Hurled
87 A shop
88 Satisfy to repletion
89 A bone
91 Rotates
92 To wander about
93 A cereal grass
94 Jog
96 Receptacle for goods
97 Obstruct
98 Practise deception in love
99 A mountain in Armenia
101 Upper part of an apron
103 Disturb or excite
105 Corroded
106 A rostrum
108 Habitations
110 Estranged
112 To move by little and little
113 Cease
114 Bonds
115 A promontory

VERTICAL

1 So be it
2 Emission and diffusion of rays
3 Pertaining to the beginning
4 Small mark
5 Lakes or pools
6 A pronoun
7 A note of the scale
8 Wandered
9 Likely
10 Pass from one spot to another
11 Get free from confinement
12 Compress of soft material
13 Period
14 Bands of silk
15 Petitioner
16 Allowance for waste
18 A witticism
20 Sooner than
23 An alleged force
27 Meadow
28 Rocky pinnacles
31 Fall in drops
33 A throng
34 Elevated
35 Chanted
36 To entangle
38 To conspire
39 A son of Lot
40 Pale
42 Blood
44 To exclude
45 A pronoun
48 Burdened
50 To scoff
53 Employ
55 To dibble
56 To row
58 To plunder
60 Forward
63 To praise
65 Exclamation of sorrow
66 Pledged, as for a loan
67 A Scandinavian
69 A fuel
70 Tidy
72 Range of mountains in Italy
73 Frees from
76 A pronoun
79 To thrash
82 Roving
83 Diplomacy
84 Feminine proper name
86 Testimonial
88 Mute
90 A sally
93 Ceremonials
94 To negotiate
95 Weeds
97 Fruit of a palm
98 To crowd
99 By
100 A metal
102 Couches
104 A mound
105 A viper
107 To forbid
109 Toward
111 Chinese measure of length



Answer to Puzzle No. 56

Their buoyancy and pep begins with their heels

VIBRANT with life—full of lasting energy and springiness, "U. S." Spring-Step Rubber Heels bring added pep and added youth at every age. ¶ For young folks and old, "U. S." Spring-Step Heels are strength savers, ironing out the rough spots, giving an extra little lift to every stride. ¶ Tell your repairman you want "U. S." Spring-Step Rubber Heels.

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"U.S." SPRING-STEP RUBBER HEELS

Creators of the famous USKIDE Soles—
"The Wonder Sole for Wear"

Cries of "AUTHOR! AUTHOR!"

Why Writers of Musical Comedies Break Down and Weep

An Article by
J. P. McEVOY
Pictures by JOHN H. STRIEBEL

(Reading time: 17 minutes 20 seconds.)

ONE of those gay, gaudy, and giddy revues was in the preliminary throes of dress rehearsal in New York—show, theater, and producer are nameless so far as you are concerned—when a large gentleman waddled lyrically down to the footlights and announced, "I am Omar Khayyam."

A voice from the dark auditorium shouted, "Omar *of* Khayyam."

The actor—if such he was; there are so few in musical shows and one must be careful—well, anyway, the "artist" paused and peered out into the gloomy cavern. "It's in my part 'Omar Khayyam.'"

Voice from the dark: "I should worry what it says in your part. I'm producing this show, and I say it is Omar *of* Khayyam."

The artist saluted smartly, went back to the wings for a new entrance, and came out once more: "I am Omar *of* Khayyam."

The familiar screams of an anguished author pierced the air.

"But, Mr. Blank," cried the author, for it was indeed he, "it *is* Omar Khayyam!"

And then the producer: "Khayyam was where he came from and Omar was his name, so it's Omar of Khayyam, and, besides, whose show is this?"

Well, he certainly had him there, and "Omar of Khayyam" it was, for the time being. But a few minutes later a dark figure crept up to the producer and whispered into his ear. No one knows what was said on this momentous occasion. But when the final dress rehearsal was in progress, the next night, came the strains of the "Khayyam number," and the artist once more walked down to the footlights. He announced rhapsodically: "I am Omar of Khayyam."

"Stop!" shouted a well remembered voice from the darkness. The artist trembled. "The '*of*' is out," rang the voice. And then, by way of explanation, "The show is too long anyway."

Stories like this are usually hung on the producers of movies, but the so-called legitimate Broadway producers are entitled to their full share. There is the story told of one producer who wanted to get hold of The Captive, after Gilbert Miller closed it down.

His publicity man said, "They won't let you produce it either." And he whispered furtively, "The two principal characters are Lesbians."

His boss came back with: "That's all right; we'll just make them Americans."

But these are minor changes compared to what can be done. Not only can, but is. Those plastic surgeons who can lift a face to any given height without dropping it, would die of envy if they could see what can be done to a musical-comedy book being turned into something which will run a year on Broadway, God willing!

YOU have written a book, say, for a musical comedy. It is a sweet thing and whimsical. There is romance in it and adventure and humor of a high degree, and the locales are pleasing but novel withal, while the characters are unusual yet fraught with dramatic potentialities, if you get me.

And so, flushed with pride and exuberant with pardonable enthusiasm, you sally forth to find a producer.

Well, you find one and you tell him you have a book for a musical comedy that is different. Immediately his eyes narrow. What in heaven's name does he want with a musical comedy that is "different"? For years he has been producing the same one under different titles and it is always a success.

But you are persistent, and there is something sweet in your young enthusiasm, and your eyes shine so that he, too, remembers he was young once and that he, too, had hopes and fears and qualms and scruples.

So he asks you what your book is about, and you tell him it begins in the mythical land of Begonia and there is a prince and a princess and a mean old prime minister; or maybe your plot is about a girl who turns flapjacks in the window of a white-tiled restaurant, and a handsome young thing (male)—although you can't be sure these days—comes up and smiles at her, from the outside of course, and it turns out later in the plot that he owns the restaurant in which the girl is flapping flapjacks.

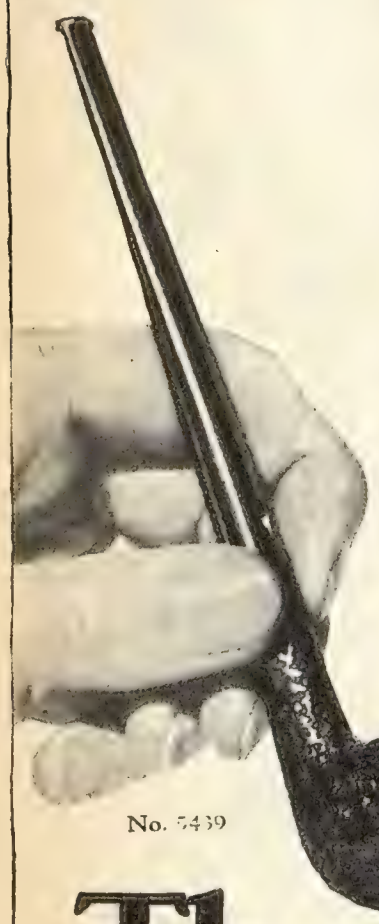
But of course a great many misunderstandings occur. She burns one, or drops it, and is

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A LARGE man waddled lyrically down to the footlights and announced, "I am Omar Khayyam."

At last!

a new pipe with the bite *smoked out*



No. 5439

Not a buck, or bite in the Thorobred Pipe! A sanitary smoking machine breaks it in for you—and breaks it in *right*—with a smooth, even tobacco cake inside the bowl. From the first cool puff, it's sweet and mellow.

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Universal Question Answerer

To Solve **Question Games, Cross Word Puzzles,** whatever your question, you will find the answer in the New International. It is used as the authority by puzzle editors.

Words of Recent Interest

rotogravure, vitamin, fourth dimension, skid fin, Fascista, realtor, Esthonia, broadcast. These are but a few from the thousands of late words—all clearly defined.

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[CRIES OF "AUTHOR! AUTHOR!" Continued from Page Fifty-five]

fired. That's at the end of the first act—where she is left crying, while the chorus of waitresses, or maybe débutantes, because there is a late theater party in the restaurant, all sing good-by to her, while the hero, her lover, who misunderstands her for the moment (it'll all come out right at 11 o'clock), rides away on a white horse, presuming this is Begonia, or in his automobile, if it is New York, and there is a loud crash off stage where he runs into a tree. But no, that's The Green Hat.

Well, anyway, the producer listens for the first half-minute and then tells you "No." You find another producer and he tells you "No." And you find another producer and he tells you "No." Then one glad, never-to-be-forgotten day, you meet another producer who also says "No," but he thinks it can be fixed.

By this time you are ready to fix it. For the first couple of years, of course, you were proud and haughty, and even the commas had a certain sacred significance; but now you have gotten to the point where you will listen to reason, which, in the light of what transpires, seems hardly the correct word.

BUT this producer happens to have Gloria de Luxe under contract at $1,000 per week, pay or play, rain or shine, and he also has Ukulele Ike and the Four Marx Brothers and Leon Errol. So one day you are thrilled beyond words when he invites you to come out to his home at night and read your book to him.

"Come out where we won't be disturbed," he says. Those are his very words and you will remember them until your dying day. "It will be nice and quiet out there. By the way, you haven't got a part for a ventriloquist? No? Well, we can fix that up. I'll get Shuberts to release Joe Glossup. Do you like his work? You never heard of him? Well, never mind, come out this evening, about eight o'clock."

So you are in Great Neck at seven, walking around trying to find something to do and exercising tremendous ingenuity so you don't show up a minute before a quarter of eight. You ring the bell of this palatial house fronting on the Sound and a Japanese spy opens the door.

YOU: I have an appointment with Mr. Harrison.

JAP: Glibby glubby.

YOU: I don't think you understand me. I have an appointment with Mr. Harrison at eight o'clock. I am to read my play to him. [*Business of showing manuscript proudly.*]

A queer Oriental flicker of amusement passes over the inscrutable features of Togo or Sato. But the yellow mask tightens once more. The door slams in your face.

You ring the bell again, and after a decent interval the door opens once more. A Nordic lady with myopia peers out.

YOU: I have an appointment at

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Corns

Lift Off—No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Why Fat Is Being Fought

Largely because of short skirts. But more because a slender figure suggests health and youth and vitality.

Look about you—note how slenderness prevails. Then ask those people how they get it.

Many will mention Marmola Prescription Tablets. It is the easy, pleasant method which acts by correcting the cause. People have used it for 20 years. The use has grown and grown, until people now are using Marmola in a very extensive way.

This method is easy and pleasant. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. The method is scientific, based on modern research. It is helpful and effective, else it never could have gained the place it holds.

Learn what Marmola means to you, as multitudes have done. Perhaps you have tried strenuous exercise and starvation. Now try the easier, more enduring way. If fat is offensive to you and your friends, do this to end it—now. Then tell others the results, as others will gladly tell you.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

eight o'clock. [*It is now eight-thirty.*] With Mr. Harrison. I am to read a play to him. [*Business of showing play once more.*] See? Play. Mr. Harrison.

No resentment appears on the face of the Nordic lady. Nor anything else. It is a Benda mask, you say to yourself in admiration. And then that fine, honest Swedish face opens.

FACE: Huh?

YOU: I. Me. [*You slap yourself on the chest.*] Mr. Harrison. Appointment. Play. To read. Us. Together. Savvy?

A car crunches up the drive and Mr. Harrison pokes a head (presumably his own) out the back window.

"Just stick around. I'll be right back," he cries airily, and the car goes away.

Darkness comes, lights twinkle here and there over the restless sea, and the faint, mysterious cries of bootleggers calling to their mates float across the water. Now and then you hear the sinister tac-tac-tac of the rum-guard machine guns.

Several hours later you are awakened by the bright glare of headlights sweeping up the drive. Mr. Harrison has brought home a number of guests.

"Well, well!" he cries to you cheerily. "Come on in. I'll be right with you in a minute."

You are introduced to a dozen celebrities, and your spirits rise. Just to think you're one of them! Just to think you're in Mr. Harrison's house at last! Just to think that soon they will all sit down in an awed circle and listen to you read your masterpiece, which already, in your mind's eye, is breaking out in a rash of lights all over Broadway.

YOU are herded into a cozy living-room not much larger than the Grand Central waiting-room. Rooms break out from this into every conceivable angle. Lights appear everywhere. So do guests. So do servants. A jazz-band winds up and goes off in the corner. It seems this is a quiet evening at home.

You sit on the edge of the chair with your manuscript in your lap. It begins to grow in size and weight. People are circling around you, waving glasses which seem to make them merrier and merrier. Out of a haze of smoke, jazz, and fumes, the smiling face of Mr. Harrison appears. "All right," it says. "We've got a few minutes to ourselves."

You open the manuscript, which is now the size of the Manhattan and Bronx Telephone Directory, and begin to read.

YOU: Cast of characters in the order of their appearance—First footman, second footman—

MR. HARRISON: Pass that. Start reading the book.

You hastily riffle through page after page of characters, descriptions of scenes, description of costumes, lists of musical numbers. Ah!

FIRST FOOTMAN: Aren't you glad that our Princess Onita is coming back to the Kingdom of Begonia, for this is Begonia, is it not?

CHORUS OF MERRY VILLAGERS: Yes, yes, it is!

SECOND FOOTMAN: And are we glad that our Princess Onita is coming back to us once more?

CHORUS OF MERRY VILLAGERS: Hurray! Hurray! [*Cue for song—Hurray!*]

JAPANESE SPY: Plad'n blon plad'n blon blup.

The stage is always full of pretty young things doing anatomical exercises.

MR. HARRISON: Excuse me just a minute. I'm wanted on the phone. Go right on reading. I can hear you.

IT is not more than a half-hour later when Mr. Harrison returns. He is really awfully pleasant about it, and you feel ashamed of any harsh thought which may have occurred to you when you were reading away, thinking that Mr. Harrison was telephoning in the next room.

MR. HARRISON: What's the end of the first act?

YOU: Well, you see it's one of those things that finishes with a song—a sort of finale in verse. It begins with a duet in which *Prince Osaka* bids *Princess Onita* farewell forever because he suspects she is untrue to him:

Farewell forever, for now I go
Away from you, as well you know.
CHORUS: Farewell. Farewell.
PRIME MINISTER: That's pretty swell
And now the story I can tell.
CHORUS: Farewell. Farewell.

MR. HARRISON: That reminds me. I'll be back in just a minute.

Several hours later, after you have suggested to Mr. Harrison that perhaps some other time would be more convenient for him, he tells you No, he has as much time now as he ever will have. Meanwhile, more dozens of automobiles have crashed up the drive, all the top floors have burst forth into light and laughter, boats are heading to Mr. Harrison's private pier from all over the Sound with dancing on all the decks and jazz-bands on every lawn. It dawns on even you that your manuscript is not getting the serious attention it deserves.

But getting your manuscript read is easily the easiest part of it. Soon after you meet the principal comedian, you begin to realize that life is real and life is earnest.

All the principal bones of your play will have to be broken and reset to fit his ideas, and since his ideas change every few minutes, your play never gets off the table. Then, too, the play and the new author are practically Siamese twins, so if you bite one, the other bleeds, and if you bleed one, the other bites.

Unfortunately, too, the great campaign for antivivisection has never reached the theater. Almost any hour during the active producing season you can hear, high above the strains of the hurdy-gurdy, the moans of playwrights being taken apart in the gloomy interiors of those houses where only a few hours later callous thousands will shriek with heartless merriment.

The old veteran concocter of entertainment doesn't suffer so profusely. He has watched so many laparotomies on his brain children that now he can wield the scalpel with the best of them.

One quizzical look from a producer, or lifted eyebrow from a principal comedian, or a delicate shrug from the prima donna, and he has got his opus all spraddled out on the table and is digging its heart out with his own hands. And his book doesn't mind, for it is the same book and has gone through all this many times before.

In fact, all of its parts are standardized and interchangeable, and should any of them become mislaid during rehearsal, the librettist has only to reach into his card index for even bigger and better parts.

THIS is told of Rio Rita, now running in the Ziegfeld Theater, New York. The story of the original book was located in Australia. For the past two seasons the stage has been flooded with Mexican stories, and Mr. Ziegfeld was enraptured that here at last was a book that didn't have anything to do with Mexicans.

So the authors, rightfully proud, filled their book to overflowing with local color—bushmen, boomerangs, kangaroos, and Australian ballots—and they took turns watching rehearsals. But, by some curious mischance, they skipped a couple of rehearsals just before the dress rehearsal and then came in to see it.

Lo and behold! All the characters came out in Mexican costumes and the scenery was in Mexico and the characters had changed to Mexicans and the head bushman was a Texas ranger.

Being veterans, they were not surprised. I don't believe they even mentioned it to each other, and it is quite certain that no one else noticed it. And you may be sure that so long as it is doing

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Open doors to infection

those invisible nicks

You can't see them—those invisible nicks of the razor that give germs and dust their chance at your skin!

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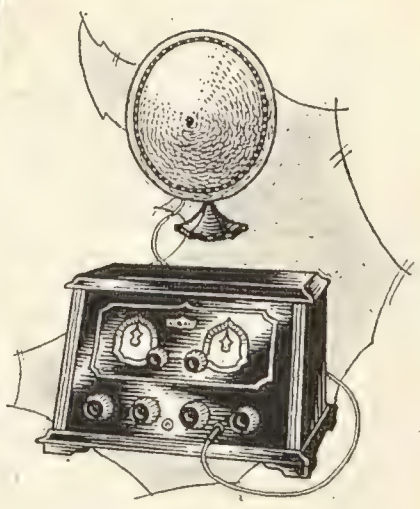

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[CRIES OF "AUTHOR! AUTHOR!"]
Continued from Page Fifty-seven

$45,000 a week there will be no outcries from the authors.

Early last summer two rival producers simultaneously conceived the idea of starring two rival, though friendly, ladies in two rival musical comedies. In looking around for a book, both curiously enough picked the same one.

This book, a published work, was handed to two sets of rival librettists in whose plays musical numbers were inserted at strategic intervals. The results were costumed, rehearsed, and tried out of town, and later brought to New York within a few weeks of each other.

In such mysterious ways do producers move their wonders to perform that not one single reviewer recognized that the two shows had sprung from the same source. Neither did I. Neither will you.

IT may be that in the olden days a book was written and music composed, and the two were joined together before God and man, and no one dared to put them asunder. From what we know of the way Gilbert and Sullivan worked, when they fixed the book and music it was fixed; or, as Frank Tinney used to say, they fixed it so no one else could.

But American genius for specialization and organization has developed a different procedure. Today the producer first gets himself a handful of stars and then he calls in a plot man and a gag man. The latter crochet a book around the former. Crochet is the word. Knit would be much too tight.

The plot must have holes so that personalities can go in and out like dolphins, and every once in a while there must be a place where the producer can pull the whole thing apart and yell, "Bring on the wimmen!"

Think of The Pirates of Penzance. The only female who is seen for the first fifteen or twenty minutes is that sweet old chromo, *Ruth*. And The Mikado, opening with a lot of men—not a girl showing for minutes and minutes and minutes! Dillingham would die. Ziegfeld would go right back to Hastings and send Gilbert a telegram which it would take two boys to carry. On bicycles. Collect.

The producer today starts out with a girl who can sing and dance and is a balm to the eye. That's point one. She must have a lover who can also sing and dance, and the nearer he can come to fulfilling the specifications in a maiden's prayer, so much the better. That's point two.

There must be a menace, or what the old-fashioned folks used to call a villain. He must break the girlie's heart. That's point three. And he must do it at the end of the first act and that's point four and darned important.

Point five: The girl must have some girl friends and they must be able to dance, if they are her little-girl friends. If she has some big-girl friends, they have to wear clothes and look sneerful. They drape themselves haughtily in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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So simple now to revive those youthful glints; to keep hair radiant!

JUST as a touch of rouge on the cheek will add much to the most flawless complexion—so will this Shampoo, by reviving and accenting the hidden lustre in your hair—add charm to the loveliest coiffure. Dull hair disappears *instantly!*—hair becomes soft, silky, lustrous! Again those lovely glints are there to catch the admiring eye.. No mystery about Golden Glint—just the finest of shampoos plus a harmless and delightful lustre for your hair! Millions use it regularly to keep hair radiant; youthful! Beauty specialists will tell you of its benefits to hair and scalp. Your friends will ask *you* for your secret. 25c at drug or toilet goods counters—or if not obtainable, write us direct! Money back if not delighted! J.W. Kobi Co. Dept. I, 634 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

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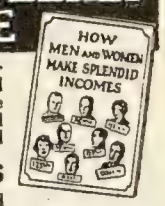

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

background and smile in derision as the little girls dance themselves dizzy. And then they walk down to the footlights and take the applause.

This effort nearly wears them out, so they can only come on twice in the evening, and any producer will tell you that the tall babies—the show-girls—are always suffering from nervous breakdowns due to overwork, while the little dancers have to be held back by the stage-hands from rushing out and doing another encore.

Well, so far we have our cast for everything except the comedy. For that we will need one good all-round union comedian who, preferably, will bring his own tools, and then an apprentice comedian for foil—both male; and a comedienne who may or may not be funny. That's point six, but it really should be up around two or three.

People circle around you waving glasses.

Add a few dancing boys, another couple for minor love interest, some specialists, like a ventriloquist, ukulele players, mouth-organ artists, and the producer is now ready for his book.

The book is usually written by a team. One provides the plot, the other the gags. The peculiarities and personalities—interchangeable terms—of each of the stars are carefully fitted, and the authors agree to deliver a complete script two weeks before rehearsal time.

THE day the rehearsal starts the authors show up with one half of the first act—the second half. This is not negligence, but shrewd experience. Years of writing convince them that no matter how you plan the entrance of the various stars, each one will want to come in last, after every one is seated comfortably. In New York this means any time between 9 o'clock and a quarter of ten.

Some time during the last week of the rehearsal, the second act is finished. This is written on the backs of envelops, on the top of the piano, and is rehearsed out in the lobby, under the stage, or in the balcony. The stage is always full of pretty young things doing black-bottoms and other anatomical exercises.

The last few days, when rehearsals are needed most, nothing can be done because every one is being measured for costumes and saying good-by to their sweeties and borrowing money from the management and looking around for other jobs in case this show doesn't do so well out on the road. But finally the darn thing gets out and opens out of town.

The curtain is advertised to go up at 8:30, but the costumes for the opening number have not arrived yet, and at 9 o'clock the girls dance out, each girl being buttoned up by the girl behind her.

Some time between 12 and 1 in the morning, the final curtain comes down. This is not nearly the end of the second act, but even if you are watching closely, you won't know whether this is the end of the show or the beginning of a new one.

The second night the show is played a bit differently. Among the minor changes is that the second act is played first. The improvement is marked. Meanwhile, the boys have been able to go out and get copies of *Life* and *Judge* and *College Humor*, so by the third night the book has picked up noticeably.

The composer has also decided he had better disgorge two or three of those tunes he was hoarding for the next job. These are inserted in the show, so by the time the fourth or fifth performance is played, you would hardly know the old girl.

A few more performances and the comedians have thrown out all the swell new material the authors wrote for them and are doing their old stand-by stuff, which they know is good, for they have done it for years.

The director has also given up trying to be new and different—people don't understand that kind of thing, anyway—and has used that banana-skin bit which he had in Oh! Oh! Oh! You know, where the comedian comes down the stairs and steps on the banana skin and falls sitting on his silk hat.

This bit alone, the director will tell you, accounts for the fifty-six consecutive weeks which Oh! Oh! Oh! had at the Gaiety. That, and the famous table scene where the comedian brushes his teeth with the celery.

A week or so more of playing out of town and the show is now beginning really to hit its stride. The entire cast is giving a smoother performance, principally because it is now doing what it always did, and even the girls are having less difficulty with their dances—they have gone back to the dances they did in all their other shows.

The producer is beginning to smile once more, because he knows now he can not fail. He never did with this show.

A FEW nights later and the big opening in the Big Town. All the critics coming in late and going home early to write that Producer Nebbick has clicked once more. "Ravishing entertainment; full of charming tunes and rollicking comedy; nothing quite like this show has ever been seen before." And then: "The book is terrible, but you would hardly notice it."

The authors read this the next morning as they lie beneath their satiny coverlets and begin to wince, but have time to get in only a couple of good winces before the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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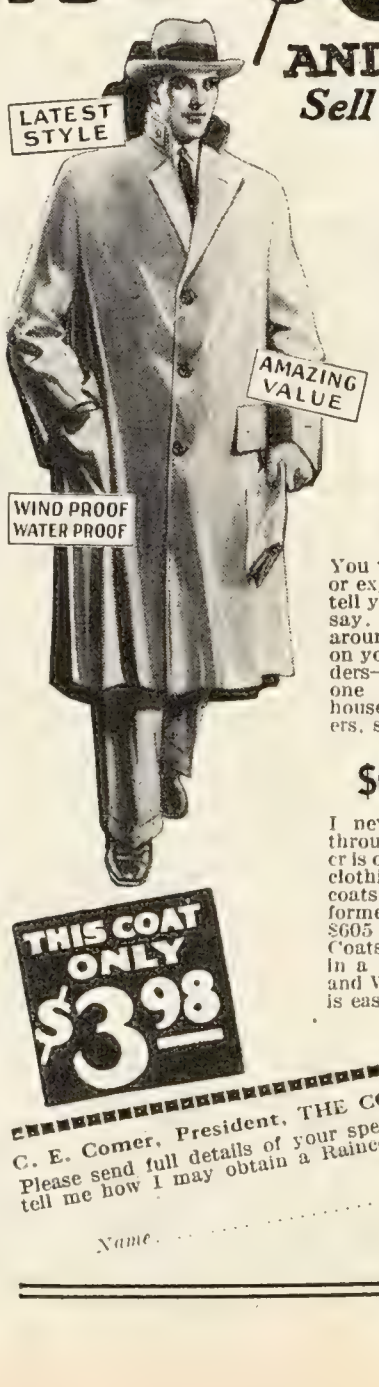

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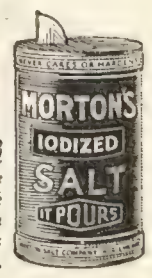

PLAIN OR IODIZED

[CRIES OF "AUTHOR! AUTHOR!"]
Continued from Page Fifty-nine

telephone rings and Producer Kibbitzer is on the wire asking them if they will write a new show to go into rehearsal next Monday.

"Who have you got signed up?" And Kibbitzer replies, "To date, Elsie Janis, Odiva and her trained seals, the Singer Midgets, Thurston, Joe Frisco, and the McCarthy Sisters. Now I think if we had a story that was in some different sort of place. . . ." And the authors say, "How about Mexico?"

"Swell!" cries Kibbitzer, who remembers a *hacienda* set in Cain's storehouse from The Gray Gringo, which died last fall in Newark.

Five weeks later the show opens and the locale is—? One guess!—Wrong! China! Well, why? Simple enough. Elsie Janis and the seals walked out, so the principal part was rewritten for Frisco, who was originally a *caballero* and is now a marine in Peking.

The Singer Midgets, of course, are Japanese spies. Thurston turned out to be Christian General *Ah Chee Whiz*, originally Frisco's laundryman; and the big finale of the first act comes with him being beheaded while the marines are coming . . . coming . . . coming.

The McCarthy Sisters, who loved him tenderly, are crying in duet, the title being He Was a Red-Hot Papa, But He's Cold Turkey Now. (*Segue* into One Fine Day from Madama Butterfly and The Star-Spangled Banner for the marines' coming . . . coming . . . coming.)

Voices ring in their ears. Cries of "Author! Author!"

WHATEVER you may say or think about the boys who do musical-comedy stuff, you can not accuse them of trying to do something for the drama. Too many kind-hearted people are doing things to the drama and always for its own good.

And, speaking of elevating the stage, you will probably all recall the Music Box Revue in which every square foot of the stage had an elevator of some kind, and at almost any time, without any provocation, a section of girls would go up in the air thirty feet, or a flock of comedians would be lowered down out of sight.

Well, it was good stuff and quite effective, but during the first dress rehearsal the elevators stuck one after another and then sometimes all together. Hours passed. The performers in full costume and make-up sat around and swore. The engineers fought and struggled with the elevators. A pitful of musicians dozed over their quaint instruments of torture, and, back stage, property-men and electricians alternately cursed and slept.

Along about 3 o'clock in the morning, Hassard Short, who was staging the revue, paused for a moment back stage to supervise the raising of a couple of tons of girls who were getting tired of being lifted and dropped suddenly into the basement for no reason.

The elevator rose and stuck for the seventy-eighth time, and the electrician, who was sleeping fitfully near by, awoke and considered Mr. Short with an appraising eye.

"I think I've got it figured out now," he said.

MR. SHORT [*turning on him sharply*]: What?

ELECTRICIAN: You was marked, wasn't you?

MR. SHORT: How do you mean, marked?

ELECTRICIAN: I bet your mother was frightened by an elevator.

And now I would send forth a little dove to perch upon your rooftree — if your landlord has no objections; a little messenger of sweetness, lest you think that this stony heart has never been purged by pity. And this message you will find neatly rolled and tied in a silver dispatch case to the dove's left leg (or right, if you prefer).

WHEN next you take your severest pal to the theater, and the two of you are sitting there trying to find the plot, if, as, and when you do find it, do not say harsh things about the authors.

Cultivate rather the spirit of the old frontier days when they hung signs over the piano: "Don't shoot the piano-player. He is doing his best." While you are dining and dancing, these authors are wading through that No Man's Land of shot and shell known as rehearsals.

With white faces and set jaws they advance through withering cross-fires. Producers fire at them pointblank with open sights. Critics blow them up with cunningly concealed mines of sarcasm and invective. And yet, though scene after scene explodes in their hands and script after script is shot out from under them, still they go on.

And, at last, when the armistice is signed and the boys come marching home again and the whistles blow and the bells ring, these authors in tatters and rags, with singed eyebrows and ears missing, will limp bravely into the lobby and salute you and your severest pal as you pass out into the night.

"Lafayette," they will murmur, "we are here yet."

Do not obey that impulse. Do not shrink from them in horror. Pause and smile at them in a friendly fashion, even though they are quite likely to burst into tears. A word from you, the clasp of your hand (if that isn't asking too much) might save them from a fate worse than death. For they are doomed!

Voices ring in their ears. Cries of "Author! Author!" And, oh, the pity of it, they do not dare to go up there on the stage!

THE END

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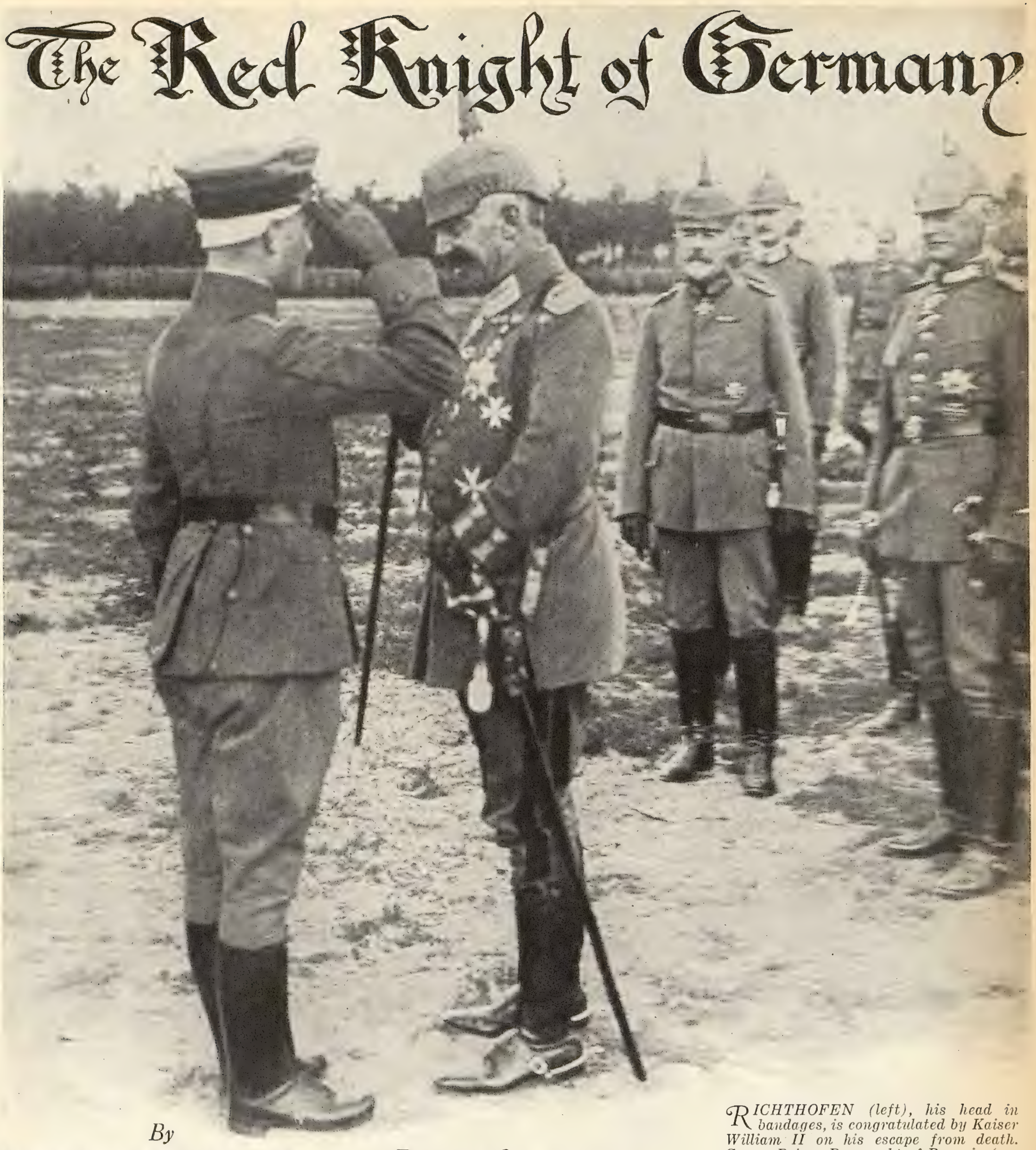
The Red Knight of Germany



RICHTHOFEN (left), his head in bandages, is congratulated by Kaiser William II on his escape from death. Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria (extreme right) and General von Arnim stand behind the German emperor.

By

FLOYD GIBBONS

(Reading time: 16 minutes 35 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Richthofen, with fifty-seven victories, met his first check in the air on July 6, 1917. That day, a bullet from the gun of Flight Commander A. E. Woodbridge, Royal Flying corps, struck him in the head. He made an abrupt landing and, with his usual luck, escaped death. A month later he returned to the front, and on August 16 he shot down a single-seater. It was his fifty-eighth victory.]

Richthofen Leaves the Front with a Case of "Nerves" — His Nearest Rival Among German Aces Is Killed

PART SEVENTEEN

RICHTHOFEN'S fifty-eighth victory was his first fight after being wounded, and he knew that he was not the man he had been. The recollection of Woodbridge's bullet and that 12,000-foot tumble was with him every minute in the air.

His caution increased. He still dared, but

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY Continued from Page Sixty-one]

not as before. He was so tired upon his return to the airdrome that he went to bed. He arose several hours later, unrefreshed by the fitful naps which now took the place of his former sound slumber.

Although he flew on daily patrols in which he endeavored to revive the old organization spirit among his new fliers, he did not engage in another combat until ten days later, when a lone-flying Spad single-seater fell as his prey.

Manfred's report on the fight reveals his pains to take every advantage of height, sun, numbers, and location before he delivered the death-blow. The report reads:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Fifty-ninth Victory.
Date: August 26, 1917.
Time: 7:30 A. M.
Place: Between Poelcappelle and Langemarck, this side of our lines.
Plane: Spad one-seater. English.

When flying with four gentlemen of my Staffel Eleven, I detected below me, at 9,000 feet, a single Spad flying above a close cover of clouds. The adversary was probably trying to find a low-flying German artillery plane.

When he came out of the sun, I attacked him. He tried to escape by diving, but at this moment I shot at him and he disappeared through the clouds.

I followed him and saw him falling below the clouds, and then he exploded at a height of 1,500 feet.

The new, very bad F. B. ammunition had done a lot of damage to my plane, and my pressure pipes, intake pipes, etc., were shot through. It would have been impossible for me to have followed an only slightly wounded adversary, and I had to try to turn in as soon as possible.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

The victim of this fight was Second Lieutenant C. P. Williams, a pilot of the Nineteenth Squadron, Royal Flying Corps. The Germans reported his death several days later.

Richthofen's head had spun and his stomach contracted as he watched Williams go down to his death. He revealed his inner feelings two days later in his letter home:

LIEBE MAMA:

I am glad to hear of Lothar's continuing improvement, but under no circumstances should he be allowed to return to the front before he is entirely fit again.

If he is permitted to do otherwise, he will suffer a relapse or he will be shot down.

I speak from experience.

I have made only two combat fights since my return.

Both were successful, but after both of them I was completely exhausted. During the first one I nearly became air-sick.

My wound is healing very slowly. It is still as large as a five-mark piece. Yesterday they removed another splinter of the bone. I think it will be the last.

Some days ago the Kaiser visited our section to review the troops. We had quite a long conversation.

I am scheduled for leave and am looking forward to seeing you all together.

MANFRED.

It is apparent that the ace's fears for Lothar's health and safety in case of premature return to the front were quite frankly based on his own fears.

Although he had been back at the front just two weeks, he had had enough of it for the time being.

This was not cowardice. He was a wounded man who had not yet recovered his old physical and moral stamina.

His leave had been granted on the recommendation of the medical officers attached to his squadron. With the leave assured, he flew with even greater caution so that an unwise engagement or surprise attack should not prevent his withdrawal.

It was on September 2 that the ace made his next attack. Then he jumped on a sure thing. He was flying a new Fokker triplane which the British had not seen before on this front, and which was not unlike the experimental triplane used by the English naval fliers.

The victim was an old R. E. bus. The plane was flown by Second Lieutenant J. B. C. Madge of the Sixth Squadron, and Second Lieutenant W. Kember occupied the observer's seat.

Second Lieutenant A. J. L. O'Beirne flew to avenge his brother, shot down by Richthofen. Three days after reaching the front, he was killed.

Here is Richthofen's account:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Sixtieth Victory.
Date: September 2, 1917.
Time: 7:50 A. M.
Place: Near Zonnebeke, this side of the lines.
Plane: R. E. two-seater. English.

Flying my triplane for the first time, I and four of my gentlemen attacked a very courageously flown English artillery plane.

I approached and fired twenty shots from a distance of fifty yards, whereupon the Englishman fell to the ground and crashed near Zonnebeke.

It is most probable that the English pilot mistook me for an English triplane, because the observer was standing upright in his plane and watched me approach without making use of his gun.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

Several days later the Germans dropped a note stating Kember was dead.

Madge was badly wounded when the R. E. piled up on its nose. He spent the rest of the war in German hospitals and jails, and returned to his father's home in Edinburgh after the Armistice.

On the Royal Flying Corps' casualty lists the finish of Madge's and Kember's air careers is a single line:

Took off at 6:50 A. M. Machine attacked by E. A. [enemy aircraft] and came down in a spin over Polygone Wood at 7:40 A. M.

Richthofen admired the nerve of Madge and Kember in invading the German air domain alone in their slow old ship. He was also frank enough to detract from his own credit for the victory by pointing out their mistaken identification of his plane.

Nevertheless, he was proud to have added another to his string—so proud that he flew back several miles to the cantonments where his father commanded a battalion of reserves. Swooping low over the huts, the ace tossed out a small tin cylinder attached to a streamer of cloth. It was taken to Major von Richthofen, who opened the cylinder and removed a single piece of paper on which had been scribbled:

My sixtieth—MANFRED.

THE performance of the new triplanes pleased him. The quickness and ease with which it responded to the controls led him to believe that it was at least a match for the new British pursuit planes.

He had the chance to demonstrate this belief in a long and hard-fought combat early the next morning, when he bumped into a Sopwith one-seater, flown by an airman who knew both how to fly and how to fight.

His account of the fight reads:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Sixty-first Victory.
Date: September 3, 1917.
Time: 7:35 A. M.
Place: South of Bousbecque, this side of the lines.
Type of Plane: Sopwith one-seater, No. B 1795. Eighty horse-power Le Rhône Type "R" motor No. 35,123; carrying machine gun No. A 47/23.
Occupant: Lieutenant A. F. Bird; made prisoner; unwounded.
My own plane: Fokker F. I. 102/17 triplane.

Being engaged, together with five planes of Staffel Eleven, in a fight with a Sopwith one-seater squad, I attacked at an altitude of 10,000 feet one of the enemy's machines.

After considerable maneuvering, I succeeded in forcing it to the ground near Bousbecque. I was absolutely convinced that I had a very capable opponent, because he refused to surrender, even after I had forced him down as low as fifty yards above the ground. Even then he kept right on shooting.

Before he landed, he emptied his machine gun into a column of our infantry, and then, when on the ground, deliberately steered his plane into a tree and smashed it.

The Fokker triplane, F. I.

102/17, was undoubtedly better and more reliable than the English machine.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

Lieutenant Bird is so busy working in his father's flour-mills in Norfolk that he hasn't time to discuss his brush with Richthofen. He read Richthofen's report, but refused to add to it.

The report of Bird's capture is one of the best authenticated in Richthofen's collection, and serves as an example of the method by which the claims of the German aces were presented to their superiors. At the bottom of the report, Manfred gave the names of officers and men who had witnessed the fight. They were:

First Lieutenant Reinhard, Lieutenant Groos, and Lieutenant Meyer, all of his own jagdstaffel and under his command. Additional witnesses were Lieutenant Laski, air protection officer at Wytschaete, and Sergeant-Major Lackmann of the same office; and Lieutenant Auhr of Anti - Aircraft Battery No. 559.

The testimony of these witnesses was attached to the report in affidavits as follows:

I witnessed Captain von Richthofen's fight, September 3. While fighting in curves, the Sopwith one-seater was forced to land near Bousbecque.

FIRST LIEUTENANT REINHARD.

Lieutenant Groos swore:

On September 3, 1917, an Albatross was attacked by a Sopwith squadron. Captain von Richthofen pursued a Sopwith and forced him in curves downward south of Bousbecque. When landing, the English pilot crashed his machine.

Lieutenant Meyer's affidavit reads:

. . . I observed Captain von Richthofen attacking a Sopwith and forcing it down in curves south of Bousbecque. When landing, the machine dashed against a tree and broke.

Lieutenant Laski, who witnessed the fight from the ground, testified:

I saw, between 7:25 and 7:30 A. M., two English R. DD. one-seaters, presumably Sopwiths, attacking. The first was brought down by a German triplane south of Bousbecque, the second by an Albatross south of Tenbrielen.

Lieutenant Auhr reported:

7:30 A. M. Direction, Becelaere, a Sopwith, brought down by a German triplane south of Bousbecque.

Sergeant-Major Lackmann reported:

7:30 A. M. an English R. DD. shot down by German triplane south of Bousbecque.

Richthofen's report, with the above affidavits attached, was forwarded to air headquarters, where credit was granted.

The signed testimony and the details accompanying the fliers' petitions for credit indicate the pains taken by the higher command to eliminate false claims.

THE German ace with his Great Dane, Moritz. The map shows the region near Labiau where the flying uhlan, while on leave, stalked and bagged a moose.

In the Allied air services the establishment of credit for German planes brought down was even more difficult, because in the majority of cases the victims fell behind their own lines.

Manfred's sixty-first victory is not registered in the collection of silver death cups like its predecessors. The Berlin jeweler who made the cups on the ace's orders reported that he had run out of silver and that it was impossible to obtain more.

The remaining twenty victories of Manfred's career are registered only in the war records, the hearts of those flying comrades who survived him, and the battlefield graves of his adversaries.

Other trophies, less dangerous to win, awaited him as he left the front, on leave. Once more his trail led to the forests and the haunts of game.

To Richthofen, the killing of wild animals was more than training to develop the precision and craftiness required in the hunting and killing of man-birds. It was tonic for his morale, medicine for his tingling nerves, food for the destructive spirit which had won him fame.

Like obtaining some rare remedy for an important patient, the doctors had arranged an opportunity for him to kill one of the rarest animals in Europe. Moose —*elch* in Germany—like the bison, had become almost extinct. The only survivors in old Germany were to be found near Labiau, in East Prussia, where the government was protecting them from extermination.

THE ace received the invitation with joy. The rarity of the proposed victim was an added attraction.

Through the expansive hunting reserves of Neusternburg, Manfred and the gamekeeper, Mohnike, drove for five days. Stags and bucks crossed their path, and Manfred brought a few of these down, but they did not appease his hunger for the bigger game.

On the sixth day woodsmen reported the presence of a large moose in a distant corner of the forest. Manfred and Mohnike drove there as fast as the pair of horses and the springless wagon could take them.

Suddenly the ace extended an arm and touched the driver, who brought the wagon to a halt. Not 500 yards away, the quarry stood at the edge of a thicket of trees. He was gone in a moment, and Manfred and Mohnike were urging the team forward again. Arriving at the spot where the animal had stood, Richthofen jumped out, but saw no trace of it.

They drove down the road to a place where it was crossed by a path. Just as they reached the spot the moose suddenly appeared in the center of the road, 100 yards from them. Even as he brought the rifle to his shoulder, Richthofen took in the mighty proportions of the beast. It seemed hardly possible to miss such a target.

He pressed the trigger. The beast did not fall. The ace thought he had missed. The weapon spoke again, and this time the animal moved to the impact of the bullet. Wounded, it tore through the forest and underbrush.

It was not until hours later that the hunters located the moose in a swamp, where it was necessary to put another bullet through its head.

That heavy red-wet head with the majestic antlers was returned to the hunting-lodge. Manfred was proud of it and grateful to those who had arranged the hunt for him. It brought him new assurance in his powers. He reflected this in a letter to his mother:

Gotha, Schloss Hotel, September 30, 1917.

LIEBE MAMA:

I was extremely glad to hear of Lothar's sudden recovery. On my return from leave we can again go up together and show the English a few tricks. We will be in the same squadron.

My bag during the last fort-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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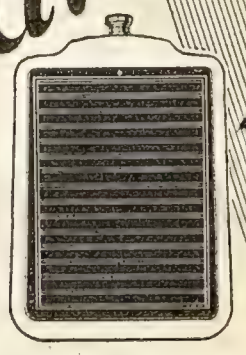

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[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY Continued from Page Sixty-three]

night has been far from bad—a large elk, three excellent stags, and a buck. I am rather proud of my record, because papa has shot only three stags in all his life. I am leaving for Berlin today and will be with you in less than a week.

MANFRED.

SHOWING the English tricks in the air was becoming harder than ever. Just a week before the above letter was written, the British had demonstrated a few new tricks in planes, pilots, and maneuvers, which had cost the German air service one of its greatest pilots, the Reserve Lieutenant Werner Voss.

Voss was seventeen years old when he left his father's dye-works in Krefeld and marched away with the Krefeld Hussars. He transferred to the flying corps on August 1, 1915. His training was long and careful. It was not until the following May that he was granted the coveted insignia of a pilot.

Trophies of the chase—metal plates stripped from planes that he brought down were preserved and mounted by Richthofen.

With Richthofen, he was one of the disciples of the great Boelke. He brought down his first two English planes in November, 1916, and built a reputation for courageous flying. The race for the highest number of victories was always close between Voss and Richthofen.

Voss was one of the leaders who carried on at the front while Richthofen was convalescing from his wounds. He met his death in a terrific air battle in which he was greatly outnumbered and in which he won the admiration of his enemies.

The British flight commander, Major McCudden, participated in the fight, and he and Voss emptied their machine guns into each other's planes. Here is McCudden's story of the battle:

I HAD just started with my squadron on September 23, at 6:30 P. M., for a second flight shortly after we had brought down an enemy biplane. We were flying in an altitude of approximately 6,000 feet. Far to the east we spotted swiftly moving tiny black spots. To the north we saw our machines—pups, Sopwiths, Spads, and Bristols—and, slightly lower, some artillery fliers.

We were just going to attack six Albatross machines, when we suddenly spotted above Poelcappelle a Sopwith machine, which was circling downward and which was followed by a shiny bluish German plane. We gave up our original attack, and resolved to help our Sop.

The German machine, a triplane, was just below us, and for that reason we dived as quickly as possible.

The German pilot detected us and started maneuvering, not the so-called Immelmann maneuver, but a new kind of horizontal bowflying. The German plane was now right in the midst of our squad.

The German controlled and guided his machine wonderfully and even found time to aim at us. It was nearly impossible to stick to him. But suddenly my chance came.

The German was flying toward me, slightly lower and apparently without noticing me. I pressed my machine nose down and opened fire. Immediately the head of the German plane rose and bullets passed my head and through my wings. . . .

In the meantime, a red-nosed Albatross had turned up and did his best to protect his comrade. . . . The squad of Albatrosses, which we had originally intended to attack, had to remain above us, as a squad of Spads prevented them from diving down.

The German triplane was still in our midst, fired at constantly by our six Sopwith machines.

Gradually the fight went on in lower altitudes. . . .

For a moment—when reloading my gun—I had lost sight of him, and, as I looked up again, I saw that the German was flying very low indeed, fighting with a Sop. The movements of the German plane became uncontrolled, and finally he crashed to the ground, his machine breaking to splinters. . . .

As long as I live, my admiration for this man, who all by himself braved seven English planes for more than ten minutes, and actually harmed some of them, will never cease. He was the most courageous German flier I ever had the chance to fight. At mess, that night, we were all of the opinion that we had brought down an "ace." We differed only as to who it had been: either Richthofen, Wolff, or Voss.

The triplane had crashed down on our side and on the following morning we received a message informing us that Voss was the name of our victim.

. . . . . .

THE individual conqueror of Voss was twenty-year-old Second Lieutenant Albert Rhys-Davids, the same man who had sent Schaeffer to his death. Rhys-Davids shot down twenty-two German planes, and then went the way of his victims. The only explanation of his fighting tactics that he left was the following:

> All you can think of is pumping lead into any machine you see, and looking out and avoiding collisions, just missing each other by perhaps a couple of feet.

Another ace whose career ended when Richthofen was on leave, was Captain Guynemer, the conqueror of fifty-five German planes and the idol of France.

On September 11, Guynemer, in the midst of a terrific air duel, went down between the blazing lines near Poelcappelle. The Germans recovered his body and placed it in a dugout, which was later destroyed by artillery fire. The remains were never found.

Richthofen spent the first week of October in Berlin. His appearance anywhere in uniform was the signal for cheers and the gathering of crowds. His replies to these outbursts of enthusiasm were boyishly clumsy.

He had acted as best man at the wedding of Fritz Prestian, an old friend and fellow ace. One Berlin newspaper announced that it was Richthofen who had taken a wife.

The porters and bell-boys in his hotel in Berlin received him with broad smiles and congratulated him heartily. His father and mother wired him for confirmation. It was several weeks before the report was corrected publicly.

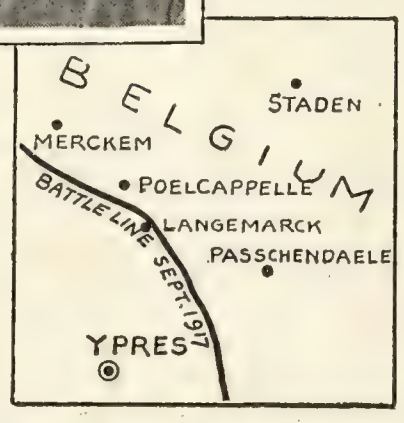
To escape the clamor of Berlin, he went by train to Schweidnitz and spent a happy week with his mother. It was the last time they ever saw each other.

He brought with him many of the heavy trophies of his fighting: broken propeller blades, hubs of undercarriage wheels, captured compasses, and flying instruments. The heaviest trophy was a French rotary motor, which he converted into a chandelier and hung from the center of the ceiling in his bedroom.

Frau von Richthofen helped him arrange the room, or sat by the window watching her son as he unrolled the many canvas strips bearing the numbers of the planes he had brought down. Once she shuddered at the thought of the dead men who had borne those same numbers, and Manfred, sensing this, swore that the numbers were from the planes whose occupants he had captured alive and unharmed.

When mother and son parted that last time, none of their forebodings found expression in words. It was the code of war that fears be suppressed. If men surmounted their fears in battle, women at home gulped down their own black thoughts when they said good-by.

Frau von Richthofen was that kind of mother. She is that today. There are no tears when she speaks of her two sons and her husband.



MAJOR McCudden (left), one of the seven opponents of Lieutenant Werner Voss (right) in the German ace's last fight. McCudden, with an official record of fifty-four victories, was killed in a flying accident in July, 1918. Voss bagged forty Allied planes before his death at Poelcappelle (see map). Near that same town, twelve days earlier, Captain Guynemer, the great French flier, was shot down.

NOVEMBER found the ace and squadron commander back at the front in time to participate in the Battle of Cambrai, which opened on the 20th with the tank attack by the British.

Manfred's first victim after his return was Lieutenant A. Griggs, a pilot of the Sixty-eighth Squadron. He made his claim for credit in the following report:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Sixty-second Victory.
> Date: November 23, 1917.
> Time: 2 P. M.
> Place: Southeast corner of Bourlon Wood.
> Plane: D. H. 5; English.
> Shortly after forcing an Englishman to land on the west side of Bourlon Wood, I attacked at 2 o'clock a D. H. 5 north of Notre Dame Fontaine.
> The height was only 100 yards.
> After my first shots, the Englishman started to glide down, but fell suddenly into the southeast corner of Bourlon Wood. I could not observe the plane touching the ground.
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

Griggs' exact fate is unknown. His body was never found.

Captain P. T. Townsend was No. 63 on Richthofen's list, according to a comparison of the flying uhlan's report and the English casualty records. His squadron mates saw him go down in an air combat with a large number of red-nosed Albatross triplanes.

The German ace provides more details of the fight in the following report:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Sixty-third Victory.
> Date: November 30, 1917.
> Time: 2:30 P. M.
> Place: Near Mœuvres.
> Plane: S. E. 5; English.
> Together with Lieutenant v. Richthofen and Lieutenant Gassman, we attacked at 2:30 P. M. an enemy squadron of ten one-seater planes flying low over the trenches.
> After having fired at several English planes, I approached an Englishman and shot him down from a distance of 100 yards.
> The plane broke apart in the air as it fell. It came down in a small wood near Mœuvres.
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

IT was the flying uhlan's last victory for 1917, which he had started with a score of fifteen planes. He reflected with new pride upon his present record of sixty-three.

As cold weather gripped the fighting fronts, air activity lessened and the ace turned to thoughts of home and plans for spending his second Christmas with the flying corps. He wrote:

> *In the field, December 11, 1917.*
> LIEBE MAMA:
> There is little doing here at present and things are consequently rather dull. I am leaving for Speyer today to look over an airplane plant.
> Christmas I intend spending with my squadron, together with papa and Lothar. My orderly has already sent a Christmas parcel to Bolko, and I trust I have succeeded in meeting a cadet's tastes. MANFRED.

Another young Richthofen—the last and today the only surviving male of the family—was taking his training for war.

Richthofen returns to the front and begins his last six weeks in the air. How the ace won his sixty-fourth victory is told in next week's LIBERTY.

This tooth brush *reaches every tooth* every time you brush

THE way to keep all your teeth is to brush them all. Some brushes won't let you do this. But here is one tooth brush that reaches every tooth.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is sold in three sizes by all dealers in the U. S., Can., and all over the world. Prices in U. S. and Can.: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft—with white handles or colored transparent handles — red, green, orange. For those who prefer a larger bristle surface, we make the Four-Row Pro-phy-lac-tic. Price 60 cents. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Massachusetts.

I don't want to be BIG!

AT first, it didn't look as if we two were going to get along very well.

I SUPPOSE I might just as well try to learn how a big girl should behave.

As Dictated by TONI, Jr.,
to
ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Photos by N. LAZARNICK

(Reading time: 4 minutes 30 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

I'm getting to be a BIG girl now, a BIG girl now, a BIG girl now. I'm getting to be a BIG girl now, and—*I don't like it.*

I don't know why I should sing those words to the tune of London Bridge Is Falling Down, because I like London Bridge Is Falling Down. Maybe it is because I'd rather be a bridge a-falling down than a little girl a-growing up.

Getting to be a BIG girl is so *must*-y and so *mustn't*-y there are times I wisht some one would do something to stop me growing.

"Toni, you're getting to be a BIG girl now, so you *must not touch* when Mother tells you not to."

"Toni, you're getting to be a BIG girl now, and you *must mind* when you're told."

"Toni, you're getting to be a BIG girl now, so you *must not* grab for things."

"You *must not* hide my spoons, my scissors, and my hair-brush in your doll carriage. You're not a chipmunk. You're a BIG girl now."

"You *must not* go near that sewing-basket again."

"You *must* keep out of those drawers."

"You *must not* hit the lamp with your ball."

"You *must* say please and thank you."

There are so many *musts* and so many *mustn'ts*, I get all mixed up. I don't know which I should *must* and which I should *mustn't*. Life in the cradle was a great life, if I had only known it then. It's when you get on your feet your troubles begin.

I never used to have to say please or thank you. When I wanted a drink all I had to do was to let out a cry and I got a whole bottle. Then, if I swallowed the bottle up to its shoulders and started in making a noise like there was nothing more to live for, that was all the thanks needed.

And when I was little everybody used to be brought in to look at me and I was coaxed to smile and look pretty for them. Or else I was dressed up and carried out to be shown off and made to do some little tricks I had learned. So I naturally began to think it was my duty to help Mom and Daddy entertain people.

No one ever hinted then I was a show-off. I never heard anybody say I was a nui-sance. But since I've got to be a BIG girl now it's different.

The other day some vis-i-tors came in, and they were so busy talking they didn't pay any attention to me. It's hard, when you've been used to having people make a fuss over you, not to be noticed at all. I stayed quiet as long as I could, and then I thought if I turned a somersault maybe some one would look my way.

No one ever hinted I was a show-off.

When I started to turn it, I did expect my feet would follow where I was going, but on their way they got caught in the rung of a small table on which was a vase with flowers.

"Kaki," Mommy called, "come and take Toni out. She's getting to be such a nui-sance I guess we had better keep her out after this."

It is just awfully hard to understand why you are a nui-sance when you are a BIG girl for doing things you used to be coaxed to do when you were a little one.

I ASKED him if he would let Fifi sit on his lap.

ONE of my earliest tricks was to do hand turns and go around in a circle fast. Everybody used to laugh and clap when I did it. It really wasn't much different from the somersault I did the other day. Only then I was little and I guess that made it different.

I hear so much about dis-cip-lin-ing Toni lately that I've got to be afraid when I hear that word. I think it is a bad word. Least, it usually turns out bad for me. Mom and Aunt Toni made a dive for a book that has something to do about that bad word.

"'It is natural for children to be eager to attract attention,'" Aunt Toni read. "'They learn it in the cradle. Their first cry brings it to them. And when they find out what they can get with one cry, they try another to see what it will bring. Parents should know whether these cries are just wheedling ones to attract notice or whether they are legitimate cries of hunger and pain.

"'If the child is crying simply to be noticed, a firm stand should be taken. The older they get the more avid they become for notice. And the child that is permitted to dominate in the cradle becomes the nui-sance later on.'"

"I see," said Mom, "where we should have bought that book earlier. But so long as we didn't we'll have to make up for lost time."

I suppose so long as that book is around there won't be much chance for me. And, besides, if I can't stop getting bigger and bigger I might just as well try to learn how a BIG girl should behave or else it will be worse for me every time I get a new inch, won't it?

"Cheer up, old dear," says Aunt Toni. "Just wait until you are a *big* gal and see what really will be expected of you. You won't be able to pick out preferred laps to land in or preferred necks to drape yourself around the way you do now. Puss-inly I think you have a pretty soft life. Think of the people that would like to be three, with all the privileges that go with it."

"When's Uncle Mart coming back?" I asked Mommy, being reminded of somebody I like by Aunty's remarks.

Every man that comes to our house is my uncle. There's Uncle Walt and Uncle Frank and Uncle Robert and Uncle John, but I like Uncle Mart because he can bounce me up till I nearly hit the ceiling.

AT first, it didn't look as if we two were going to get along very well, because when he asked me to come over and talk to him I didn't go because I wanted him to coax me some more. Instead, he paid no further attention to me, and I had an awfully hard time trying to get him to look at me even.

"Uncle Mart has the system with the ladies," Daddy says.

I just caught his eye, though, when it was winking over my head at my Daddy and I asked him if he would let Fifi sit on his lap. He said he would much prefer to have a live doll there.

So that's how we got started.

He has a watch-chain and the mos' wonderful pockets. There is more in Uncle Mart's pockets than there is in my carriage that Mom complains about me hiding things in. And my carriage is so full there isn't room to hide the book about dis-cip-line in it. I tried it.

When I was going through Uncle Mart's pockets, my Daddy told him not to encourage that habit in me; but Uncle Mart said that a man's pockets need to be cleaned out every now and then, and nobody could do it like a woman.

Just then Mommy came in, and when she saw what I was doing, she said:

"Toni, you *mustn't*. You're getting to be a BIG girl now!"

Aunt Toni learns some great truths about mothers. Her day with her niece is described in next week's LIBERTY.

Make Somebody Happy

Cinderella's Sweetest Day

There is a little, lonely Cinderella lurking in the heart of every one of us who is gladdened by acts of kindness that change the drab, grey world of everyday into a land of love and happiness.

In order that everyone may have an opportunity to express his appreciation of kind thoughts and deeds, there has been set aside one day out of each year—a special time for making others happy—known as "The Sweetest Day in the Year."

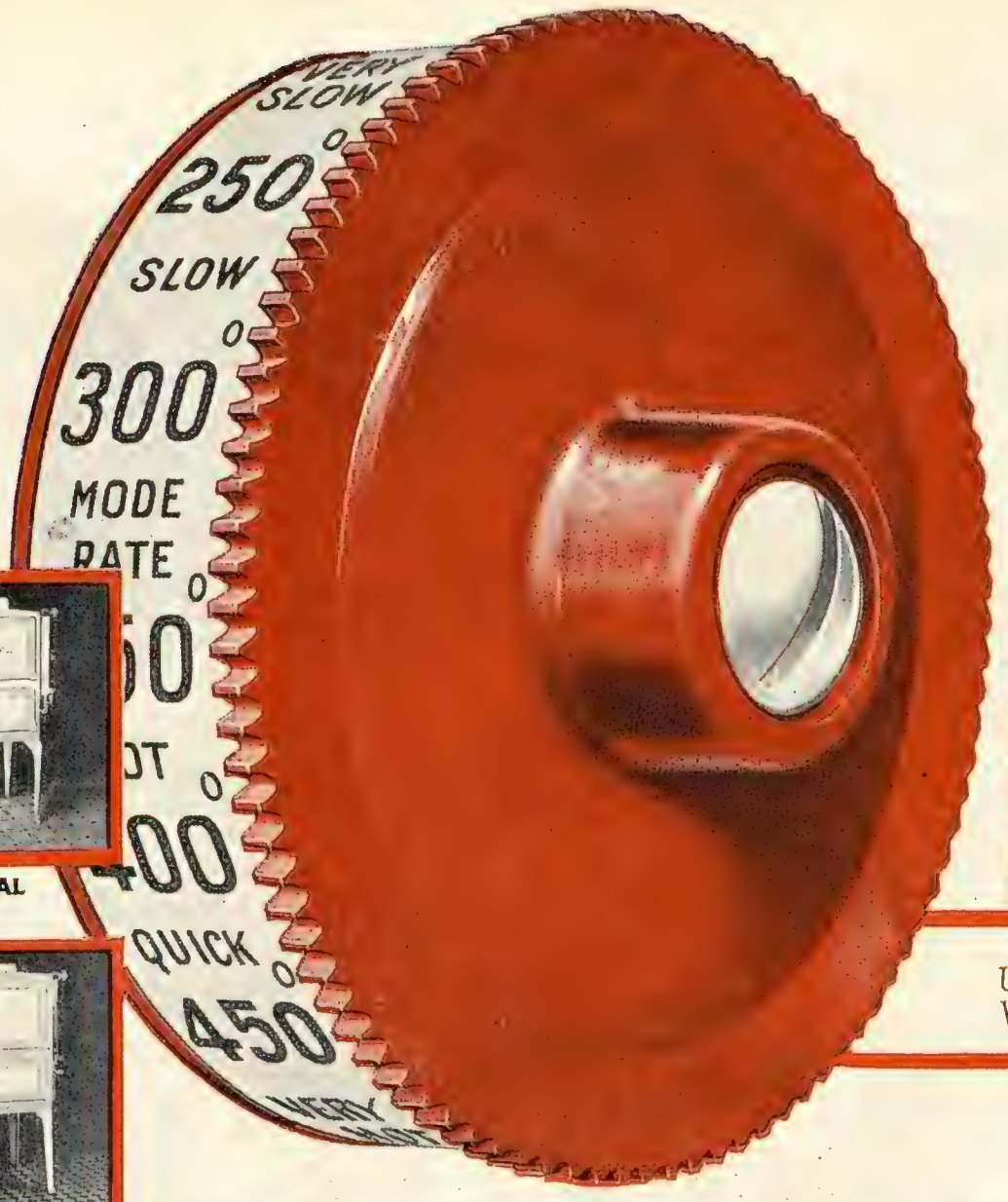
October 8 is Sweetest Day—the day when we should stop, look and listen—the day to check up—to see if we are sacrificing the finer feelings of the human heart to the rush of modern living. It is the day to show our family and friends that we still care. They will not know this unless we show them.

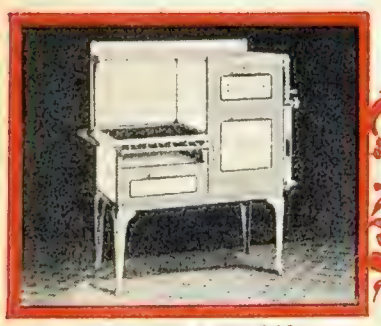
In the complex life of today, do we not owe it to those we love and to ourselves to pause for at least a little while to show that we are grateful? Sweetest Day gives us the opportunity to prove our affection—our appreciation for the good things that have come to us.

© N. C. A. 1927

SWEETEST DAY

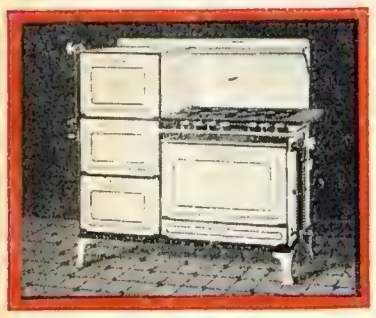
Saturday, October 8 — Lest we forget



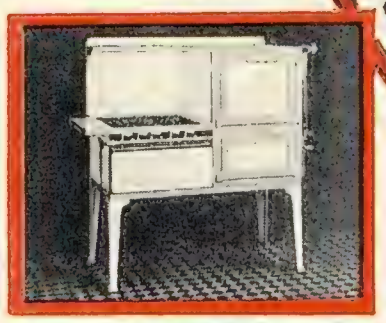


DIRECT ACTION LORAIN

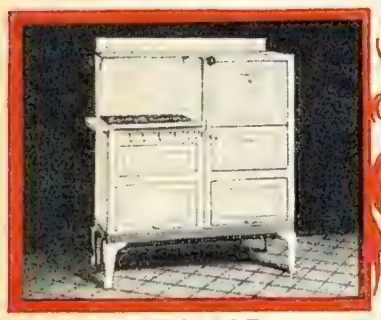
QUICK MEAL LORAIN



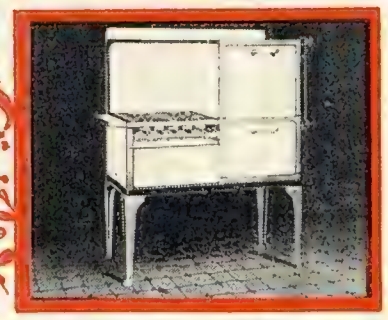
NEW PROCESS LORAIN



DANGLER LORAIN



RELIABLE LORAIN



CLARK JEWEL LORAIN

Section of Research Kitchen of American Stove Company located at Cleveland, O., and operated under the direction of Miss Dorothy E. Shank, M.A., formerly Instructor of Food Research, Household Arts Department, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City. Here Red Wheel Gas Ranges are given actual cooking tests, new recipes created and cookery problems solved.

No matter where you live you can now use a Lorain-equipped Gas Range

If Gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain tank-gas service, for use in a standard Lorain-equipped Gas Range.

Unless the Gas Range has a RED WHEEL it is NOT a LORAIN

"I'd Buy a Red Wheel Gas Range If I Were You"

ASK ANY OWNER of a Red Wheel Gas Range for advice on the purchase of a new stove and she will say, "I'd buy a Red Wheel Gas Range if I were you." Ask her *why* and she'll say, "Because my stove has given me perfect satisfaction from the day it was installed."

Owners will tell you how the Lorain Self-regulating Oven has given them many extra hours of leisure, relieved their minds of cooking worries and saved them many a dollar in food which otherwise might have been spoiled in the cooking.

Owners will tell you that they've never had a single baking failure since they bought their Red Wheel Gas Range. They will tell you how they go away for an entire afternoon and leave a Whole Meal cooking safely in the magic oven. They will praise the recipes of the cook book which was given them when they bought their Red Wheel Range.

Red Wheel Gas Ranges are made by the world's largest manufacturer of gas ranges. The Company owns six great stove factories, huge foundries and many modern enameling plants.

It maintains one of the finest Research Laboratories in the world for the sole purpose of insuring the safety, durability and satisfactory performance of Red Wheel Ranges.

Under the direction of a noted food authority the Company operates an elaborately equipped Research Kitchen for the special benefit of Red Wheel owners and prospective buyers (read the coupon).

Each of the six famous makes of Red Wheel Gas Ranges (see illustrations) are made in many sizes and styles. Your dealer will gladly show you the various models and demonstrate their unusual advantages.

Why cling to your old-fashioned, hard-to-keep-clean, poor-baking Gas Range when you can buy a new, modern, all-white Red Wheel Range at a reasonable price? You will never regret the expenditure, and when your friends praise your Lorain cooking and ask your advice on the purchase of a new stove, you, too, will say, "I'd buy a Red Wheel Gas Range if I were you."

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

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Please send me free copy of your recipe for Lorain Steamed Pudding. (***Print*** name and address plainly.)

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Lib.—10-8-27

LORAIN

Training the CHILD in Correct Food Habits

By ETHEL SOMERS

Correct food habits should be established early. A separate table for the children will help.

CHILDREN will grow even under hampering conditions, but they never grow so perfectly. Training from the start in correct food habits is particularly wise. Small children will derive lifelong benefits when taught to eat simple foods. Only suitable wholesome foods should be prepared and they should be served without comment or question.

Idiosyncrasies in the food habits of children have been proved by the modern Nursery School to have arisen from rather minor defects. Poor cookery may be held responsible for the distaste which many children have for certain otherwise wholesome dishes. A lasting prejudice may grow up because an admired elder commented adversely on the food being served.

Discipline is needed to build up serviceable habits as well as in modifying undesirable ones. The mother must regulate the child's food habits just as she would correct any shortcoming. Most of all the pre-school child desires to have attention. Scolding for not eating his vegetables in many cases gives him almost as much pleasure as would praise. Success should be praised, but failure ignored, except, perhaps, by withholding some item which he likes as dessert.

If a child persistently refuses to eat wholesome food, try serving it in disguise in small portions. Be sure that it is tastily prepared and presented so as to appeal to his esthetic sensibilities.

When instituting a program for the best training in correct food habits, simplify the lesson to one item at a time.

The quart-of-milk-a-day habit is the paramount need of the growing child. This should be the starting-point in case a distaste for milk has arisen. "Milk-haters" are all too common among children, hence we suggest the Hidden Milk Dishes given herewith.

Plenty of milk and cereal, supplemented by fruits and vegetables to supply the lack of iron, and some simple sweets make an ideal diet for the child. Sweets for dessert are healthful if chosen from such foods as loaf or maple sugar, honey, fruit juice, sponge-cake, plain cookies, cup-cakes, jams, and jellies. Vegetables should be steamed or cooked without water to prevent loss of food value. One of the daily fruits or vegetables should be served in the raw state, either pulped, scraped, or merely washed.

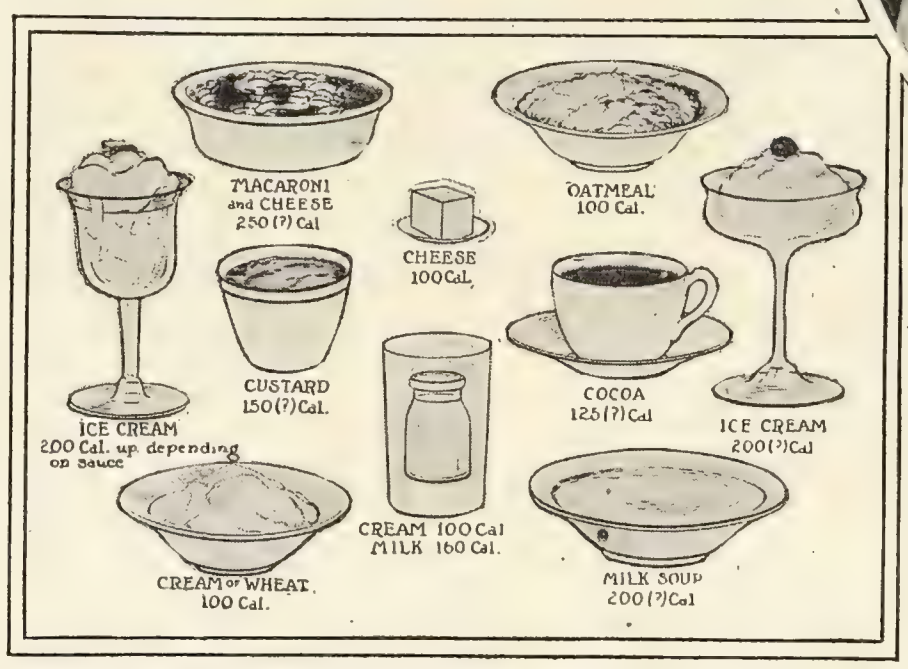
Every child should learn to eat with enjoyment from all these food groups. The earlier the habits are installed the better for his future health and endurance. Perhaps the following references will help you in achieving the desired results:

L. J. Roberts, Nutrition Work with Children. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Illinois.

Training the Child to Obey. A pamphlet. American Medical Association Press, Chicago, Illinois.

Mrs. Max West, Child Care. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

Runabout Child in the House of Health. A pamphlet. American Child Health Association, New York City.



Hidden milk dishes will prove a boon for children who dislike milk as a beverage.

Cereal—Cook in milk. Refer to recipes 75, 76, and 77, LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes. The resulting food value is greatly increased.

Cereals Baked in Milk—See recipes 78 and 79, LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes.

Fig Pudding

(See LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes, recipes 75 to 77)

- 2 cups cooked cereal, wheat preferred
- ½ cup chopped figs
- ½ cup chopped nuts
- ¾ cup brown sugar
- 2 cups milk
- 1 beaten egg

ADD the sugar, chopped fruit, and nuts to the cooked cereal, which should be cooled before making the pudding (left-over cereal from breakfast is ideal). Add the milk and beaten egg. Pour into a buttered baking-dish and bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 30 minutes. Serve lukewarm or cold, with cream, plain or whipped.

Corn-Starch Pudding

(See recipe 80, LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes)

- 2 cups milk
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 1½ tablespoons corn-starch
- ½ teaspoon vanilla or nutmeg
- 2 tablespoons cold water
- ⅓ cup coconut or chopped dried fruits, to be added if desired
- 1 or 2 eggs, as desired

MIX the milk and salt and cook over water until scalding. Stir the corn-starch in the cold water to a smooth paste. Slowly stir this into the hot milk. Stir until mixture thickens, and then cook 15 minutes. Stirring is not necessary after the pudding thickens, as there is no longer any danger of lumping. Beat the egg slightly and then slowly beat in the sugar to form a smooth mixture. Gradually add the egg-sugar mixture to the hot thickened milk, mixing it in quickly that the finished product will be smooth. Cool slightly, add the vanilla, and pour into damp molds to cool.

Soft Custard—See recipe 81, LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes.

Soft Chocolate Custard

- 2 cups scalded milk
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 ounce chocolate (1½ ounces may be used if dark custard is desired)
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

CUT the chocolate fine and add it to the scalded milk, continuing to cook for 10 minutes until the chocolate is completely melted. Beat the eggs slightly, add the sugar and salt, mix well, and slowly stir this into the hot chocolate milk. Cook over water, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens enough to form a layer of custard or a coating on the spoon. Flavor with vanilla and cool.

Molded Chocolate Custard—A molded chocolate custard may be prepared by doubling the number of eggs in the Soft Chocolate Custard recipe.

Tapioca Cream—See recipe 83, LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes.

Many children object to Tapioca Cream as a dessert because of the slippery texture of the tapioca lumps. This distaste may be entirely overcome if the tapioca is thoroughly cooked with the milk for 30 minutes or more and then, after mixing it with the stiffly beaten egg whites, the whole is thoroughly beaten with an egg-beater.

Cream Soup—See recipes 84 and 87, LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes.

Floating Island—Recipe 92, LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes.

Baked Custard—Recipe 90, LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes.

Banana Cream

- 3 bananas
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon corn-starch
- 1 tablespoon flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup milk
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 tablespoon butter
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

MIX the sugar, corn-starch, flour, and salt until thoroughly blended. Slowly stir in the hot milk and cook over water 15 minutes, stirring until the mixture becomes thick. Add the beaten egg yolks and butter, and stir. Cook 1 minute longer to cook the egg, adding vanilla, and fill the service glasses with alternate layers of the cream mixture and sliced bananas.

"WHAT shall I prepare for dinner?" The answer for today and many days to come is in LIBERTY'S three menu books: *100 Standard Recipes; Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks* (excellent for teas and parties); and *A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes* (for light meals). Each book is 10 cents, but you may have all three for 25 cents. Use coupon, please.

LIBERTY COOK BOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢. ☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I enclose.....cents in payment.

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10-8-27

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BIGGER THAN WEATHER

Style
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The exclusive and outstanding feature of Patrick-Duluth Overcoats is the wonderful Patrick-Duluth Cloth—a sturdy fabric nationally famous for its rich texture, appealing patterns and long, satisfying service.

There is no other cloth just like Patrick cloth. It is as distinctive to America as friezes are to Ireland, cheviots to Scotland and tweeds to England.

But cloth quality isn't all. Patrick-Duluth overcoats have individuality. They have true style, smart design, deft hand-tailoring and faultless fit.

They possess an air of richness and refinement, that meets favor with discerning men.

Their generous warmth makes them "Bigger than Weather."

Handled where good clothes are sold.

F.A.PATRICK & CO. Duluth
MAKERS OF BOTH CLOTH AND GARMENT.
"From sheep that thrive in the snow"

F.A.Patrick & Co., Desk L. Duluth, Minn.
Gentlemen: Please send me your illustrated booklet telling more about these good overcoats, also your complete line of "Bigger than Weather" Virgin Wool Products.

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Twenty Questions
How Much Do You Know
?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. The following week these questions are republished, together with their answers and a new list of questions. Our readers find that trying to answer the questions is a fascinating and instructive pastime.

Give yourself five points out of a hundred for each question correctly answered, then see how high a score you can make.

1—How many legs has a spider?

2—How far does a golfer usually walk playing eighteen holes?

3—What percentage of the total currency of the United States is one-dollar bills, and how quickly are they worn out?

4—What is the daily food allowance of the enlisted man in the United States army today?

5—Where and when was the first golf club established in America?

6—What is the active life of a big cannon?

7—What was the longest run ever made from kick-off by a football-player?

8—What was the highest victory record ever made for a season by a team in the major baseball leagues?

9—Are there more red or white stripes in the American flag?

10—Who made the fastest flight across the Atlantic?

11—How many sons of Presidents are living?

12—What bird lives the longest?

13—Are women eligible for high diplomatic posts in the United States government?

14—What is the highest denomination of United States currency?

15—What country in South America formerly belonged to Portugal?

16—What is the name of the leading seaport of France?

17—What is the present strength of the United States army?

18—How many persons were killed by German air raids on London during the World War?

19—What metal is the most perfect conductor of electricity?

20—What great British writer is buried on an island in the South Pacific?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What is the gas used to ripen fruits and vegetables artificially?
A.—Ethylene.

2—What sort of wood has been proved best for golf clubs?
A.—Hickory, thoroughly seasoned two years, is used for shafts, and persimmon blocks for club heads.

3—How many Nobel prizes are awarded each year?
A.—Usually five: for distinguished merit in physics, chemistry, medicine, literature, and the promotion of peace.

4—Which country furnishes most of the world's emeralds?
A.—Colombia, South America.

5—Which is the largest spider?
A.—The bird-spider of South America. Its legs have a spread of seven or eight inches.

6—Are sponges, in their living state, animals or plants?
A.—Animals.

7—What dates divide ancient, medieval, and modern history?
A.—Ancient history ended with the fall of Rome in 476 A. D. Medieval history then began and lasted until 1453, the fall of Constantinople. Then began modern history.

8—Why is Boston called the Hub?
A.—In The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote, "Boston statehouse is the hub of the solar system." This saying was corrupted to "the hub of the universe."

9—What former President was a member of the Congress of the Confederate States of America?
A.—John Tyler, President from 1841 to 1845, served in the Confederate Provisional Congress and was elected to the House of Representatives. He died in 1862 before taking his seat.

10—What was probably the greatest natural catastrophe in modern history?
A.—The Japanese earthquake in September, 1923. About 143,000 persons were killed and 103,000 injured.

11—What tree is most frequently struck by lightning?
A.—According to a survey made over a long period by European experts, poplars are most susceptible and beeches next. The survey also showed that smooth-bark trees are rarely struck.

12—What is meant by "Hobson's choice"?
A.—You have to take the thing that is offered or nothing. Thomas Hobson, a liveryman of Cambridge, England, rented out horses and made customers take the horse nearest the door.

13—How did the practise of boycotting get its name?
A.—From Captain Charles C. Boycott, the agent of an Irish lord, and the first man "boycotted" by the Irish people in their movement against landlords in 1880.

14—How many battles were fought in the Civil War?
A.—There were 2,400 engagements considered important enough to be identified by name.

15—What is a Plimsoll line on a ship?
A.—It is the stripe painted around the hull near the water-line. Maritime law forbids that a ship be loaded heavily enough to submerge this stripe.

16—Name the ten largest cities in the United States in order of size.
A.—1, New York; 2, Chicago; 3, Philadelphia; 4, Detroit; 5, Cleveland; 6, St. Louis; 7, Boston; 8, Baltimore; 9, Pittsburgh; 10, Los Angeles.

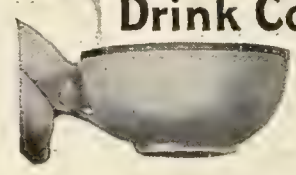
17—How many States border on Canada?
A.—Ten.

18—In what country is it forbidden to sleep with the windows open?
A.—In parts of Japan the police will not allow it, fearing that it would increase burglaries.

19—What bird covers the greatest distance in its annual migrations?
A.—The arctic tern, which flies from the arctic to the antarctic.

20—Is there any wax in common sealing-wax?
A.—No; it is composed of shellac, turpentine, and cinnabar.

NOW Anyone can Drink Coffee!



Don't deny yourself the pleasure of coffee any longer. Or decline a second cup because it's late! Coffee can't keep you awake if it is the kind *without caffeine*.

Neither nerves, heart nor kidneys are in any way affected by this pure coffee—from which the caffeine has been extracted. And it is *real coffee*, full-flavored and full-bodied; nothing missing but the caffeine. The day you try Kaffee Hag is the day you settle the coffee question. At the grocer's, or clip coupon now!

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1657 Davenport Ave., Cleveland
Send me postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of real coffee; I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps).

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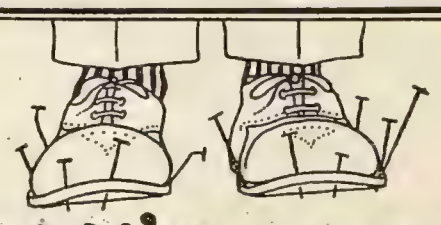
Address.....



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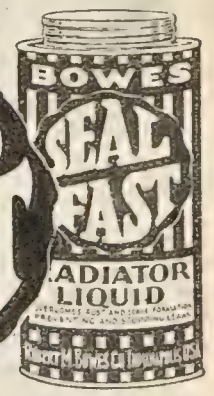


RADIATOR LIQUID

WRITE US FOR YOUR NEAREST DEALER

The Break of the Game

(Reading time: 3 minutes.)

Turning-Points in Famous Football Matches—
MICHIGAN—7
MINNESOTA—6
(1926)

An Article by
WALTER ECKERSALL

MICHIGAN—7; Minnesota—6.

This score of the second of the two football struggles in 1926 between elevens of the two Middle Western universities has been chiseled into the records; but if ever a team deserved to win a gridiron battle, it was Minnesota on that memorable day in Minneapolis.

It was a case of a badly outplayed team taking advantage of a break against the superior eleven in the final stages of the combat.

To show how badly the Michigan Wolverines were outplayed, statistics reveal that the Minnesota Gophers made nineteen first downs against three for Michigan.

In the first half the Gophers registered an even dozen first downs, while the Wolverines were unable to make one. Two of the first downs recorded by Michigan were the results of forward passes, while the other was made by rushing.

On the other hand, the Minnesota backs, particularly Herbert Joesting, the unanimous All-America selection for full-back, tore the Michigan line to shreds; while Almquist and Barnhart, two other backs, darted off the tackles for short gains. This was especially true when Minnesota used the famous single-reverse formations.

In the opening quarter neither eleven was able to score, although Minnesota threatened seriously on several occasions. Shortly after the second period opened, Minnesota started a march which was among the most effective I have seen in my many years of active association with football.

The Gophers, by using a straight, driving attack, carried the ball fifty-eight yards for a touch-down. Peplaw missed the goal, and Minnesota led, 6 to 0.

It was inspiring to see Joesting tear through the Michigan line and form interference for his teammates. It was extremely interesting to see "Shorty" Almquist and Barnhart dart off the tackles as their ends boxed the opposing tackles in splendid fashion.

In fact, there was perfect co-ordination between line and back-field, one of the secrets of success of offensive football.

During this march, however, Almquist was injured and Malvin Nydahl was sent in to take his place.

Shortly after the Minnesota touch-down the half ended, and to all appearances Michigan was a defeated eleven. In the third quarter the Wolverines recovered a fumble deep in Minnesota's territory.

If Michigan had the punch, this was its opportunity to score. But three plays netted only four yards, and then the famous Yost fake-place-kick formation was called.

Minnesota had been warned of the play, and nipped it before it was under way. That was the nearest the Wolverines had come to scoring since the struggle had opened.

In the fourth quarter, when Minnesota appeared to grow even stronger and had the game well in hand, victory was fairly snatched from its grasp.

An exchange of punts had given Minnesota the ball in its own territory. The Gophers started a march which gave every indication of terminating in another touch-down.

Throughout the game Minnesota had employed a back-field shift. On all such formations the ball was passed a trifle in advance of the runner.

Nydahl's signal was called for a dash off his right tackle.

On a given number the three Gopher backs shifted to the right. Center McKinnon, following his custom, passed the oval in advance of the ball-carrier.

IN trying to make the play as effective as possible, the Minnesota center passed it a little too far in advance of the Gopher back. Nydahl made a dive to retrieve the ball, but it rolled off his finger-tips and bounded off the ground a few inches.

Oosterbaan, who had played a bang-up game at end for Michigan all afternoon that led to his being the All-America selection for the position, scooped up the ball and was well on his way to the Minnesota goal-line before any of the Gophers gave chase.

The flying Wolverine planted the ball squarely between the posts, and then Captain Bennie Friedman, another All-America choice, kicked the goal for the point that spelled defeat for Minnesota and gave Michigan a victory which placed it in a tie with Northwestern for the Western Conference football championship.

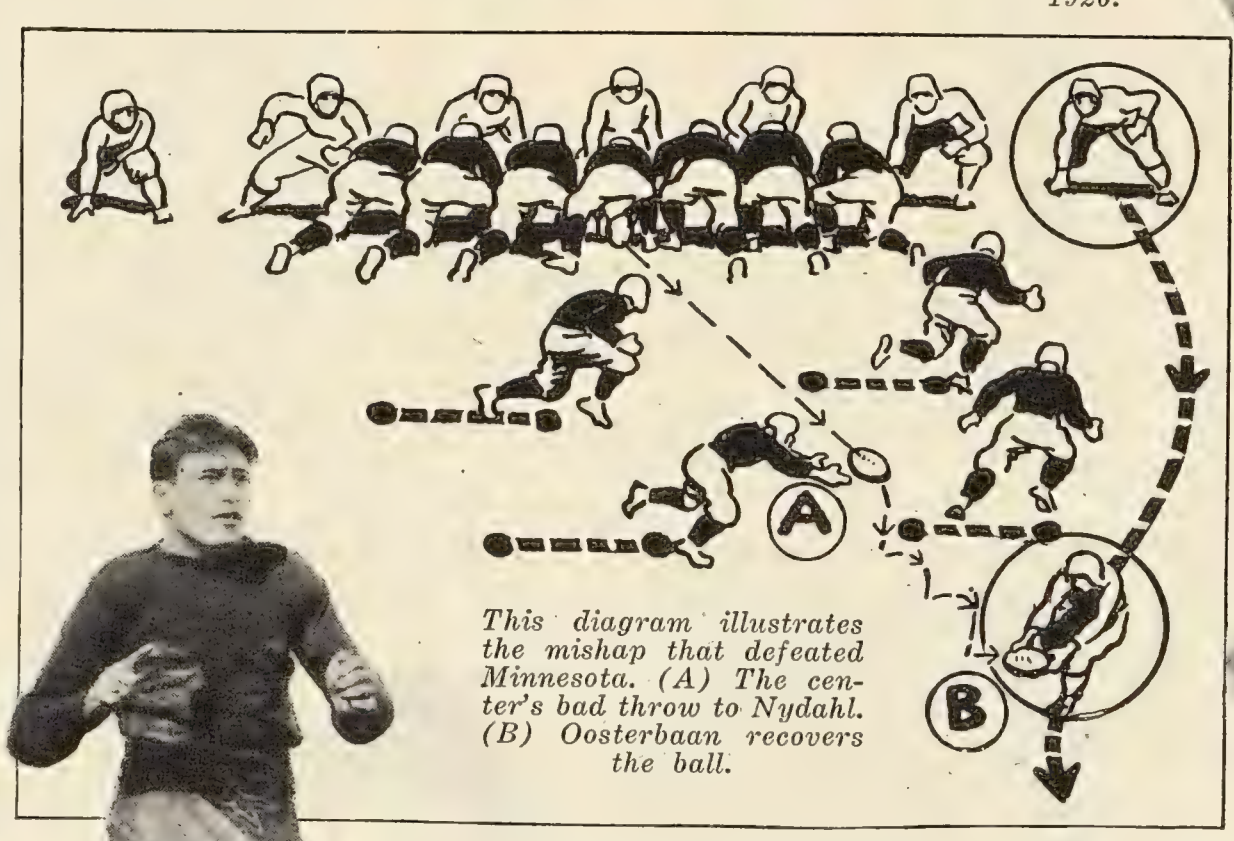
Many other hard football games have been decided in the last minutes of play. How a cool-headed middy sent the Navy into a 21-to-21 tie with the Army in the thrilling close of last year's great struggle is told by Mr. Eckersall in LIBERTY next week.

P. & A. photo
Malvin Nydahl of Minnesota failed to hold the ball.

P. & A. photo
Almquist, fast Gopher back.

P. & A. photo
Herb Joesting, All-America full-back in 1926.

P. & A. photo
Bennie Oosterbaan, who made Michigan's only touchdown.



This diagram illustrates the mishap that defeated Minnesota. (A) The center's bad throw to Nydahl. (B) Oosterbaan recovers the ball.

Int. photo
Captain Bennie Friedman (right) kicked the goal that gave the Wolverines a one-point victory. Gilbert, half-back, is shown with him.

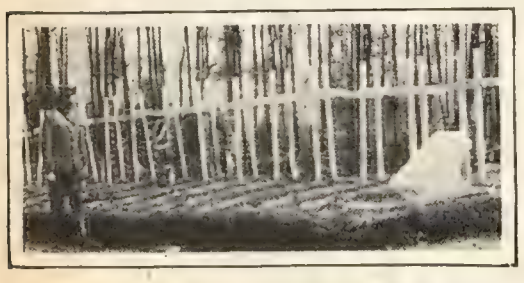
VOX POP

Nickels Speak Louder than Knocks

NEWMAN GROVE, NEB.—Your magazine is an insult to the paper it is printed on. How any one can stand such trash is beyond me. Inclosed you will find five cents for the July 23d issue. I couldn't get it at the news-stand.—*Robert E. Carlson.*

For Fact-Fearers

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have been reading your story, The Red Knight of Germany, and having been "over there" find it very interesting. And after reading your editorial, What



U. S. official photo

War Is, I could not help but write in your defense.

I know if Richthofen had been an Allied ace instead of a German, he would have been a hero, and why the kick about the dead body shown in your picture is beyond me.

Personally, I wish you would show real pictures including plenty of dead, etc., so as to educate some of our people who are afraid to come face to face with the real facts. I don't relish war one bit, and more of such pictures would do more good than harm.—*W. Jaekel.*

A War Lesson

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—What War Is indicated that the snap-shot of the unfortunate Tommy was a subtle lesson to readers.

Such lessons will help to produce a citizen consciousness and a legislator conscience that will provide our army and navy with fighting planes that can give a better account of themselves than the British planes of '17.

I am sure that the hundred-odd thousand reserve officers are commending you for this very valuable and patriotic service of publicity.—*Harry K. Clark, Capt. Inf. Res., Adjutant 337th Infantry.*

From the Son of a War Bird Who Was Killed

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Please accept my rather late appreciation to you for publishing War Birds and the stories by Springs.

As the son of a war bird who was killed "over there" I am crazy about your stories. I can not remember my father or mother, as all my life seems to have been boarding school and summer camps. This summer I am with a boy who has a *real* father and mother.

I like to know my father was brave and kind and noble. Although I never heard how he died, I bet he made a splendid job of it. I also like to think he may have kept a diary like the author of War Birds. Next summer I can go to Arlington to that Unknown Soldier's tomb. Gee! What if he was my dad!

And, sir, is The Red Knight of Germany to show that we conquered a gallant foe or is it paying homage to Germany?

I *hate* Germany. They took so much from me, but still I'm glad my dad gave his life for his country. Wouldn't you be?—*James Morrison, Jr.*

Who?

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Some of the Vox Pop comments on Miss Gish's life story, as told by Sidney Sutherland, are utterly preposterous. I should like to know who on the screen, or speaking stage, could be compared with her! *Vive la* Gish!—*Viola May White.*

Art and Eyesight

AUSTIN, TEXAS. — Ye gods! I thought that this country was getting to recognize *art*, but I see in Vox Pop a letter from Ada de Vilbiss of Washington, D. C., running down Lillian Gish. If Miss de Vilbiss can't see farther than *that*, she should be barred from all the movies in the country.—*Harry Barnhart, Jr.*

Sid Said It First

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Lillian Gish! The most interesting and commendable article you have yet published. To those morons I say that she is the greatest tragedienne that this era has yet produced.—*Bruce Clausen.*

Great—Rotten—Punk—Peerless!

DETROIT, MICH.—

Oh, Lillian Gish—you're good—
you're rotten.
We'll always remember you—you'll
soon be forgotten.
Who "made" you—Griffith? Why,
he's a bum.
He's the greatest director under the
sun!
Without you The Birth of a Nation'd
be punk.
In The White Sister I thought you
were drunk.
I hate you—I love you.
You're good—you're a flop.
Oh, no, I'm not crazy—
I'm simply
Vox Pop. —*B. G. L.*

Surpassing Sarah

MT. CLEMENS, MICH.—So Ada de Vilbiss doesn't like the article about Lillian Gish or her acting, either. Well, I myself do not think she can compare with Bernhardt or Duse, for I think she is far ahead of them in more ways than one.—*Mrs. L. E. Brown.*

Some Cameraman!

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Lillian Gish! A sorrowful, expressionless face, made purely and simply by a good cameraman!—*P. T. B.*

Toni & Antoinette, Inc.

MONTREAL, QUE.—This is to boost Toni, Jr., and her Aunt. Say, Aunty! Make them publish a picture of the baby with enough space round it to cut it out and put it in a frame.

The two of you are a great team. Are you going to raise her to be a movie star or another writer? —*M. L. B.*

A Courageous Author

CORVALLIS, ORE.—Let's have more stories from authors like Viña Delmar—authors with the courage and insight to give us life as it is, instead of the maudlin sentimentality that's usually offered.—*Another Reader.*

Bad Spots in Good Eggs

CHICAGO, ILL.—That my nickel can purchase a magazine such as LIBERTY makes me almost believe that the era when eggs were five cents a dozen is returning. But why such valuable space is filled with contributions such as Smith O'Brien's is a mystery.

He stated: "I quit going to the movies a dozen years ago, because I was forced to the conclusion that their message was for women, children, and morons—and I notice that even the women are beginning to balk at the 'acting.'"

This person stopped patronizing movies twelve years ago. The industry was then in its infancy. Give it credit for progressing.

Another Vox Popper—Ada de Vilbiss—calls Lillian Gish a "sheep-faced movie actress." Ye gods! With all due respect for the "incomparable" Bernhardt or Duse, if they were in their prime today Will Hays would ban them from the movies.—*F. Hall.*

A Good-Sized Disgrace

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Floyd Gibbons' article, The Red Knight of Germany, is a disgrace to the American people.—*Wm. A. Gwin.*

Why He Reads It

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The only reason I continue to read about the Red Knight of Germany is the hope of reading of his death. I hope it will be the most terrible death and suffering that can come to a person.—*Fred Silverstone.*

Lost but Not Forgotten

SOMEWHERE-IN-OHIO — Why don't you use "Concluded on Next Page" instead of "Continued on Next Page" when the story ends on the next page? It would help your readers.—*Signature lost.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Some kind friend made the above suggestion, but the signature has been lost. We thank him all the same and will act upon his idea.]

Our Chesterfieldian Pug

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.—I have just finished reading Mr. Chicago Kirby's remarks on Gene Tunney in a recent issue of Vox Pop. It must be that the Deadwood, S. D., gentleman bet on Dempsey.

It is my good fortune to live within a few miles of Speculator, where the champion has been training all summer.

A fair sample of his "big-hearted" generosity is the fact that all money derived from the admission now being charged at his training quarters is turned over to the various churches and charitable institutions in and about Speculator.

At Speculator every one knows Gene Tunney to be at all times a gentleman. There is nothing flashy or high-hatted to him. He is another credit to the game.—*Donal Hurley.*

BEG PARDON

In an article called Cross Country, in the August 20 issue of LIBERTY, the author, Elliott White Springs, wrote that the Government would give old airplanes to any person who paid storage on them. This is an error, according to the officials of the War Department, who have been embarrassed by numerous requests for such planes. The Chief of Air Corps says: "The Government has no airplanes to sell at this time nor is it probable that it will offer planes for sale in the near future." LIBERTY regrets printing this mistake.

DELICIOUS! *and Ready to Serve*

Heinz Cooked Spaghetti is tempting as a vegetable, or satisfying as a feature of any meal. The spaghetti is so nourishing, the sauce so appetizing and full of flavor.

So, when you want something especially good, and want it in a hurry, serve this steaming, hearty dish.

It is already cooked by Heinz just exactly right

The spaghetti itself is Heinz-made. The delicious sauce is prepared with Heinz own vine-ripened tomatoes, specially chosen cheese and selected spices. Then comes the cooking in Heinz sunny kitchens by skillful chefs long experienced in following an Italian chef's famous spaghetti recipe.

Once you had to spend a lot of your own time in the kitchen to have spaghetti as good as this. But now you just buy Heinz Cooked Spaghetti. You heat it, and serve it, and enjoy it. The taste is the test.

AND REMEMBER—
HEINZ 57 VARIETIES ARE
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A RIDE in the Country

"I FEAR your child wife lacked the strength of character to go to hell much further with you."

A Mile-a-Minute Romance

A Serial by

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

(Reading time: 18 minutes.)

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

"I KNOW everything is going to be all right," Pats Schuyler stated. "We'll be going home together, tonight."

"Yes. Sure!" Thatcher told her. For what was the use now, anyhow?

"I know it," she said. "I know Angelo was telling the truth. I was watching his eyes all the time."

"Sure. Absolutely," said Thatcher, agreeing to anything now.

"And I'm not fooling myself, either," she went on. "I don't think he would do it—only for one reason. He's afraid not to. You can laugh—but he's worried stiff—he's afraid, in some way, about me!"

"You may be right, at that!" said young Thatcher—as naturally as possible.

Afraid of her—those murderers! She was quite evidently getting light-headed.

"Say, look," he said, trying it again. "Don't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY Continued from Page Seventy-five]

you want a drink of water—or something to eat—or something?" he asked—recalling more clearly the long absence of refreshments she had undergone.

"No, nothing—absolutely!" she said, excited again at the idea of rousing their jailers. It took him some time to quiet her once more.

"All right, then," he said finally. "I'll drop it, if you'll go to sleep."

She agreed, and settled once more against him.

"I hate to admit it," she said, back to the light and airy talk again—"but I'm actually much relieved to think we're going home together. Are you?"

"I—I—you bet!" young Thatcher assured her heartily, after a first hesitation—under the strain of various severe emotions at her perfect confidence in the future.

"I apologize, old friend," she was going on. "I fear in a short time your child wife would have failed you entirely. I fear she lacked the strength of character to go to hell much further with you."

"Go to sleep, Pats," said young Thatcher, interrupting her.

"I think I will," she said simply. "I'm about all in."

IN a very short time she had done so—with her hand in his, like an exhausted child. Young Thatcher sat, wide awake, supporting her—not exactly lulled to slumber by her assurance over the immediate future; staring out, brooding over the confused and badly jumbled prospects, as he saw them.

Hope touched him at times. Her idea was not entirely crazy. If the regulation end of the ride in the country was to be carried out in this case, why all this delay—the elaborate pretense of this alleged trip to secure their safe return home? And, of course, since they had not been killed in the first rush of the murder party, there might possibly be some slight squeamishness about killing them now in cold blood.

He gave it up—and stared with dulled mind about their peculiar prison. Time was passing. The bars of light from the cracks, he thought he saw, were shifting from west to east, like golden clock-hands that ended on the floor.

Occasionally the one from the knot-hole by the barn door was shut off by the eye of their guardian on that side.

The idea of getting out was hopeless—even without his promise to the girl. He looked down at the luminous white coat, the blond head, the faint gleam of his frat pin—that symbol of love and eternity—showing dimly upon the girl's immature breast.

Emotions seized him. His mind passed in review the not-to-be-forgotten lessons of that recent, vivid, thorough course in the night school—the rapid, epoch-making events of his last twenty-four hours of life.

He sat supporting his sleeping charge, and thought deeply—on life, death, and the love of woman. The singular and universal madness which induces one woman to select one man from so many millions, and gaily travel on to hell with him, if necessary—if she is any good! And the equally binding obligation of the man to protect her from such disaster—even if he has to die or reform to do so!

He stiffened uneasily—touched by the last thought. What a hectic failure he had made of life in general—even of protecting her—saving this one creature of real importance to him in the world! If her idea were only right; if he only could get back home with her—had a chance to use all these valuable lessons—one more chance to live—to make good for her!

"Good God!"

He jumped—scared. He had said the words out loud. The girl, disturbed by them, started, clutched at his cold hand with her warm, moist one—settled back again, in perfect trust. He saw their symbol of eternal love upon her breast gleam faintly as she moved. He held himself still rigid, so as not to disturb her further.

Well, one thing in the sinister and foreboding future was made certain by this mad enterprise, the rash and sudden vow of the girl to follow on where he led—to hell, if necessary. Whatever was ahead now—love or death—yes, or that other well advertised destination—they were arriving there together.

Young Thatcher clenched his fists—moved in spite of himself—resumed his enforced stillness. The girl moved and settled down again, patting his hand with her relaxed one. The air grew warmer, closer, with the dry, lingering scent of long absent hay.

The thoughts of life and death and love clouded and jumbled in young Thatcher's mind; his sharp eye dimmed. Nature, after a frantic forty hours, was asserting herself. Sleep was coming on—and dreams.

He passed through in reverse the happenings of that hectic trip, backing up through space and time: the murder, the ride in the country, the mirthful murderers and the mirthless dancers; the flight from home, and the Old Man—waiting, frowning, finally, as he came back into the door. Barring him out—in vain!

"For I'm coming back. You can't help yourself!" he told him, pushing by. "I'm going to make good. I know it. I know I can. I've got to. Pats Schuyler and I!"

He woke suddenly. The girl herself was calling him, whispering in his ear—somewhat nervously.

Young Thatcher started up. The golden fingers from the cracks slanted now well eastward. He was exhausted, thirsty, numb from sitting there with the weight of the girl upon his shoulder. Still more numb, as he woke, and stared, and listened!

Outside there was the sound of the motor—of the man they were waiting for—of that Angelo the Cat.

They could hear him speaking, in Italian, in a soft but amused tone; and the other two laughing, chuckling—making incomprehensible humorous comments.

II

THE big barn door opened. The big patch of yellow sunlight showed again on the board floor, with its high, sharp upper corner well slanted to the east. The catlike Angelo stood in its center, advancing smiling.

"We win!" he stated in a high, cheery voice.

The two in the car stared, silent.

"The pictures!" he announced enthusiastically. "The number plates. The police. It went over fine."

The two assistant murderers behind him at the car side showed broad-toothed smiles — much pleased also — even the uglier one with the broken nose.

"You see, I told the truth," the leader of the Carnellis exclaimed loudly. "Our interests are identical—the same. So now we send you home."

He smiled at Pats Schuyler through the car door—a new, changed smile, of whole-hearted gaiety.

"But what—just what has happened?" the voice of Pats Schuyler asked him finally—strained, but much stronger after her sleep.

The two in the background started answering together—with a strange shift from hostile listening to enthusiastic, almost violent speech—in which the savage one with the broken nose took the lead.

"The police! He gets back the word to them—about that number plate in that damn Thibaut's closet—see!" he explained.

"They found that 'picture' you left there, from your hot car—out there in that parking space. That he also gave the police your ticket number for."

"He got the word to them by telephone. And then gets the word back again—all right!"

"All right. So now you two go back home—we send you, all safe—not to get arrested."

"It is him that steals the car! Angelo hang it all on that damn Thibaut. It is him that steals the car—not you. See?"

YOUNG THATCHER, gazing back and forth at the expectant, smiling faces—listening closely to their eager explanations—saw partially.

"You got word some way to the home police, by telephone?" he asked.

"Sure," the man with the broken nose confirmed him.

"That it was Thibaut who stole the car I swiped. And you proved what you said to them by giving that number of the car in the parking space—and the tip about the number plate of the car that I lifted being there in Thibaut's closet. Is that how it was?"

"Sure. We get word to the police by our man—like we've got all over—that stands in with the police, giving them the tips we want—that work good for our business."

"The stool-pigeon, you call him," explained the head Carnelli to the girl.

"Sure. Sure!" exclaimed the broken-nosed enthusiast earnestly—and slapped the speaker on the back. He looked like an unusually happy ape. "Gees. Angelo—he is one smart guy. He fix everything right, all over—always!"

"And that ain't only half what he does here,

neither," said the one with the wrinkled forehead, continuing the song of praise. "What he pulled off for us also, when he done this for you."

Angelo the Cat smiled modestly, turning his eyes again upon Pats Schuyler.

"I told you, didn't I, our interests were the same—identical?"

The others were going on excitedly to elucidate his remarks—deeply anxious now to make all clear; to win the warm approval of their listeners.

"Sure. Sure!" said the excitable one. "Good business for you. More better for us. What you think Angelo do with you, for us, with that damn Thibaut, hey?"

The two prisoners did not answer—more or less swept off their feet by this abrupt turn from dark suspicion to perfect confidence on the part of their new allies.

"He hang it all on Thibaut, everything; all the hot-car stealing—this year, last year, all the time—by those other different 'pictures'—those number plates, from all those other hot cars there that our man showed to the police, where that damn big fool Thibaut throws them, in together, back there in his closet."

THERE came the hectic singing of one more cargo, outbound gaily on hell's highway.

The two bared their teeth, laughing heartily—loudly.

"Some good business, huh? We hang it all on that dead dog, that Thibaut—all the stealing of all those cars, entirely."

He winked. The two laughed, still more heartily—even the quieter Angelo chiming in—at this happy and amusing thought for using their dead enemy.

"Him. Not us!"

"And gees—what we do afterward—working the hot-car busi-ness—on the quiet now."

They laughed still louder—pounding their slighter leader on the back.

"You see now what I mean," he was telling Pats Schuyler, with his confidential smile. "How I spoke the truth when I said our interests were the same—identical."

"Oh, yes," replied Pats Schuyler, from where she sat between him and Thatcher—smiling warmly back—even giving a peculiar little chuckle.

"All—all the same. Good business for us both—now all together!" asserted one Carnelli.

"And also one more thing," the second added, indicating Thatcher with a winning smile, "that is good for you! That car you steal—it had a reward out for it. So now the police have got the money."

"The big boobs," contributed the other.

"So now they never change, see—the story that they give out now? You never steal the car—never. It will be always now that other man. You go home all safe, for always. All you have to do is shut your mouth."

YOUNG Thatcher was surprised—at the sound of a new, a shrill laugh. Pats Schuyler seemed now suddenly to be joining the general merriment and rejoicing. It stopped, however—interrupted by the soft voice of the head Carnelli — injecting suddenly a new note of warning in the refrain of harmony and mutual confidence, after the last speaker's words.

"We send you back. We trust you. We take the chance," he said, regarding young Thatcher with a sudden cold light in his eyes. "But if you ever peep one word, at all, to anybody there—you know what you get!"

The sound of Pats Schuyler's high voice came sharply, answering before Thatcher could:

"Yes. He'll go to jail—for murder!"

"And after that he dies, also," contributed the most thoughtful Carnelli.

"No, we shoot him first—before he talks in court," the most dangerous one corrected him. "Bad busi-ness for you!" he said, very directly.

The perfect confidence of the time just before was all gone now—replaced by the menacing mien of the hours before it.

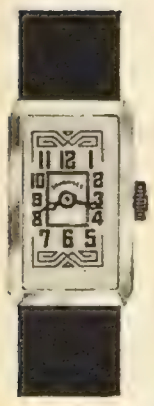
But the touch of gaiety was not entirely lost, young Thatcher noted, with increased discomfort. Pats Schuyler seemed to be laughing on again. He took her arm—but turned when she stopped, to the sound of the voice beyond, which interrupted her.

The head Carnelli was speaking to the others now, more harshly than before.

"Bad busi-ness, huh!" he said, answering the last speaker. You two talk about the bad busi-ness!

"Listen—you know what these two fool wops wanted to do to you back there in the woods?" he asked Pats Schuyler.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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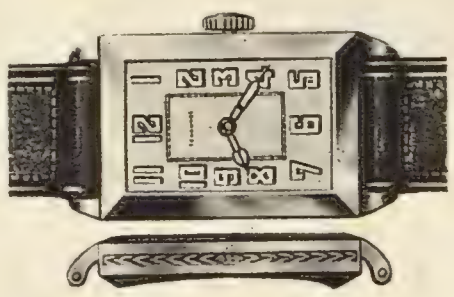

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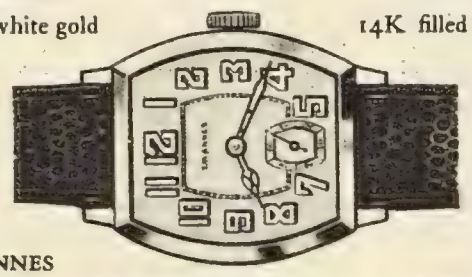

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WATCHES — *right with the Sun*

[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY
Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

"No," she answered faintly, and shook her head.

"They were out for killing you. Gees! These fools here would kill a woman—a girl!"

He laughed now, by himself, fiercely.

The other two stood silent and still-faced.

"Why not? he asked," the leader said, his eye now fastened on the more savage one—"why not kill a woman—kill a girl!"

The man with the broken nose looked down before the speaker. The latter carried on his accusations fiercely, frankly—as if the three were all alone.

"Kill another one," he continued, "after that one in Cleveland, that broke up that old mob there—that started everything to rolling loose. That ruined all the business. And all by accident," he added, now with an appeal to Pats Schuyler—"you might say. Just a stray shot hit her. And do you know what happened then?"

"No," said Pats Schuyler, staring back. Young Thatcher held her arm yet—still giving her his moral support.

"You kill a girl like that—what happens always? You have not any idea. The whole world blows up, altogether. The papers all get going—the big picture papers: printing pictures, letters, diaries; offering rewards, driving the police crazy—over the poor, poor girl. Setting them crazy all over—till they get you."

The two others stared, gone stony-eyed at his outburst. Young Thatcher held his grip firmer upon the girl's tense arm.

"You—gees!" the lecturer continued—and reached forward, snapping his fingers toward Thatcher's face. "You—a hundred bad little birds like you and Thibaut—I shoot them all—like this! The police do nothing—give out a good reward for it, maybe. They shoot them every night, all over—on the street, on rides in the country. Did you ever hear where the police got one shooter—huh?

"But one little girl killed—murdered. Gees, the papers, the police, the whole world go crazy—till they get you! Bad busi-ness, they say!

"I kill him—bah, nothing!" he said, and snapped again at Thatcher. "I kill her! Your whole damn busi-ness is destroyed, busted, gone—you also! Don't I know, myself, already?"

HE laughed bitterly toward the other two—and stopped, in a general silence.

"But now we send you home, huh?" said the fiercest Carnelli to Thatcher, breaking it—changing the conversation to more pleasant thoughts. "With her—all safe. Bad busi-ness for you, huh—that you had her with you? That you're not already croaked, back there?" he said, and smiled suggestively, with a backward motion of his thumb—presumably to where the Lounger had been.

And then stopped and stared suddenly, with the others.

A new outburst of merry laughter was ringing out across the port of the missing cars—the high, shrill laughter of the girl.

"What's so funny, Pats? What are you laughing at?" young Thatcher asked her, shaking at her arm, striving to get her nerves in order.

She stopped abruptly. "Now

are you glad?" she asked him, staring steadily into his eyes.

"Of what?"

"That your child wife came along with you—on your well planned trip to hell?"

"I'll say I am," he answered, holding her tightly.

But she started laughing again.

"Stop, Pats. Stop!" said young Thatcher, shaking her.

But she couldn't stop, it seemed. "I can't. I can't! It's so funny—all so funny—I can't help it!" she laughed on.

"What is?"

"At the big joke—the big joke! We're going home—going home together. We're not going to hell, after all!"

She laughed and laughed—the three murderers standing about the car door in a circle, gazing.

"Go on and get some water, somewhere," said the head one to the other two. "Has she had any all day?" he asked young Thatcher.

"No," he told him; "and nothing to eat. And wouldn't let me ask for any."

"They're all that way—the whole of them!" observed Angelo the Cat, beyond the car doorway.

"They go, and go—till suddenly, biff—they're gone!"

It was some time—the light was faint and blurred through the lower cracks in the western side of that port of missing cars—before she stopped laughing altogether, and they had her straightened out for the trip back home—down the night highways in one of the closed "hot cars."

III

NIGHT, and a stolen car, and a much subdued life companion of his own—the new-style prodigal son was rolling rapidly home back along the concrete road to hell and way stations, still dazed at being consigned there at the end of his so-called ride in the country. Numbed still by his singular good fortune.

If it had been an earlier time, before the establishment of the modern rapid-transit service for prodigal sons past every son's front door, he would scarcely have been started yet upon his downward way.

If he had even taken a local, like many others, making shorter stages at a time, instead of by accident catching on that fast through hell-bound express, he would have been still moving slowly but surely onward.

But most of all, if the modern accommodations on the downward road of the rubber tires had not opened transportation so freely to prodigal daughters as well as prodigal sons, he would never have been turned back at all.

Their driver, the man with the broken nose, sent their hot car on through the dark in silence. They looked out before him on the rising highway.

Strange roads, strange rivers, and the brilliant lights of unknown cities passed behind them without comment or marked interest. They were more concerned, naturally, in each other and their fortunate return—engaged in mutual vows, mutual confessions, mutual abasements.

The girl lay always deeper in the shelter of young Thatcher's arm—musing, speculating, confessing, appealing.

"Do you wish I hadn't come along? Would you rather have taken the downward grade alone?"

He pressed her shoulders in silence.

"Would you?" she asked, unsatisfied.

"Gosh!"

"Then I was some little good—after all?"

"No. You only saved my life, that's all—more ways than one!"

He went on then to tell her of his last resolve—his purpose to make good from now on—and her part in it. How little chance of doing so he had before the education of their recent trip together—her so-called wedding journey.

She listened, musing, well satisfied—confessing in her turn.

"Oh, I know. I know—about myself," she remarked dispassionately. "That I'm one hundred pounds lighter than a powder-puff. But I'd go to hell for you, Speed—any time—if it would help you! You know that!" she said, regarding him with sudden intensity.

"You're the best kid in the world!" he told her.

"You know that, don't you?" she asked him, still looking up—insisting on her answer.

"I do, yes," said young Thatcher humbly. "Go to sleep now. You're dead."

"All right," she agreed—and did so.

"It will seem strange, won't it, to have to give up our light housekeeping together tonight," she stated—as a last cheery comment before resigning consciousness.

HE stood holding her, patting her, looking over her head at the Old Man—for his final answer.

Young Thatcher sat, still wide awake, supporting her—looking on ahead, distinctly sobered—at least a generation older for those two nights' education and his new eternal obligations and responsibilities—reflected dimly by the everlasting symbol of the frat pin upon the bosom of the girl beside him.

Deprived of sleep, food, cigarets even—he felt stronger, more confident, surer of himself than ever in his life.

The girl whimpered, clutched him in her sleep; the black silhouette of the man with the broken nose sat stiff and motionless, driving; young Thatcher stared past him to the rising road home—thinking, making his plans, his mind focused now on the main concern of every home-bound prodigal son—his last chance, and how he was going to get the Old Man to give it to him.

WHEN the hot car and its driver had passed on to their unknown destination through the dark, and he had got the girl back to her mother—off to bed—young Thatcher walked directly home to face his fate.

The folks were still up. The Old Man appeared to be walking back and forth, back and forth, steadily, in the rear living-room. His mother was sitting staring by the table.

The Old Man let him in the front door, without remark; followed him back into the living-room—held his crying mother back from him.

He stood there looking at him, in his old dressing-gown. He looked old. There were rings around his eyes almost as dark as around young Thatcher's mother's. His harsh voice had a slight quiver in it.

"Well!"

They stood facing each other. Young Thatcher spoke the words he had decided on:

"I came home—for one more chance. Are you willing to give it to me?"

The Old Man came back—with a question instead of an answer.

"Where have you been?"

"I've been out—with some fellows—on a ride—a ride in the country," he told him, staring back—using that expression without thinking. But the Old Man would know nothing about what it really meant, of course.

"Did you get your automobile Friday night?" he asked next.

A new voice broke in now, the voice of young Thatcher's mother—whom the Old Man was holding back by main force still.

"Oh, Edgar," she cried shrilly. "Don't! Stop torturing him. Don't bring up that terrible, terrible thing again—when you know he didn't do it; when the police themselves came here again and apologized—and said they had found out the real thief, that regular automobile thief that had stolen so many cars here."

She broke away and cast herself into young Thatcher's arms. He stood holding her, patting her, looking over her head at the Old Man—for his final answer.

"Do I get my chance?" he asked—back to the main issue again.

"What chance do you want?"

"To go to work for you—in the business."

The Old Man stared into his eyes. His voice grew huskier than before.

"How do I know that you'll make good?"

Young Thatcher held his eye. "I'll make good. I'll have to!"

"Why?"

"Because I want to get married."

It was a bump! But it had to come out.

"Married! You!"

"Some day. When I can. Not now!"

He felt his mother's head upon his arm, patting him—in encouragement and support.

"To the best girl—the only girl in the world!" he continued.

"Who is that?"

"Pats Schuyler," he told them—straight.

The Old Man cleared his throat, getting ready. Young Thatcher stared him in his eyes—headed him off.

"She's the best—the only girl in the world, for me!" he said, daring him with his eyes to say anything different.

THE Old Man stood still, not denying it—after listening to that voice.

"And I'll make good—I'll make good for her! I'd fight for her and die for her! I'd go to hell for her!"

"You might even go to work for her, eh?" said the Old Man.

Speed Thatcher's pulses gave a leap—of sudden joy. The thing was done. The Old Man was smiling, faintly—back to his old sarcastic smile—following a fairly successful crack at his expense.

"You give me my one chance—that's all!"

"All right—I will!" the Old Man said; and stepped forward, holding out his hand.

Young Thatcher's mother had him by the other arm, crying. He stood there, swallowing—getting himself back under control.

From outside—while they stood there, even—came the sound of a motor, the merry, high-spirited hooting of a horn, the hectic singing—both soprano and bass—of one more cargo, another happy Sunday evening excursion—outbound gaily on hell's highway—that passes just beyond every family doorstep now, down the underworld of the rubber tires.

THE END

Another great LIBERTY serial—one dealing with woman's eternal quest for love—starts in next week's issue of LIBERTY. Kathleen Norris wrote it. Watch for Thin Ice.

Palm Canyon near Palm Springs

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Late from the Lodge

Lil Puts in a Hectic Evening

Another Chapter in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By LESLIE THRASHER

"A-A-A-O-O-OH!" Ma Morse yawned. "I'm going to bed." And she partly hid her mouth with her pink knitting-needle.

Pop was intent upon showing Lil his vacation snap-shots, so his wife had to repeat her nightly quarter-of-eleven announcement:

"I'm going to bed," she said again in a louder voice. "And when I get in I'll call down so you can turn off the radio."

"All right," Lil smiled. "I'll put out the milkman's note."

"Two milk and one cream. Write it down on the list," her mother called. And she sighed as she puffed upstairs. She was looking forward to November, when she hoped the newly-weds would depart, and she could order cream only every other day.

Pop hadn't even noticed his wife's departure. "Here's a nice group," he pointed out to Lil. "I took it at Aunt Annie's. Here, use the magnifying-glass to look at the features."

Lil looked, trying hard not to laugh. Five of the group were minus legs, and the women's faces wore blank expressions—due to large picture hats. The hatless men, with dreadful squints, had sour-apple expressions, and one gentleman looked like a Burbank creation with a pine-tree growing from the top of his head.

"They're all very good," Lil murmured.

At 11:30 Pop took an apple and started for bed. "Where's Sandy?" he asked. The apple evidently harbored a worm, for he tossed it to the dog; Bow-Legs chunked it down with relish.

"Sandy's at the lodge," Lil said. "He's getting another degree tonight." She went out to the pantry to raid Ma's cake-box.

She cut a piece of fudge layer-cake and mixed up a chocolate milk drink. Sandy had been home from the road only three days and his left-over business-trip buoyancy worried Lil. "He's been out every night," she said to herself, munching a forkful of creamy frosting. "Once on business, once with the boys, and now to the lodge." Feeding Bow-Legs a luscious slab of cake, she wondered what excusing nocturnal gag her husband would think up next.

By 12:30 she had darned seven pairs of socks and soaked ten good two-cent stamps from dirty envelops. She had also made five trips to the front window—but there were no signs of Sandy.

"Hey? Where's your wandering hubby tonight?" Pop sang out several times, setting the words to impromptu tunes.

One o'clock: Lil went to bed, letting Bow-Legs jump up to sleep on her new rose comforter. She read three sad love poems, thrilled to The Highwayman—and then snapped out the light.

1:30: Nearing harmonica music floated down the street. She jumped up and looked out the window—but it was only a musically inclined policeman, evidently off duty.

1:55: Cats on the back fence woke up Bow-Legs.

"Here!" Lil said, shaking a box of cough-drops.

But Bow-Legs had spurned the menthol lozenges to sniff at the door; and his apology of a tail was wigwagging his excitement.

"Oh!" Lil gasped. "It must be Sandy!" And she tiptoed out to peer down from the stair-landing. Sandy was coming in—and how!

"Sandford! It's two o'clock. What have you been doing?" she asked in a melodramatic whisper.

"Riding the goat," he confessed, swaying dizzily.

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Bigger and Better Cake

On Richard's birthday his mother was in the habit of making a cake for him and putting on a candle for each year of his age. On his sixth birthday Richard was watching his mother get the cake ready for the oven, when he finally remarked:

"Mother, would you mind leaving the candles off this year and just make the cake six layers high?"—Elcie Benham, 6534 Kenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A Familiar Scene

Carol was at the Zoo. Mother pointed out the grizzly bear. He was sitting in his pool, splashing the water about with his front paws and looking for all the world like a huge teddy bear.

"See the bear, dear. He is taking a bath."

"Oh, yes," she squealed, delighted; "and he's feeling around for the soap!"—Mrs. C. M. Presly, 1107 S. Wilton St., W. Philadelphia, Pa.

A COSTUME consisting of a black crepe plaited skirt and a separate blouse made of salmon-pink crepe.

THIS costume of gray chiffon is made in the form of a coat-dress with the wrap-around effect.

New Shirt-Waists REVIVE Old Waistlines

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

OUR first offering, fresh from Paris, gives credence to our already voiced comment on the very great chic of the separate blouse. That is to say, it is not separate at all, but is most carefully and calculatingly arranged to look separate, although it is joined so skilfully to the dress it goes with, that the French even use the expression that it is "married" to the skirt.

Carrying out this idea, a blouse may have as much independence as if it were married, and little more. It is not fastened down with stitches to the skirt, and to all intents and purposes leads a separate life. It is free to go to the cleaner's—or to the washtub. And that is about all. It is not free to associate with other suits than those it was designed for.

As time goes on, its freedom will lead it more frequently than in the past to the tub, for word has it that wash blouses, as well as wash dresses, for the South and for next season, are coming in. Linen thus far has been very smart and very exclusive. As time progresses, everybody will be wearing it.

Meantime this that you see in the illustration is really not a blouse at all, but a part of a dress that is merely masquerading as a separate skirt and bodice. The costume observes the current dictate that if two colors appear in it, they shall be contrasting, and not different nuances of one color.

It is very desirable indeed to have the skirt of black, thus emphasizing the old skirt-and-shirt-waist idea, when the lower half of the outfit was in a somber tone. Our first model follows this fancy of the moment, and has a finely plaited skirt of black crepe, topped by a bodice, of not too much independence, in salmon-pink crepe.

We said a moment ago that blouses looked separate from the skirt, but even now the Parisians are thinking up ways of "marrying" them more securely, or at least of making public the ties that bind. One form these ties take are bands and tabs sewed on the bodice and buttoning down on to the skirt. Another form, a little rarer, is the suspender, such as men seek to conceal. Parisian women are now occasionally displaying these, really as a garnishment, but in the guise of having a purpose, which is to harness the skirt in place.

The second model is an interesting manifestation of the coat-dress, which usually comes in kasha or serge. This one is of chiffon, if you please, all finely plaited, and at regular intervals the blouse, including the sleeves, is ribbed with horizontal cords of the material.

The wrap-around effect is nearly always associated with such costumes when they are in the woolen materials, yet this one has it, although "dressy" enough for any social occasion coming this side of 6 o'clock in the evening. It's one of the dresses excellent to wear under a fur coat.

The silhouette is in the long-waisted sweater outline coming down over the hips on a skirt which is finely plaited, too. The color is gray, and the mere mention of it provokes one to a sermon. Now that it is becoming really fashionable, do let us begin to think of the matter of blending shades tastefully.

AN advantage of beige was that nearly all gradations of it went nicely together, and they re-enforced one another, making a costume that was effective as a whole. You did not have to go out shopping with a sample, blending shades. Now we are embarking on a sea of fashion where there is a pink gray, a yellow gray, a blue gray, and one with lavender in it, as well as many others. Although you might think one was guilty of the obvious in cautioning anybody against mixing them, this is not the case, for I have seen some of the presumably best-dressed women running into the same costume the most dreadful and ill-assorted collection of grays. The important detail to watch out for, of course, is to see that the secondary coloring of it, the pink or the blue or the lavender, is not mingled with a color inharmonious with it.

The third frock is of blue crepe Elizabeth, which is a silken material with a little rib in it that gives it almost the texture of serge. It too is made in the form of a coat-dress over a plaited underskirt, with the lower part of the frock coming over it in the form of four long panels, each ending in a scallop.

The blouse is made on a deep yoke, and has a jabot running down the front of it to carry out the plaited effect in the underskirt.

The lines of this street dress are perfect in their utter simplicity.

Note the narrow-banded, close-fitting collar and the tailored finish given to the side seams and the pockets.

THE coat in our last model is an excellent thing to own in the latter part of September, as well as all of October and well into November. You would most likely find that it had a useful place in your wardrobe all winter long. It is of black broadcloth, and it has a gray caracal collar, set on as if it were a yoke.

OF crepe Elizabeth in dark blue, with a plaited underskirt and a tunic ending in four great scallops.

WITH this black broadcloth coat a gray caracal collar is worn, set on as if it were a yoke.

Two-Faced FASHIONS *for Fall*

By

BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, September 11.

PSYCHOANALYSTS would, probably, explain the two-faced aspect of Paris fashions this fall as one of the "escapes" which, they say, are necessary to live happily. Certainly, all of us get tired of being just one person all of the time, and there is no more sure or facile way to make a woman feel and be another creature than a change in the line and *esprit* of the clothes she wears.

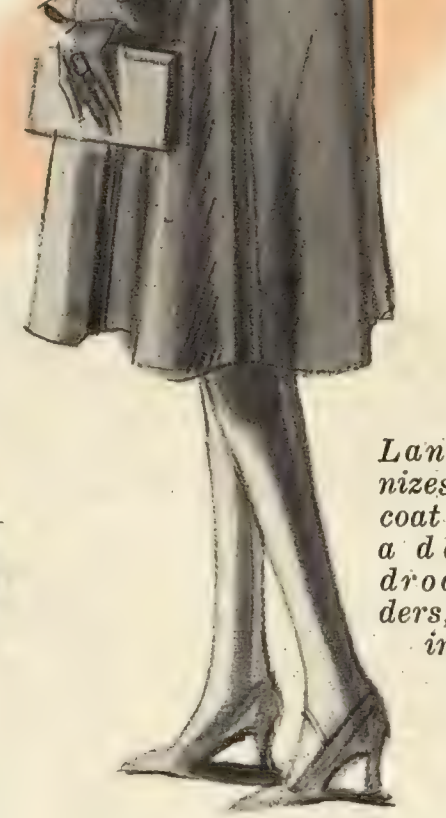
Every-day costumes do make cowards of us all. We seldom dare present anything but our familiar personalities, unless some change of scene or sartorial scenery encourages the mood for a different one. And yet, every woman knows she could, so easily, be another, more alluring—because different—creature, at least three times a week, if she were properly encouraged.

Paris, this fall, is going to encourage us. If we don't have at least two phases, or faces, it is because we aren't willing to make the effort. You can forget about style continuity.

Your character, which doesn't change, will inspire you to select your clothes to fit and enhance its different manifestations. The thing is to let yourself go a little in choosing clothes that will make you so happy as to let some repressed side of your personality have a chance to shine.

Complex drapery, princess cut, and bronze-green velvet combine to promote another phase in fashion this autumn.

This tailored frock of gray checked woolen, from Jean Patou, shows fashion in a sweet simplicity phase.



Lanvin feminizes the sports coat of wool by a deep yoke, drooped shoulders, and a flaring sleeve.

Poiret trims a gold-thread grege ensemble with tiny gold chains and a ruffled collar of gold lamé.

The two faces of fashion are, one, a young, uncomplicated one, and the other a subtle, mysterious Mona Lisa sort of visage. Jean Patou, who is one of the cleverest psychologists of clothes in our generation, has not only created but catalogued his whole collection of fall styles for these two phases of woman's personality. They might be described as *Cinderella* "before and after" the *Fairy Godmother*. All of the *Cinderellas* of the "before" period should have one outfit of the "after." And vice versa. This boils down to making your fall wardrobe include one complete, suitable version of both.

Our second model is an illustration of the "before" chic, created by Jean Patou. It is as simple and unassuming as a gingham apron, with the alluring tug at the heart-strings which is the ageless charm of that symbol of servitude. Patou calls this frock *Ecolière*, or Student. It is made of light and dark gray small-check woolen.

When this model came into the room, on the evening that Patou showed his fall fashions to the press of the world, all of the men sat up and took notice. An audible sigh of surrender to its undemanding charm was a tribute given to few dresses by the masculine quota present. Such a frock, with its slender bodice, its trim sleeves, its skirt flared by exquisitely tailored gores, its wide leather belt, and its little pocket, gave to its wearer, one of Patou's pretty American mannequins, immediately the aura of the sweet young *Cinderella*, in need of manly protection and tenderness. It brought out another kind of personality differing altogether from the usual independent, rather hard-boiled every-day flapper one.

OUR third model, a sports coat from Jeanne Lanvin, does something the same kind of thing. The great Lanvin gets, this season, a flowerlike daintiness even in the rough woolen sports coat of this type. This is an excellent "other face" for the girl in business, whose assurance sometimes translates itself to the onlooker as hardness.

This coat, which is made of a beige rough and hardy woolen, is transformed into feminine daintiness by the cut. The drooping shoulder line, which Jeanne Lanvin features because it emphasizes the girlish sweetness and suppleness of the slender figure, is the most important single line. The double-welted seams that make the rounded yoke in back, serve to outline narrow band insets. The sleeve carries further the spirit of the coat, by its flare from elbow to wrist, by its welted seamed insets, and by its rounded flaring cuff. The coat flares gently from the shoulder line. The collar of self-material is small and slightly rounded.

Of the *Cinderella* "after" phase is our fourth model, which is a creation of Paul Poiret. He calls it *Esclavage*, and gives to the slave golden chains. The material of this ensemble is a grege knitted fabric, with fine chevron stripes of brown and gold. The frock is the simplest of straight chemise dresses, with a decidedly high waistline outlined by a small golden chain. The gleaming golden threads in the material and these chains present an atmosphere of luxury, which is furthered by the unique collar on the coat. Poiret makes this collar of a wide double fold of pale gold lamé which is ruffled around the neck, the right end becoming a full-length scarf that may be allowed to float or be thrown over the left shoulder. The coat is lined with gold lamé.

The evening gown is Jean Patou's interpretation of the gorgeous face of fashion for fall. This model is made of diaphanous velvet of an extremely brilliant surface, bronze green in tone, one of the really new autumn colors. This shade is both green and golden, and it is particularly brilliant in the draped folds which serve to mark the waistline, and the drooping circular panels at center front and right side of the skirt. This dress follows the curves of the body in the princess feeling, which is a feature of autumn styles.

An Answer to the Modern Girl

The Author of "Heaven Help the Modern Boy" Attends to His Correspondence

Objection Overruled!

An Article by

JUDGE CHARLES A. OBERWAGER

(Reading time: 15 minutes.)

"YOU were right in your article, Heaven Help the Modern Boy!" wrote one correspondent. "But wait till the modern girl starts to answer you. Then Heaven help a modern judge!"

This was prophetic. I had, of course, expected to stir up some controversy—but it was nothing short of an epistolary tornado that swept round my head. There were all sorts of letters from all sorts of people. They came from every State in the Union and from Canada, Mexico, and Cuba. And while many congratulated me, the others went after me with varying degrees of ire. Naturally, the letters from the Modern Girl herself were those which assailed me tooth and nail.

I will take these up first. Going over these letters, a few of which have been published, I see that to prove my case I will do better to offer not the letters of those who approve, but of those who disapprove. For youthful indignation was the force behind their protests. And, in their intemperate zeal to prove that I was wrong, the writers did nothing so much as prove that I was right.

Most of them did not attempt to disprove the various frivolities I charged against the typically modern girl—meaning the girl most in the public eye just now. Their quarrel with me was that I saw in these actions what one correspondent termed "moral obliquity." Of course, I never charged that all girls did these things, nor that all those who did were bad. I never even thought such a thing.

But these youthful champions of the sex, unconsciously perhaps, twisted and distorted the things I actually said to make them conform to things they wished to believe I meant. They were evidently looking for an affront—something that would justify righteous indignation. To hide their real animus they cast around for another to take its place. And what so handy and so effectual as to charge me with an "insult to American girlhood," as several of my critics put it.

Because, in analyzing the modern boy's temptations, I placed the chief burden of responsibility on the modern girl, they thought, or pretended to think, that I was arguing that moral delinquency was all right for boys; all wrong for girls. Hence they rallied to the defense of woman's rights and new-born privileges. The question of whether the loose conduct I had censured was right or wrong apparently wasn't considered important. The main issue was that if these actions were right for boys they were right for girls. Equality forever! Even in impropriety!

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

Cropping out at intervals was another animus more personal. Wrote one miss, reflecting the sentiments of several: "Such truck as you have written only gives back-number parents more to fuss about when a girl demands personal freedom."

THE things I wrote got under the skin of a flock of "modern girls" not because they were untrue, but because they were entirely too true to make comfortable reading. That, and because it might lead to interference with their freedom.

Once more I want to repeat that I do not think nor charge that I saw in the various things of which I disapproved any indication of moral delinquency. But here are examples of how various girls misinterpreted what I had written.

"I smoke cigarets," wrote one girl, "and I consider it an outrage that because of this my moral character should be questioned."

Wrote another: "Of course I let boys kiss me. But if that is immoral, then most of the girls in America are bad."

Another girl had this to say: "I drink occasionally, sometimes at parties and sometimes at home with my parents. And you say drinking proves a girl is worthless."

"I wear clothes like all other girls who are not dowds," wrote another. "But because I don't hide that I have legs—and pretty ones—does that prove that I would go the limit?"

"The day is past when girls need pretend that babies come in cabbages," said still another. "But because a girl is frank about sex matters, does that prove she is bad?"

Now, if these young misses will read my article again, they will discover that I did not say or imply that any one of these things, standing alone, is inherently bad. They are like the separate ingredients of dynamite—each harmless enough by itself. But when they are assembled into proper combination, what then?

If the girl took only the drink and stopped there, perhaps no harm would follow. And though her dress might be frankly revealing, it would have no effect upon her morals, if the dress alone were considered.

But take that girl in that dress, have her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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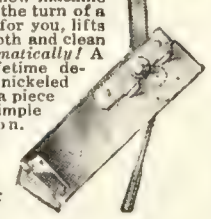

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[AN ANSWER TO THE MODERN GIRL]
Continued from Page Eighty-three

imbibe several drinks, and have her dance in close contact with a boy on whom she has a temporary crush. Then let them repair to a parked car to discuss a hectic book, say, and neck after the prevalent custom, and there, certainly, you have an explosive combination: all the ingredients of moral dynamite.

All that is needed now to rend this pair with the forces of man's strongest instinct is the percussive effect of a few shots of synthetic gin from the boy's pocket flask.

It is true that in this final sex explosion the girl is no more to blame than the boy. But this is undeniable: if the girl conducted herself, and garbed herself, and restrained herself as did the girl of past generations, neither she nor the boy would so often find themselves surrendered to this danger.

It isn't important which is the greater sinner—boy or girl. The point I made was that many a young boy who transgresses nowadays would have been less likely to do so in other days because, unable to make a start against the young girl's integrity, he could not have advanced to the danger-point.

YOU can't blame the girl individually. On every side are popular, sought-after girls doing these very things, and not frowned upon by their elders. In fact, to hold herself aloof nowadays puts even a pretty and intelligent girl in the class so refreshingly alluded to by sophisticated youths as "flat tires" or "foul balls."

Mark you, I do not believe that every girl who does any or all of these things will "go the limit." But this is certain: by their actions they place themselves and their boy friends in constant temptation to do so. And even if such a girl emerges unscathed physically, the example she sets is a menace.

There were letters in which the young writers decided that the conditions I had pictured did not exist anywhere because they did not prevail openly in their own small communities. "In a wicked place like New York, perhaps yes—" said one naively; "but that terrible place is not the whole of America."

Then these young defenders of the sex would go on incautiously to admit that within their particular social horizon there were perhaps two or three girls of the sort I had criticized. And, admitting that the boys flocked after these butterflies, they would go on, as one did, and say: "But is it fair, because a handful of girls in a town are frivolous, to level the finger of suspicion at all girls?"

That, of course, I didn't do. Nevertheless these writers were unwittingly verifying one of the charges I had made. Don't they complain that the boys are so busy dancing attendance on the butterflies that they neglect girls of the other sort? And so, if they are kept away from the good influence of good girls by the loose conduct of loose girls, why, then, wouldn't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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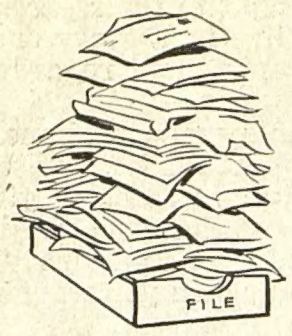

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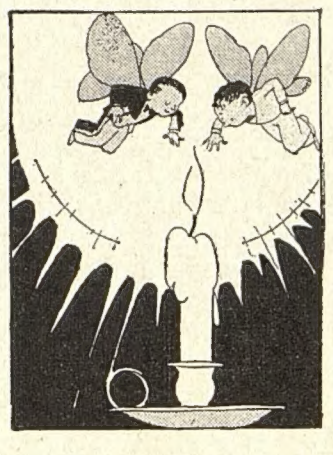
[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-FOUR]

you say that the boys of that community are being menaced by the so-called flappers?

Mine wasn't a general indictment of the entire sex—only of those who filled the bill. Whether the boys are badly influenced by many girls or few girls is immaterial, admitting that they nearly all are so affected.

Almost every letter from a girl who disclaimed frivolous propensities contained, tucked away in its contents, the declaration that almost every boy a girl meets tries to get "fresh." "Where can one find a boy nowadays," runs a typical letter, "who doesn't expect a girl to pay a price if he shows her a good time?" The writers state it as a simple fact, not as a sinister social symptom, offering it merely as proof that it is the boys who try to contaminate the girls and not the other way around.



Now, I have no doubt that this is often the case. But does that prove that my conclusions were wrong? I was not thinking of that sort of girl and certainly not of the sort of boy they describe. I dealt specifically with the boy, unsophisticated, starting out with a clean slate, who fell under the influence of the wholly sophisticated girl. So the boys these girls complained of couldn't be my boys, since only the boy already spoiled would attempt familiarities, especially with a girl who did not encourage him.

I have no doubt whatever that nowadays more boys attempt familiarities with girls than ever before. That is a natural corollary of the social conditions I described. It is at least in part the fault of the virtuous girls who, although they may discourage such advances, do not punish them adequately.

A typical letter from a young girl runs: "I am always tried out by every man I meet. I don't mind, though. Why not?"

THERE you have the answer. Tolerance of evil: instead of regarding the offender as a cad and treating him accordingly, accepting his insult as a matter of little moment. With girls of the circumspect sort finding no cause for complaint, why shouldn't the boy make advances! What else did I say in my article in this connection but that even the decent girls of today were helping to undermine the modern boy by condoning his offenses? I stick to that.

In arguing that I was unjust in blaming the modern girl for the misdeeds of the modern boy, one of my correspondents reminds me that "there is always a first man in every woman's past."

Of course there is. There is also, I must remind her, always a first woman in every man's past. In fact, there must always be a first for either of them, and seldom does a pair fill this rôle to each other. Almost invariably there is the sophisticated one who influences the novice.

I do not say that the boy is less often to blame for this than the girl. Undoubtedly he is more eager to take the final step than she, influenced by the knowledge that even today he has less at stake than the girl.

But there is no getting away from the fact that the typically modern girl who becomes enamored of an unsophisticated lad encourages him, by her free conduct and her ideas, to make advances, where the average old-time girl, with her reticences, would have kept him outside the barrier.

Do my correspondents who place the blame on the boy realize that the actual physical surrender of a girl is not the beginning, but the end, of her moral capitulation? Until her mind has yielded there can be no yielding of the body. The menace to the mental stamina of the girl of today is not the boy of today, but other, more sophisticated girls. It is the other girl who paves the way for the boy.

The girl first imbibes sophistication from other girls, older in years or experience. Her innate modesty, her inherent sex reticences, make this almost inevitable. Even in this day of free thinking and free doing, the young girl as yet unspoiled would shrink from the advances of a boy were they tinged with the slightest color of what she holds improper. And as yet the word "improper" covers a wide field.

SO long as the girl continues in that state of mind she is absolutely safe. Modesty is her safeguard. And only another girl can undermine that barrier. The least improper word or action by a boy administers a saving shock. But another girl, being of the same sex, may discuss subjects that no boy might even approach. Remember, the novice, in spite of her modesty, is eager for sex knowledge. The forces of nature are surging within her. Whatever she hears that pertains to life and love she will sop up greedily.

The more sophisticated girl under whose influence she comes soon plants the seeds of sophistication. Things that would have unutterably shocked the novice, coming from a boy, lose their sinister aspect coming from another girl. The reticences wear down gradually. She sees that this older, smarter girl maintains few barriers between herself and her boy friends.

Her mind now receptive to "advanced" ideas, she presently begins to see no sense in physical reserve. Other girls "neck"—it can't be so wrong. It is but natural for girls—and boys, too—to imitate their leaders, whether it be in clothes, manners, or morals. So, presently, we see this novice of yesterday openly doing things that once would have caused her to blush in shame.

It is when a girl reaches the point where she can see no danger

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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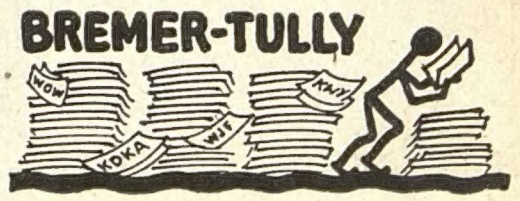


[AN ANSWER TO THE MODERN GIRL
Continued from Page Eighty-five]

in these various actions that danger actually begins.

True, not all of the young sophisticates go the sex limit, but all have been prepared mentally to go. The thought of physical surrender doesn't carry with it the shock, the fear, it once did. The damnable sophistry of today maintains that sex purity is a personal matter, for one thing; and, for another, little secret is made of means by which the natural consequences of sex indulgence may be avoided.

"The things the modern girl does," wrote one of them, "fly in the face of worn-out conventions and consequently shock the old fogies like yourself who have stood still. Usage, however, has made these things entirely conventional. And, that being the case, they are right."

Seemingly there is logic in this. Ordinarily the defiance of conventions is wrong, chiefly because it brands the doer as a rebel against the laws society has laid down. And rebellion, as we know, points the way to excesses of every sort. And since it is true in a sense that society accepts or at least condones the excesses of the modern flapper, why, then, she is not a rebel.

However, in this case, it is but more of the sophistry with which the whole situation bristles. We are dealing now with bigger things than man-made rules. We are dealing with instincts—sex instincts—potentially the strongest force for either good or bad that influences mankind's existence. The conventions surrounding this subject may have changed, as the girl wrote; but the instinct itself and the potential results from its abuse haven't changed in the least.

The conventions which surrounded every phase of sex are the result of untold centuries of human experience. They took into consideration the irresistible call of sex, and harbored no delusions about it. Society didn't leave it to argument alone to impose chastity. Society imposed conventions: barriers calculated to protect the individual from self by reducing the chances for temptation and opportunity.

The surrender of those conventions is nothing more or less than a let-down of those protective barriers. Young boys and girls, in their most inflammable stage, instead of being controlled by the restrictions which once surrounded them, are encouraged to seek adventure, the fascinating vista of sex spread alluringly before them, while society stands by, if not exactly applauding, at least condoning.

LETTERS came to me—many anonymous—which defended sex dereliction.

"That," one typical letter went on to say, "is entirely a personal matter between the pair themselves. It is *not* the business of outsiders." Letters of this sort need no comment. They show the prevailing attitude of mind when any girl can think such things, much less utter them.

"You blame girls," said another, "because they are more frank than they used to be. Frankness is proof of honesty. There is less danger in it than in hypocrisy."

Frankness is not always a sign of honesty. Just as often it is a sign of defiance. That is the way I read it in this connection. One might as well argue that should a man commit murder, or theft, or any crime against society, he would absolve himself of wrong-doing by frankly admitting it.

The idea advanced by many was that sex-adventuring by boys and girls was of no consequence in their after life. "A modern boy doesn't hold it against a girl he knows has gone the limit," wrote one young man. "And why should he? Anyhow, boys and girls who do these things marry as they always did and get along just as well as in the days when every man was expected to marry a virgin."

Do they get along as well? I question that. Respect and trust are essentials in the trying state of matrimony; and I do not believe these are as apt to exist between a pair who are aware of moral weakness in each other and so constantly haunted by the specter of mistrust.

If the general laxity that prevails makes no difference in this respect, how may we account for the fact that the divorce rate has swept upward until we now have one divorce for approximately every six and one-half marriages, as well as countless separations; and that the court actions in a majority of them are begun before what, in the old days, would have been the end of the honeymoon?

MANY writers seemed to think it was only the girl I blamed for the extreme moral lapses. That isn't so. I never said so. But there is no dodging the fact that society always has held the girl to a stricter accounting than the boy—and does so, even today. I'm not to be blamed for that simply because I pointed it out.

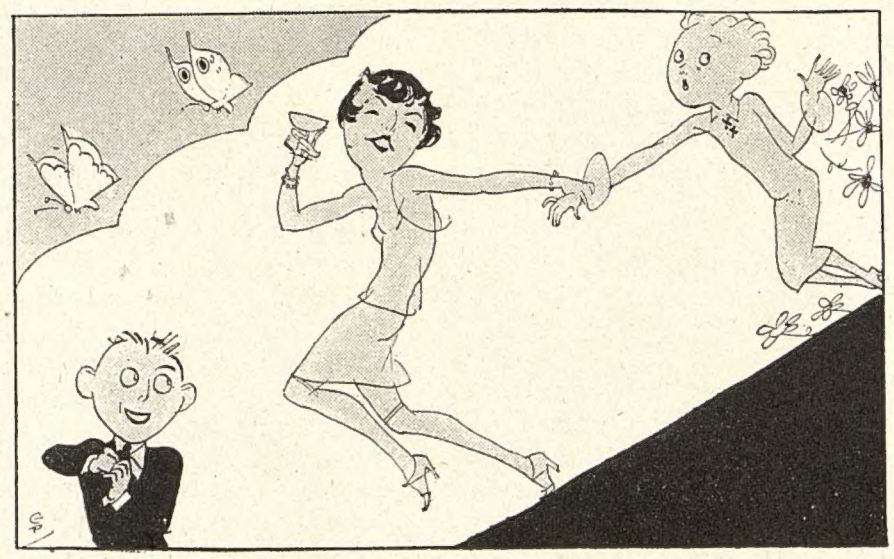
No one can wish more strongly than I for a single moral standard—a code to bear equally upon either sex. Yet I am not blind to the reasons for society's seeming discrimination—a discrimination which had as its purpose the integrity of home and family.

It is strange how many writers charged that my viewpoint was distorted because—according to them—I came in contact only with unworthy girls whose misdeeds brought them before me in court.

Wrote one young girl, "You draw your examples from out and out bad girls, and try to fit them to everyday girls whose only offense is that they don't conduct themselves in accordance with your fossilized ideas."

By what reasoning one can conclude that because a judge is thrown in contact with lawbreakers he is thereby cut off from the usual social advantages, is beyond me. The magistrate occupies a particularly advantageous position: he has an opportunity to study not only the girl who has met disaster, and the girl who is courting it, but also the young girl whom danger has never approached. And thus he is able to discern the bridges that cross the gaps between them.

Then that idea that all girls in distress that come before a magistrate are bad girls! To the contrary, many still in their teens who



It is the other, more sophisticated girl who paves the way for the boy.

drift into the Woman's Court in New York are better girls by far than some of the smart flappers who hold their heads up in pride and boast of their independence. In most instances these young girls are unfortunate, not bad.

Parents usually think their young daughters are victims of men or boys. Actually they are victims of society which winks at prevailing conditions. One can not exonerate society by saying there always were such girls. There were always girls in such trouble—that is true—but not such girls as these.

The mere fact that the young girls of today are often defiant instead of penitent is the heaviest charge against this modern code which shouts that whatever any one wants to do is a personal matter. The crime of these betrayed girls, measured in results, lies only in getting caught, sinister as that may sound.

A personal matter between a pair of young sillies! The absurdity of it! What about the agony they have brought to their parents? A fine world we would live in if every one might follow his own desires without regard for the effect upon others!

Some correspondents made no bones about branding me as a woman-hater, one of them dubbing me poetically as "a foe of girlhood." Said one, "You must have been jilted to despise all women so." Said another, "If you had a daughter of your own you wouldn't condemn all girls."

Now, the fact is I have two young daughters and a young son. And these, with my wife, constitute the real incentive of my life. It is because of love for them that I feel so strongly about conditions.

The moral upbringing of our children is in the safe hands of their mother, whose vigilance is eternal. Do not, however, get the idea that she is a "back number" or intolerant, unless it be proof of these that she wants her children to reach the age of self-control in an atmosphere of decency, morality, and reverence for worth-while things. Like myself, my wife does not consider the prevailing frivolities from the viewpoint that they are sinful—simply that they are dangerous for adolescent youth.

The lesson we are going to teach whenever possible is that the only way for a girl to protect herself from boys is to protect boys from themselves. But this we know—that it isn't going to be an easy job in the existing state of almost unlimited freedom among the youthful.

AS I said in the beginning, about half the letters were from mature persons: parents, teachers, clergymen, lawyers, doctors. These were congratulatory letters mostly, vindicating my statements. Some, however, were doubtful if reform could ever be accomplished—believing that harm, indeed, might be done by stirring the matter up.

These latter point the finger at the true culprits in the situation. *The parents of America are to blame!* Frivolous youth doesn't know what it is doing. But the parents know, and most of them are too lazy, or too timid, or too complaisant, or too something to do their duty. They shirk.

Organized society, with its conventions and restrictions, used to safeguard its young daughters, relieving parents of a large part of their responsibility. Today, society does the opposite, if anything. And many parents seemingly lack the backbone to take on the job that society used to handle for them.

If the parent keeps tight hold of the reins from the cradle up he seldom will come to an open break with his children. But if a boy or girl does rebel at restraint, there are various means by which to control them. And the child won't hate the parent for doing it, either. The girl who leaves home in freedom's quest can be brought back and restrained by legal means, if other means fail.

"I couldn't think of such a thing," said a mother to whom I suggested this course. "Think of the disgrace!"

If her daughter were attempting suicide or contemplating some step that would surely result in bodily injury, that parent wouldn't hesitate about taking radical means of prevention. And isn't it just as important to save a daughter or son from moral suicide?

While admitting that it is practically impossible to shield boys and girls entirely from the flood of sophistication and sex misinformation that surges about today, nevertheless the parent can at least see to it that the children also learn some constructive things to counteract and refute the sinister.

The danger to youth is ignorance. Their seeming sophistication is half-baked, and they get only one side—the alluring side. It is the solemn duty of parents at any cost to bring to them the other side, driving the truths home with force if necessary.

THE END

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